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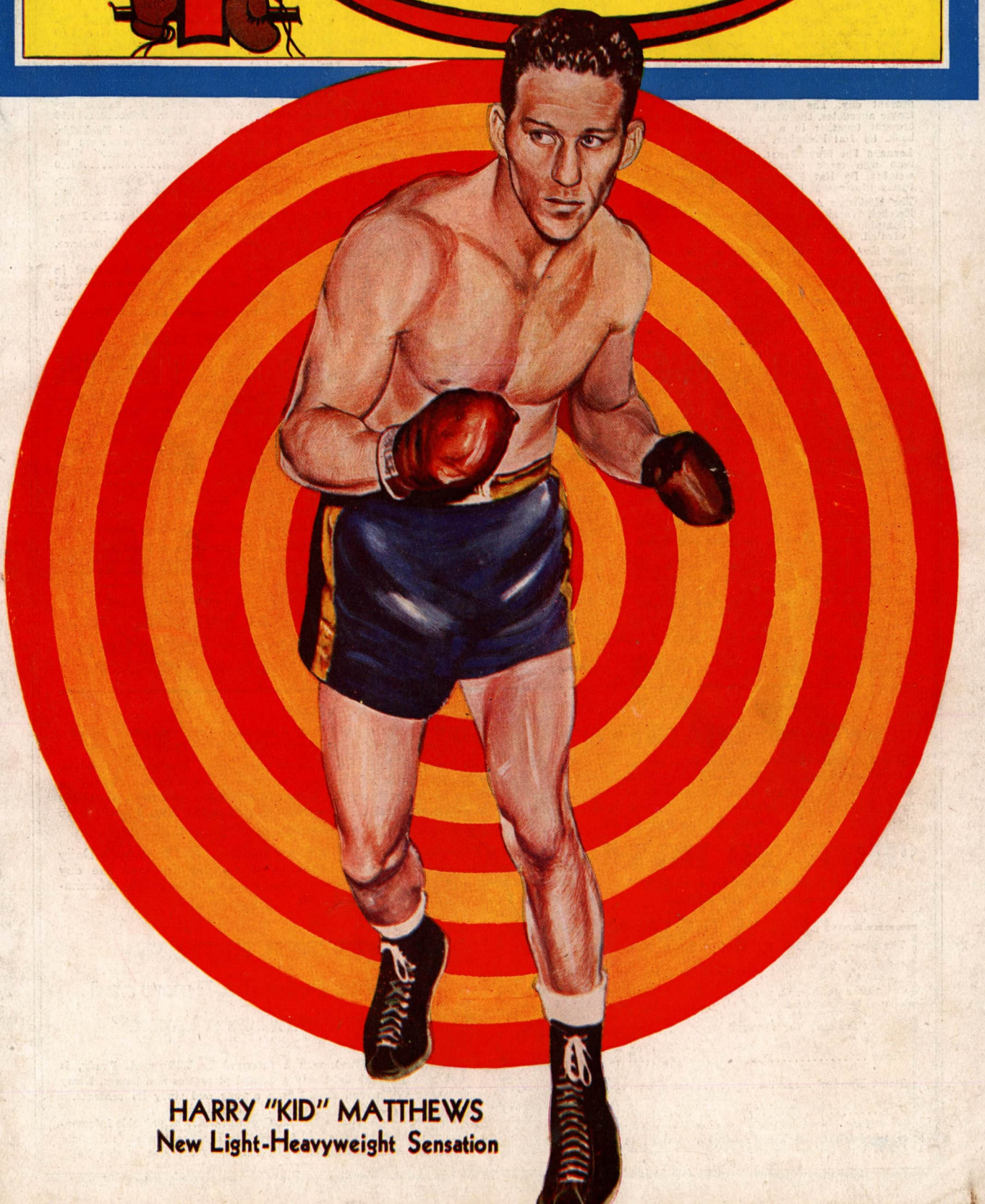

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The Editor Assures You

Dear Reader,

The last two issues of this publication have not been up to our previous high standard, due to our difficulties in obtaining highly glossy paper, without paying a huge premium. It has always been our aim to keep the retail price of ''Ring'' within the means of every boxing enthusiast, even if this has meant a loss to ourselves. But we realize that the majority of our readers prefer a high-class publication like the ''Ring'' to be printed on excellent paper such as is used in America. Our aim has always been to please our readers.

The Editor has surveyed the field in Europe and at a tremendous increase in the cost of production has purchased a large quantity of highly glossy paper, to enable the photographs and reading matter to be perfectly reproduced.

The Editor knows from his experience in America that ''Ring'' readers keep his magazine for reference. In order to give his readers such a publication we must ask everyone to bear with us an increase in price to 2/- per copy.* This is the last raise in price this publication should be called upon to carry. We know we shall have your full support in this matter.

The ''Ring'' has enjoyed a marvellous growth in England with an increase from 40,000 copies per month eight months ago to a net sale of 101,000 copies with the last issue.

The Editor would like to thank you for your whole-hearted faith and enthusiasm in ''Ring''.

Yours sincerely,

Nat Fleischer

* Our readers we hope will note that the new 2/- price is 28 cents in U.S. currency, which is 2 cents less than the retail price which the Canadians have been paying for the last 10 years.

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XXX **JULY, 1951** **No. 6**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

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In Our Next Issue

Boxing Developments in Europe, by Nat Fleischer, publisher and editor of THE RING Magazine, who has been over there for the past month.

Ray Robinson's Second Tour of Europe: Fleischer will write about this interesting trip, from personal observation.

Fleischer has been in close touch with the leading boxing authorities, and boxers, in England and on the Continent, and will bring to you exclusive information about places of intense ring activity.

Ezzard Charles' defense of the heavyweight championship against Joey Maxim. This fight will be covered in the usual RING Magazine style, with stories and pictures. For the truly expert slant, you will have to get THE RING Magazine.

Joe Louis' encounter with Lee Savold in New York: You will have to get THE RING Magazine to get the inside dope on Joe's sixth comeback battle, against the American heavyweight who, in England, is recognized as the champion of the world.

This fight, too, will get the usual RING Magazine pictorial treatment, with pictures taken exclusively for this publication. The story will be written by Daniel M. Daniel.

Jersey Jones will continue his intensely interesting story of New York's Garden. He will write about the Sharkey-McTigue fight, in particular.

"They Dug Up Some Odd Punches"—a splendid symposium by THE RING staff, in which the origins of unusual blows will be traced.

Also complete coverage of the boxing world with action photos and yarns by Al Buck, W. C. Heinz, Johnny Salak, Nat Loubet, Barney Nagler, Ted Carroll, Stanley Weston and the rest of the experts on THE RING staff.

ABC

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining and it is clean.

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The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield 3, Mass. Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices, Madison Square Garden, 307 W. 49th Street, New York City 19. Telephone Circle 7-3845.

Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York 19, N. Y. Subscriptions from the British Isles for the American edition of THE RING may be obtained through Atlas Pub. Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, Fleet St., London, EC4.

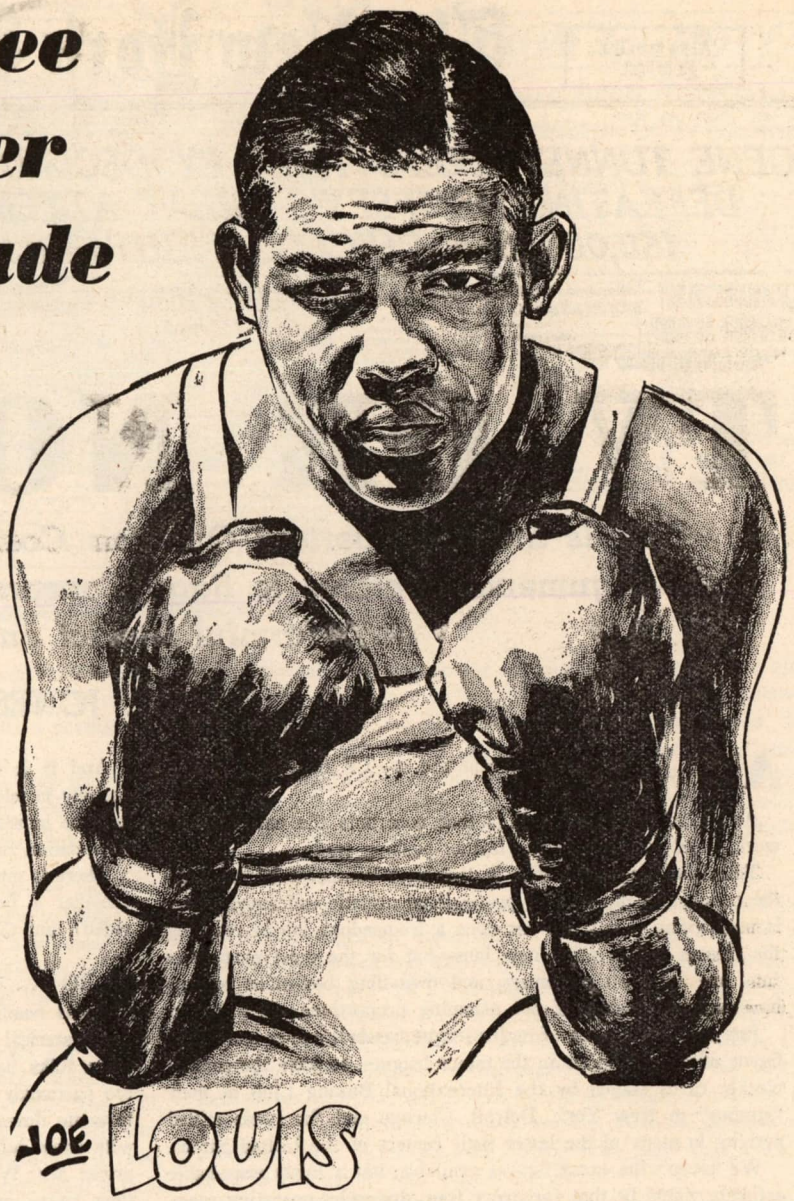
Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor
Nathaniel Loubet, Vice-President, Alice Lenoble, Secretary
Associate Editors Daniel M. Daniel and Nathaniel R. Loubet
Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden, New York City 19.

Price 25 cents per copy in the United States. 30 cents in Canada. Subscription Price $3.00 per year in United States and possessions; Cuba, Panama, Mexico and Canada, $3.50. Other countries, $4.00 in U.S. currency. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Joe and Lee In Another Big Interlude

Test for Charles in September Will Follow Louis-Savold Engagement, While Heavies Continue to Mark Time

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



IN Detroit recently, I saw Joe Louis drop Omelio Agramonte for a count of nine and gain a close ten-round decision in the Detroit Olympia.

Out of this victory, his second over the bouncing Cuban, came a fight for Louis with Lee Savold. It will be held at the Polo Grounds in New York on the night of June 13—weather, of course, permitting.

Louis is now 37. Savold is 35. Not a heartening situation, but, at the moment, the best the game can muster, and not to be despised utterly since it will be the winner against Ezzard Charles in New York in September, and further clarification of the so often clarified heavyweight picture.

Ever since Louis, disgusted with his two showings against the aged Jersey Joe Walcott, turned in his title, the heavyweight situation has bounced from one hunk of clarification to another.

First it was clarified by Savold's success against Bruce Woodcock, the futile Britisher.

This was supposed to lead to another clarification, with Savold meeting Charles. But Savold refused to accept the match with Ezz. Bill Daly, Lee's manager, felt it would be to his and Savold's best interests to play a waiting game. The general impression now is that Daly should have grabbed the Charles match when it was offered. But he had his reasons.

Now Savold is pointing for a belated clarification with Charles, to get which he must clarify Louis out of the way.

(This is being written before Charles' date with light-heavyweight Joey Maxim in Chicago. All that's needed now is for Maxim to further scramble the situation by winning and setting the stage for another series of clarifications.)

IN his June engagement with Savold, Louis will be throwing his comeback into the pot. Since his poor showing against Charles last summer, Joe has beaten five heavies, not one of whom he would have allowed to go past the second or third round in his heyday. Five heavies like Agramonte (twice), Freddie Beshore, Cesar Brion and Andy Walker—and only one knockdown punch by Louis in the lot!

However, the fans have come out and cheered for the old boy. The fight writers have been sympathetic, the sports columnists have been kind. Joe always has been a right guy, and he has been cashing in on that fact since the night he took a lacing from Charles.

It may be a little tough for Louis when he encounters Savold, who may be rested and relaxed—and, then again, may be a little rusty and stableworn.

It is odd that after fight careers that have lasted through 17 years, Louis and Savold should be matched for the first time.

For Savold, a fight with the real Louis would have been a most unpleasant experience. Could be, the June scrap still will be that sort of thing for Lee, whose record is not exactly a spectacular one.

Examination of the dope on Savold in Nat Fleischer's Record Book shows that Savold has had 104 fights, has scored 53 knockouts over men of varying skills and reputations, and has been stopped five times, and whipped on 24 other occasions.

The idea that a 35-year-old fighter, with 29 defeats in his record, battling for a shot at the heavyweight championship of the world is fantastic. But that's how things stand, Chumley, and you can take it or leave it.

The fight experts will tell you that, in spite of his many beatings, Savold is an unpredictable hombre. He has a pretty hot left hook, he still can move around, and his left jab is not the worst in the business.

Savold did a businesslike job on Woodcock in England on June 6, 1950, and over there, the British Boxing Board will tell you he is the champion. Over here, that is regarded as a pleasantry that belongs in "Punch," and in an off-standard issue, at that.

The June match between Louis and Savold is scheduled for 15 rounds. Louis, who is supposed to be too old for 45 minutes of fighting, having proved that against Charles, wanted the Savold distance to be ten rounds. Joe has developed a definite ten-round gait since he lost to Ezz.

Savold, who never has gone 15 *(Continued on page 31)*

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

THE WEATHER
Fair today and tomorrow, not much change in temperature.
Temperature yesterday—Max., 82; min., 53.
For weather report see Page 54.

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FIGHT FAST AND FURIOUS

TV OR NOT TV?

That Is the All-Important Question Confronting Boxing Today —Arguments Continue to Rage Concerning Video's Beneficial and Harmful Impact on Sports

By JERSEY JONES

AS Bill Shakespeare *didn't* phrase it—TV or Not TV, that is the question.

And a robust question it is that confronts the entire sports world—and particularly the leather-pushing trade.

Television unquestionably is the most controversial topic of the moment in the field of professional athletic endeavor. There is no arguing that video has done a tremendous job in reaching the masses and creating new fans—but for the most part those fans are not cash customers, and dwindling box-office returns have reached serious if not alarming proportions.

Just as the televising of major league baseball games has raised havoc with attendances in the minor leagues, so have the coaxial weekly cards staged by the International Boxing Club in their "studios" in New York, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis stifled activity in many of the lesser fistic centers of the United States.

We haven't the exact figures available, but a fairly reasonable estimate would be that for every four sluggeries operating regularly throughout the nation five years ago, there is only one today—and that one has been having rugged going.

The I.B.C.'s own gates have fallen off considerably. Shows that normally would figure to gross from $40,000 to $50,000 in Madison Square Garden have been drawing $20,000 or thereabouts.

The lesser St. Nick Arena in New York, with only 2,800 seats to fill, hasn't reported a sellout in three years, and "half-a-house" has been the rule rather than the exception there. Scaled for a $10,000 capacity, the average gate at the St. Nick during the past season was less than $4,000.

With a few isolated exceptions, fights promoted in the other links in the I.B.C. chain—Detroit Olympia, Chicago Stadium and St. Louis Arena—also have reported precipitate declines in box-office business.

THE I.B.C., of course, has not "given away" its cards to the public. The organization has been amply paid for permitting its shows to be televised. The exact figures have not been announced publicly, but it is generally understood that the 70 fight cards on Wednesdays and Fridays during the 1950-51 campaign brought in approximately $1,000,000 from the two video sponsors.

But the I.B.C., with its expanding empire, operates under a tremendous overhead, and there's considerable speculation whether or not even an annual million-dollar income from television can offset the steadily-declining window sales.

And what of the effect of the I.B.C.'s national programs on boxing in general? What of the smaller communities and the local clubs? How seriously have they been affected?

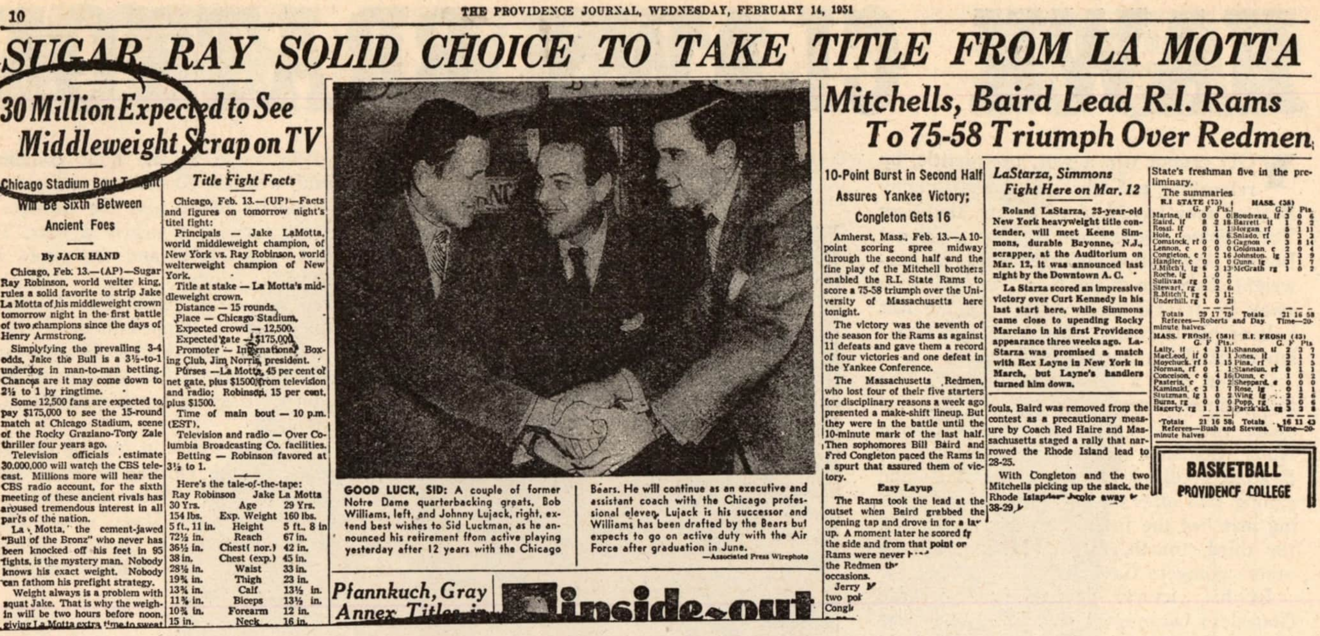
And is it fair to attribute the current box-office depression entirely to television? What of the scarcity of topline attractions, and the generally poor talent available? What of the increasing competition from other forms of entertainment?

There is much to be said for all sides of the controversy. Let's consider a few of the arguments, as expounded by Pro (for video) and Con (against it):

PRO . . . Even before television moved into the scene, boxing was heading for a slump. It was a natural reaction after the hysterical boom of the war and immediate post-war years, when folks had money to spend for entertainment and weren't too particular how and where they spent it. Once things began to settle down to a more normal routine, they weren't so loose with their dollars. They no longer were willing to pay Tiffany prices for Woolworth products. They were more finicky in their tastes, and demanded their money's worth. If you offered them a fight that appealed, they turned out. But good talent was becoming scarce, attractive bouts more difficult to arrange, and the fans began to stay away. Television has merely encouraged that absence. But any time a promoter comes up with a match that strikes its fancy, the public will head for the box-office, TV or no TV.

CON . . . Maybe yes, maybe no. I can cite cases of real dyed-in-the-wool fans who used to attend fights regularly in the Garden, regardless of the attractions, but who've since become television stay-at-homes. I remember one clique of commuters from Connecticut. For years it was the usual thing for them to stay in New York after work on Friday, have dinner together, then head for the Garden. They've quit that. They still hold their Friday night get-togethers, but they all have television sets and take turns at their various homes, where they can sit around, relax in comfort, and have a highball or two while the fights are on.

PRO . . . Boxing may have lost some of its old cash customers because of television, but what of the new ones made by TV? I'll grant that most of the new fans see the fights either in their own living rooms or at the nearest ginmills, but I know of quite a few who've become so interested in the sport from what they've seen on television that whenever certain fights appeal to them they prefer to be there in person. Just as radio has done, television is developing the fans of the future. Don't forget, when they began to broadcast fights thirty or so years ago, we had the same sort of viewing-with-alarm that we're



SUGAR RAY SOLID CHOICE TO TAKE TITLE FROM LA MOTTA

30 Million Expected to See Middleweight Scrap on TV

Chicago Stadium Bout Tonight Will Be Sixth Between Ancient Foes

By JACK HAND

Chicago, Feb. 13.—(AP)—Sugar Ray Robinson, world welter king, rules a solid favorite to strip Jake La Motta of his middleweight crown tomorrow night in the first battle of two champions since the days of Henry Armstrong.

Simplyfying the prevailing 3-4 odds, Jake the Bull is a 3½-to-1 underdog in man-to-man betting. Chances are it may come down to 2½ to 1 by ringtime.

Some 12,500 fans are expected to pay $175,000 to see the 15-round match at Chicago Stadium, scene of the Rocky Graziano-Tony Zale thriller four years ago.

Television officials estimate 30,000,000 will watch the CBS telecast. Millions more will hear the CBS radio account, for the sixth meeting of these ancient rivals has aroused tremendous interest in all parts of the nation.

La Motta, the cement-jawed "Bull of the Bronx" who never has been knocked off his feet in 95 fights, is the mystery man. Nobody knows his exact weight. Nobody can fathom his prefight strategy.

Weight always is a problem with squat Jake. That is why the weigh-in will be two hours before noon, giving La Motta extra time to sweat

Title Fight Facts

Chicago, Feb. 13.—(UP)—Facts and figures on tomorrow night's titel fight:

Principals — Jake LaMotta, world middleweight champion, of New York vs. Ray Robinson, world welterweight champion of New York.

Title at stake — La Motta's middleweight crown.

Distance — 15 rounds.

Place — Chicago Stadium.

Expected crowd — 12,500.

Expected gate — $175,000.

Promoter — International Boxing Club, Jim Norris, president.

Purses — La Motta, 45 per cent of net gate, plus $1500 from television and radio; Robinson, 15 per cent, plus $1500.

Time of main bout — 10 p.m. (EST).

Television and radio — Over Columbia Broadcasting Co. facilities.

Betting — Robinson favored at 3½ to 1.

Here's the tale-of-the-tape:

Ray Robinson		Jake La Motta
30 Yrs.	Age	29 Yrs.
154 lbs.	Exp. Weight	160 lbs.
5 ft., 11 in.	Height	5 ft., 8 in.
72½ in.	Reach	67 in.
36½ in.	Chest (nor.)	42 in.
38 in.	Chest (exp.)	45 in.
28½ in.	Waist	33 in.
19¾ in.	Thigh	23 in.
13¾ in.	Calf	13½ in.
11¾ in.	Biceps	13½ in.
10¾ in.	Forearm	12 in.
15 in.	Neck	16 in.

GOOD LUCK, SID: A couple of former Notre Dame quarterbacking greats, Bob Williams, left, and Johnny Lujack, right, extend best wishes to Sid Luckman, as he announced his retirement from active playing yesterday after 12 years with the Chicago Bears. He will continue as an executive and assistant coach with the Chicago professional eleven. Lujack is his successor and Williams has been drafted by the Bears but expects to go on active duty with the Air Force after graduation in June. —Associated Press Wirephoto

Pfannkuch, Gray Annex Titles in

Inside-out

Mitchells, Baird Lead R.I. Rams To 75-58 Triumph Over Redmen

10-Point Burst in Second Half Assures Yankee Victory; Congleton Gets 16

Amherst, Mass., Feb. 13.—A 10-point scoring spree midway through the second half and the fine play of the Mitchell brothers enabled the R.I. State Rams to score a 75-58 triumph over the University of Massachusetts here tonight.

The victory was the seventh of the season for the Rams as against 11 defeats and gave them a record of four victories and one defeat in the Yankee Conference.

The Massachusetts Redmen, who lost four of their five starters for disciplinary reasons a week ago presented a make-shift lineup. But they were in the battle until the 10-minute mark of the last half. Then sophomores Bill Baird and Fred Congleton paced the Rams in a spurt that assured them of victory.

Easy Layup

The Rams took the lead at the outset when Baird grabbed the opening tap and drove in for a lay-up. A moment later he scored from the side and from that point on Rams were never head... the Redmen th... occasions.

Jerry ... two poi... Congl...

fouls, Baird was removed from the contest as a precautionary measure by Coach Red Haire and Massachusetts staged a rally that narrowed the Rhode Island lead to 28-25.

With Congleton and the two Mitchells picking up the slack, the Rhode Islanders broke away to 38-29...

LaStarza, Simmons Fight Here on Mar. 12

Roland LaStarza, 23-year-old New York heavyweight title contender, will meet Keene Simmons, durable Bayonne, N.J., scrapper, at the Auditorium on Mar. 12, it was announced last night by the Downtown A. C.

La Starza scored an impressive victory over Curt Kennedy in his last start here, while Simmons came close to upending Rocky Marciano in his first Providence appearance three weeks ago. La Starza was promised a match with Rex Layne in New York in March, but Layne's handlers turned him down.

State's freshman five in the preliminary.

The summaries

R.I. STATE (75)	G.	F	Pts.	MASS. (58)	G.	F	Pts.
Marine, lf	0	0	0	Boudreau, lf	3	0	6
Baird, lf	8	2	18	Barrett, lf	1	0	2
Rossi, lf	0	1	1	Morgan, rf	5	1	11
Hole, rf	1	4	6	Sniado, rf	0	3	3
Comstock, rf	0	0	0	Gagnon, c	3	8	14
Lennon, c	0	0	0	Goldman, c	2	0	4
Congleton, c	7	2	16	Johnston, lg	3	3	9
Handler, c	0	0	0	Gunn, lg	3	1	7
J.Mitch'l, lg	5	3	13	McGrath, rg	1	0	2
Roche, lg	1	0	2				
Sullivan, rg	0	0	0				
Stewart, rg	2	2	6				
R.Mitch'l, rg	4	3	11				
Underhill, rg	1	0	2				
Totals	29	17	75	Totals	21	16	58

Referees—Roberts and Day. Time—20-minute halves.

MASS. FROSH (58)	G.	F	Pts.	R.I. FROSH (43)	G.	F	Pts.
Lally, lf	4	3	11	Shannon, lf	2	3	7
MacLeod, lf	0	1	1	Jones, lf	3	1	7
Moychuck, rf	5	5	15	Pina, rf	2	1	5
Norman, rf	0	1	1	Staneiun, rf	0	1	1
Conceison, c	6	4	16	Dunn, c	1	0	2
Pasteris, c	1	0	2	Sheppard, c	0	0	0
Kaminski, c	3	1	7	Rose, lg	0	1	1
Stutzman, lg	1	0	2	Wing, lg	2	2	6
Burns, rg	0	0	0	Popp, rg	3	0	6
Hagerty, rg	1	1	3	Parzk'ski, rg	3	3	8
Totals	21	16	58	Totals	16	11	43

Referees—Bush and Stevens. Time—20-minute halves.

BASKETBALL PROVIDENCF COLLEGE

getting now with television. It was freely predicted in many quarters that radio would be the ruination of boxing. As events proved, it was just the reverse. Radio made many a paying fan.

CON . . . There's no real analogy in radio and television. There's a vast difference in the two. In one, you've got to take the announcer's word for what's happening. In the other, you can see for yourself.

When you tune in on a radio broadcast, you get only one man's version of the fight, and often that's not a reliable one. The announcer must not only be a reporter but a salesman. His job is to make the fight as exciting as possible, to hold the listener's interest. He must make the listener feel that he's missing a great show by not being there.

I recall some years ago when a couple of weary old veterans were paired at the New York Hippodrome. I was standing with the late Jack Miley in the rear of the arena, and after two dull, uninteresting rounds, Miley grunted in disgust: "T'ell with this; let's hop across the street for a beer." There was a radio in the tavern, and it was tuned in on the fight. And *what* a fight it was when we ambled in! The broadcaster was doing a terrific job. We thought we were listening to a combination of four world wars, seven atom bomb explosions, and a politician spouting. "Damn!" exclaimed Miley. "Just when we leave, the action starts. Come on—never mind the beer—let's get back." So we hustled across the street and into the Hippodrome again. But the sensational, spectacular, riotous brawl we had heard on the radio wasn't. What we saw were two ancient relics still fumbling futilely in the ring. If either guy had started a punch, he probably would have fallen on his face.

More recently, I was laid up at home with a tough case of virus pneumonia, and had to miss a fight I wanted to see at the St. Nick. I did the next best thing—I turned on my television set, and then decided to get the radio account as well, to compare the two. The result was that I got two different fights—one that I heard and one that I saw. On the radio, I listened to one of the most exciting scrambles of the season. On the TV screen I saw a sloppy, monotonous pulling and hauling affair.

No, there's a vast difference in the public's reactions to radio and television. Both have helped to increase general interest in boxing, but whereas radio has done a fine job of attracting paying clients to the box-office, television has been driving them away—to free shows in their homes or for the price of a beer or two in the neighborhood bars.

PRO . . . The televised cards of the International Boxing Club have benefited many of the independent promoters throughout the nation. For instance, take Bob Murphy. His sensational battles on I.B.C. shows made him a national attraction. Fans who had seen him on the video screen wanted to see him in person. The result was that Murphy fought Joe Blackwood in Milwaukee and Joe Rindone in Boston, and each time the receipts went well above $40,000. Ray Famechon, who popularized himself on television, twice drew big gates with Eddie Burgin in Cincinnati. And Gene Hairston, also a TV development, grabbed himself a fine payday fighting Paul Pender in Boston.

CON . . . Those cases have been exceptional. How often are fights staged in those cities? Not frequently, but on an occasional basis—as and when certain "spot" matches materialize. For the most part, the TV'd shows have put independent promoters out of business entirely, or have curtailed their activities to a now-and-then schedule. I can cite many a town where the fans, who used to make a regular practice of attending the weekly local shows, now stay at home and get their boxing entertainment from the televised cards in other centers. And no independent promoter dares to operate now on the same night that a TV'd show is coming in from somewhere else.

I was in Washington, D. C., a few years ago for a card that Promoter Gabe Menendez had booked for Griffith Stadium. It was a fine show, with strong local appeal, and Menendez was confidently banking on a $25,000 gate. The same night Ike Williams was defending his lightweight title against former champion Beau Jack in Philadelphia. At practically the last moment, the Philadelphia promoters decided to televise their card. A world championship bout, naturally, is more important than a local show, a lot of Menendez's prospective customers stayed away to catch the Philadelphia fight on TV, and Gabe's card drew about $10,000 instead of the expected $25,000.

PRO . . . I still maintain that lack of good attractions is more responsible than television for the current box-office slump. What, for instance, has happened to once-thriving boxing centers like Cleveland and Buffalo? They have no outstanding local cards, and that's the reason, not TV, for their present plight.

Television or no television, if the fans can become excited over a certain fighter, they want to see him in person. At the smaller clubs around New York, you don't hear of the Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn or the County Center in White Plains losing much trade because they televise their cards. Both clubs have built up popular local attractions for themselves. Book a kid like Jimmy Herring at the Grove or Roger Donoghue at the County Center, and you're pretty certain to get a packed house. And what applies to the neighborhood clubs also applies to the big time arenas. Give the fans the sort of show that appeals to them, and you'll have 'em jamming up traffic in a rush to the box-office, TV or no TV. (*Continued on page* 52)

HAWK CLAWS BRATTON

By JERSEY JONES

YOU cannot win a war, or a battle, by retreating, and whatever chance Johnny Bratton may have had of adding the New York State recognition to his National Boxing Association endorsement as welterweight champion of the world was frittered away by frantic back-pedaling in the last half of his 15-round affair with Kid Gavilan in Madison Square Garden.

Gavilan was a unanimous winner. The two judges, Artie Schwartz and Joe Agnello, voted 11-4 for the Cuban. Referee Ruby Goldstein was more generous to Bratton, crediting him with five rounds and calling two others even. THE RING'S scoring matched the judges'. We gave Bratton the third, fourth, fifth and sixth, all the others going to Gavilan.

By his victory, Gavilan (nee Gerardo Gonzales) became the new 147-pound ruler of the roosts controlled by New York and the N.B.A., which, roughly, cover about half the world. The other half, embracing Europe and the British Empire, is bossed by Eddie Thomas, of Merthyr, Wales. Current plans of the International Boxing Club call for Gavilan to defend his N.Y.-N.B.A. laurels against Billy Graham in New York in July, with the winner meeting Thomas in the grand showdown in September—if, of course, the Welshman still is European champion after his forthcoming date with the Frenchman, Charley Humezt. A win for Humezt would automatically eliminate Thomas and move the colorful Gaul into Eddie's spot with the Gavilan-Graham survivor.

GAVILAN whipped Bratton by discouraging and outlasting him. Johnny is one of the neatest stylists in the ring today—a brilliant boxer and a fast, dangerous puncher with either hand. But he has been noted essentially as a front-runner, with an unhappy tendency to fade when the going becomes rough. And Gavilan, with his persistent aggressiveness and fiery two-handed assaults, can make things rough, indeed, for his opponent.

As a matter of fact, the Cuban nearly wrapped up the fight in the first round when, after being outboxed for two minutes, he suddenly turned loose a furious blitz that swept Bratton back against the ropes and had him wobbling unsteadily at the bell.

Bratton recovered from that riotous opening stanza to give a fine exhibition of flashy defensive boxing and sharpshooting in the next few rounds. Using nimble footwork to circle the ring and keep the action at long range, Johnny peppered Gavilan's face with left jabs and occasionally dropped in a stinging right when he spotted an opening.

But Gavilan continued to force the action. Ever shuffling forward, The Hawk stalked his prey relentlessly. Every now and then, when he could maneuver within firing range of the elusive Chicagoan, Gavilan would lash out with both fists. Many of the punches were blocked by the clever Bratton, but enough of them ripped through his defenses to do Johnny no good.

The going was fairly even at the halfway mark. If anything, Bratton may have had a slight edge. But the Chicagoan faded

Kid Gavilan, who won New York and N.B.A. recognition as welterweight champion by victory over Johnny Bratton in Madison Square Garden.

rapidly from then on. His retreat became a definite rout, and during the last five rounds he made few offensive gestures, his main concern apparently being to last it out to the finish.

Gavilan, increasing the tempo of his pace, drove steadily ahead, chasing after the back-tracking Chicagoan, crowding him against the ropes and into corners, and pouring in leather in wholesale lots. Beyond an occasional feeble jab, Bratton made practically no effort to fight back in those closing frames.

The decision in Gavilan's favor was a mere formality.

THE defeat was costly in more ways than one to Bratton. Not only was he soundly whipped, and relieved of his claim to the world welterweight title, but X-rays, taken later at St. Clare's Hospital, revealed that, for the third time in his career, he had suffered a cracked jaw. He also damaged his right hand. Johnny wasn't certain, but thought both injuries were suffered in the fourth round.

Gavilan had no difficulty making the weight. In superb condition, he scaled in at 145¼. Bratton, however, was two ounces over the class limit on his first try, and had to work off the surplus to come in at exactly 147.

The Cuban delegation, out in full force, made an hysterical occasion of Gavilan's triumph. They piled into the ring when the decision was announced, wrapped their national flag around The Hawk, lifted him on their shoulders, and hugged one and all while the Garden's special police looked on sympathetically. Gavilan represents the nearest that Cuba has come to having a world boxing champion. Two decades ago, Kid Chocolate was recognized by New York State as featherweight champion, but the patent-leather Kid was not accepted by the other ruling bodies. Gavilan not only has New York's official blessing as welterweight title holder, but also the N.B.A.'s—and that makes him champion of half the world, anyway.

The title angle to the bout combined with ideal weather conditions and an excellent publicity job to give the Garden its best boxing turnout in nearly a year. The attendance was 11,747 and the gross receipts $55,531.

In the semi-final eight, Pat Marcune, 127, Coney Island, stepped in as a short-notice substitute for Archie Devino, and, though beaten, gave a fine account of himself against classy Frankie Sodano, 126, Philadelphia.

An interesting touch in one of the preliminaries was the pairing of rival sparmates of the main event principals. Al Wilson, 146, Agawam, Mass., of the Bratton troupe, won over a Gavilan hireling, Richie Anderson, 148, Philadelphia, in a free-swinging six.

In the other prelims, Joey Carkido, 147¼, Youngstown, O., stopped Norman Thompson, 145¾, Toronto, in 1:18 of the first, and Jerry Russo, 133, Newark, decisioned Earl Hilton, 129½, Philadelphia, in four.

JOHN THE BARBER

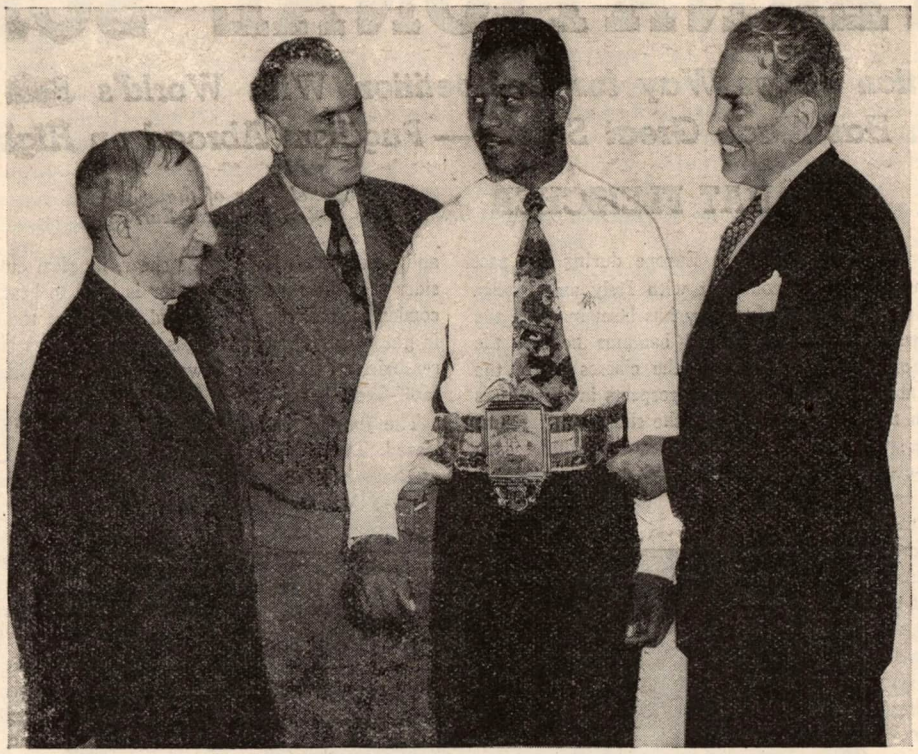
ONE of the most picturesque characters of the fight racket passed out of the picture about 15 years ago with the death of John Reisler, known in pugilistic circles as John the Barber. This quaint character was a stormy petrel of boxing for upwards of fifteen years, yet boxing owes much to him. He was the first of the modern business men to enter the managerial field in boxing. He was the first of a group of moneyed-men who, although interested in other pursuits, took to managing fighters as a pastime and soon made such a commercial success of it, that others followed and today, the field of fisticuffs is full of such characters.

It was John the Barber who brought out Jack Dempsey in the East at a time when the Manassa Mauler was unknown and hadn't enough to buy himself a ham sandwich. The barber took the skinny, emaciated Dempsey under his wings before Jack Kearns had ever heard of him, fed Dempsey, clothed him and set him out on the road to succes, only to have Jack toss him overboard for Kearns when success loomed ahead.

The Barber made and lost several fortunes. He had a prosperous barber shop in the gay Rialto, in the days when the Roaring Forties was the stamping ground of America's leading sportsmen and his place of business was a rendezvous for the elite in sports. It was after he started to meddle in the fight game that he lost his money and his worries and troubles began. John at one time was a fighter himself, but he never made any headway and quit while the going was good. He sued Dempsey for breach of contract and settled the suit out of court upon payment by Dempsey and Kearns of $10,000.

Willie Beecher was the first fighter managed by the Barber. Then he got into the promotion end of the game at the Harlem Sporting Club. After losing Dempsey, he did not take such an active part in the game.

MORE SWEETS *for* SUGAR



Flash! Ray Robinson gets belted. Comm. Abe Greene, of the N.B.A., and Col. Eddie Eagan, of the New York State Athletic Commission, beam in admiration as Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING *Magazine, presents the world middleweight king with the 150th championship belt he has awarded.*

TIDBITS and title talk were the order of the day at the recent Boxing Writers' Association luncheon where a seemingly quiet meeting broke into a lusty discussion of the welterweight wrangle.

However, the highlight of the afternoon was the presentation to Ray Robinson, welterweight and/or middleweight champion, with the 150th RING Magazine championship belt. Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine, started this colorful tradition, the awarding of a belt to a newly crowned champion, back in 1922, and a list of those men who have received them reads like the Blue Book of Boxing.

This was the second such honor bestowed upon Robinson. In 1946 he received a belt for winning the welterweight title, and this one was given for his having gained middleweight honors in a bout with Jake LaMotta.

Among others in recent years who have received belts are Ezzard Charles, Joey Maxim, Sandy Saddler, Marcel Cerdan, Jake LaMotta, Tony Zale, Ike Williams, and Joe Louis. Henry Armstrong, a triple champion, received three belts in 1938 and 1939.

At the luncheon Robinson also was the recipient of a jewelry box, emblematic of qualifying for the Ray Hickok, "Professional Athlete of the Year Award," for 1951. Sugar Ray won the February poll by the biggest margin ever garnered by an athlete in the history of the award.

Boxing's Big Four—Nat Fleischer, Abe Greene, National Commissioner of the National Boxing Association, Ray Robinson and Col. Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, engaged in a lively, informal debate on the welterweight situation. Robinson insisted that he did not recall saying that he would relinquish the welterweight title if he won the middleweight honors nor did he sign any agreement to that effect.

More honors for Sugar Ray. Winner of the February poll as the outstanding professional athlete of the month Robinson receives a gift from the Hickok Corp. from Nat Fleischer. The champion is in the running for the Professional Athlete of the Year Award after garnering the most votes any man has received in the history of the poll.

GREENE, in whose N.B.A. territory the fight was held, answered that it was generally acknowledged and accepted that Robinson would vacate the title at the moment of his defeat of Jake LaMotta.

Col. Eagan chimed in with the fact that according to New York rules, and those accepted almost everywhere else, a champion automatically gave up the lighter crown upon winning one in a heavier division.

Non-represented Britain's stand is that Robinson still holds the championship on the grounds that the only way a man can be shorn of a title outside the ring is if he voluntarily gives up same.

Fleischer pointed out that

(Continued on page 35)

GERMANY IS BACK IN INTERNATIONAL SCENE

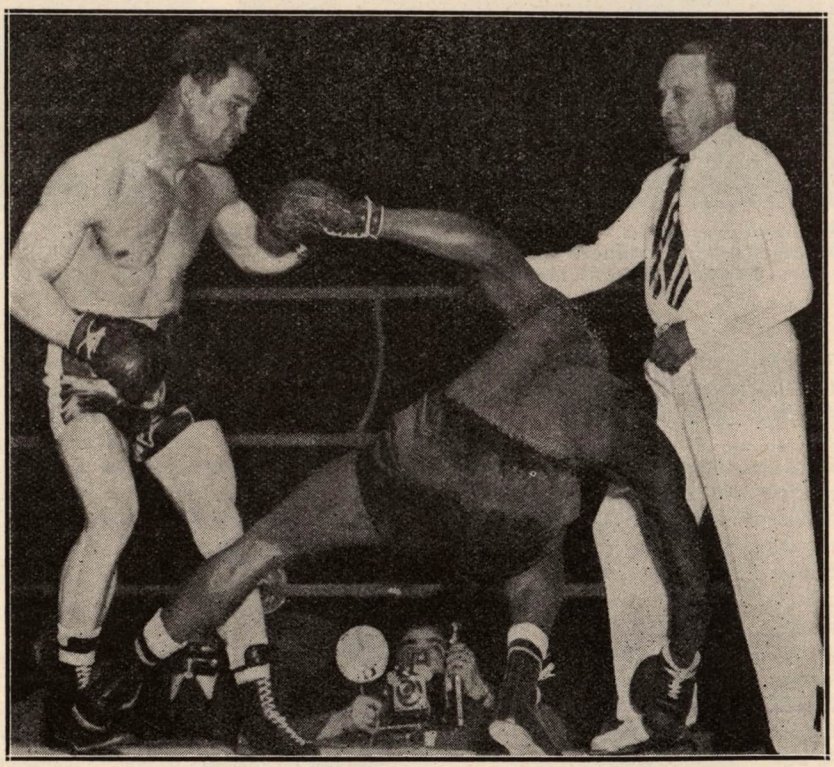
E.B.U. Action Paves Way for Competition With World's Best Talent— Nation Has Made Great Strides— Pugilism Abroad on High Level

By NAT FLEISCHER *(On Special Tour of the British Isles and Continental Europe)*

BOXING has made big strides in Europe during the past year, particularly on the continent with Italy and France leading the parade. The greatest headway has been made in the lower divisions with the flyweights and bantams holding the fistic spotlight. For every newcomer in the classes above the welter, there are at least five fairly good prospects in the classes below them. With the food rationing and the shortage of funds, one cannot expect sturdy young men to be developed under such conditions. That seems to be the cause for a shortage of fighting men in the upper crust of Fistiana.

Peter Keenan, the Glasgow boy and new British champion, is the best of a good crop of bantams parading across the Big Pond. His style and his fighting qualities are a reminder of a great little American who hailed from Boston, Jimmy Walsh, who held the American championship in 1904 and then gained international recognition as world title holder when he outpointed Digger Stanley, British champion at Chelsea, Mass., the following year.

Champion as a prefix to a name of a fighter, is a most desirable title. It is something one must strive for. Perseverance, courage, and physical prowess are usually associated with the holding of a crown, but unfortunately today titles are usually too lightly earned as, for example, the granting of such high honor by the National Boxing Association haphazardly to persons who haven't earned the crown. It had a much broader significance in years past when, if a fighter held a title, it meant that he was the best in the world in his class.



Laurent Dauthuille, leading French middleweight, stunned the crowd at the Palais des Sports by crushing Bob Dawson to a one-round knockout. Dauthuille has been given a world title match with Ray Robinson on June 15 at Paris.

EUROPE has a long way to go before it can furnish the world with international champions, but it can be said of the fighters both in Great Britain and on the Continent that they give the fans more action than is usually seen in American rings. Our men are far superior to the majority of the Europeans but what the latter fighters lack in fighting qualities, they make up in crowd-pleasing performances and the best of the lot in this respect are the boys in the lower divisions.

I have seen a good deal of boxing on the continent in many cities. I have attended bouts in England, France, Spain, Belgium, and other countries and for sheer, illogical emotionalism, I consider that the foreign spectator is hard to beat. When foreigners condemn American judging and refereeing, the old adage, "people in glass houses shouldn't toss bricks," comes back vividly. I was reminded of that when I watched the officiating in the Hein Ten Hoff-Gene Jones card in Berlin.

The judging is in most cases inconceivably incompetent and biased. The spectators hold peculiar views on the righteousness of the home talent losing. Particularly true is this of amateur boxing. One has to be extremely good and outclass his man by a wide margin if he hopes to gain a verdict when fighting a foreigner.

The French and German spectators are very emotional and too often they are the victims of unreasoning impulse and are not altogether generous to failure. They do their utmost to nod the native fighter home.

The American sports writers' picturesque slang and vivid phraseology is missing in reports of boxing matches abroad, no matter how thrilling the contest. The law of libel is too strict for the scribes to take any liberties with those about whom they write. The shrewd remarks we find in the sports stories of our country is what makes the reports so readable as compared to the dullness of the fistic yarns that grace the sports pages in foreign lands, particularly throughout England.

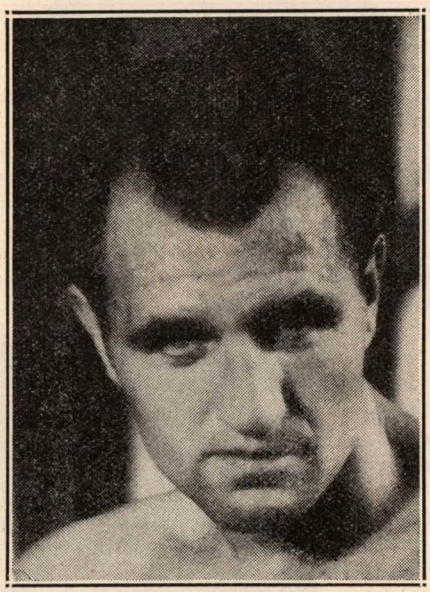
The caustic criticism practiced by American scribes would be banned abroad unless one cares to take his chances with the libel law. The British reporters conduct themselves with restraint and dignity as compared to American writers. Our public responds favorably to criticism with a punch and gets it. We in America don't pull our punches when we want to criticize officials or contestants because we can do so without fear of having the law against us, but not so in England or in Germany, for example.

DESPITE the care with which the foreign sports scribes find it necessary to follow in their reports, more space is being devoted to boxing in France, Belgium, Italy and Germany, than at any time in recent months although the paper shortage is extremely acute and space is at a premium throughout Europe. This situation is true more on the continent than in England

where boxing news still is scarce except on days of fights of importance. In this turbulent era when public attention is being focused on a Communist drive towards world domination and the stalwart sons of America and its Allies are being rushed into the armed forces to thwart a Red attack, it is amazing to note the influence that sports has on the everyday life of the people.

Within a period of seven days London had two sell-out crowds of 14,000 and 10,000 respectively. The Palais des Sports of Paris had a full house and in Berlin 32,000 watched a fight in a rain storm. Besides space devoted to sports activities by the press, radio stations keep increasing sports coverage. There is scarcely a magazine of national interest in the British Isles and on the continent that doesn't carry at least one sports story daily with boxing and racing features. And never have so many books on sports been published, with England and France leading the way. But the United States is still tops in the field of sports reporting. No foreign nation can compare to our coverage and the human-interest reports by American scribes. That's one thing we sadly miss when touring Europe.

Denmark, which hitherto has had few fighters of note since the start of the second world war, is making some headway. Former amateur stars have joined the pro ranks and the best of the current crop is Chris Christensen. He is a powerful welterweight who carries a good wallop and much is expected of him ere long. He already has taken the measure of Henri Hecquard, whom he halted in five rounds, and Bruno Marostegan. Another youngster who is coming along is Svend Wad, a lightweight who whipped Ben Miloud and Hoacine Khalfi, among other hard hitters. Michael Lapourielle, the French middleweight who drew with Peter Muller and whipped Cyrille Delannoit, is a pretty good prospect as is Werner Wiegand, the Luxemburg heavyweight.



Hein Ten Hoff, who recently defeated Gene Jones, has a splendid left jab and shoots a short right cross with effectiveness.

GERMANY has several good prospects, boys who would do well in the States. In Gustave Scholz, they have a twenty-one year old welterweight who is heading towards international recognition. The lad has won 28 of his last twenty-nine fights and drew in the other. He has acted as a sparmate for Lloyd Marshall, Burl Charity, Gene Jones and Stonewall Jackson and each of those American boxers has spoken highly of Scholz's ability.

They say that he possesses more of the American style of aggressiveness than any other fighter in Europe. He's a southpaw with a terrific punch in his left mitt and is a good boxer. As fine a judge of boxing as Ted Broadribb who brought Tommy Farr to America and managed Freddie Mills, Don McCorkingdale, Alf Mancini, Jack Hood, among others, in a recent broadcast declared that Scholz is now ready to tackle England's best.

Connie Rux, who until recently fought as a light-heavyweight and held the German title in that division, is now fighting as a heavyweight and looms as an excellent prospect. He is Germany's outstanding boxer. Wherever German boxing critics congregate, they give it as their opinion that he is the best developed fighter in their country. Connie is anxious to come to America and indications are that he will soon make the trip since Jim Norris, head of the International Boxing Club, has authorized his agent, Lew Burston, to sign him to an I.B.C. exclusive.

Rux this year has engaged in three fights. He scored two knockouts in the second round and won a ten rounder. Connie is a handsome boy who, beautifully built, could make good in Hollywood where his father-in-law is a director and has been in California for twenty years. Rux needs additional schooling, but he possesses the assets of a good battler. Now that Germany has become a member of the European Boxing Congress, the German Boxing Council hopes to gain permission to have Rux fight for the European light-heavyweight title and if successful, he will automatically become eligible to challenge for Don Cockell's crown. Rux, like Joey Maxim, can make the light-heavyweight limit but prefers to fight in the higher class because of a shortage of talent. He would do well to stay in the light-heavyweight division where the opposition won't be so tough but Rux says he feels confident he can whip Jack Gardner. Hein Ten Hoff, Jo Weiden and Cockell and aims to tackle these men before making an American campaign. He declares that Jim Norris, through Lew Burston, has offered to bring him to America, and that if he can't fight for the European light-heavyweight or heavyweight crowns, he'll accept the offer. I don't think Americans will be disappointed in him. Germany has still another excellent prospect in Gerhardt Hecht, who has a hefty wallop. Hecht, a middleweight, split the lower lip of Albert Yvel with a solid right and forced Yvel to yield, so badly was he injured. The claret spurted from the wound and Yvel didn't wait for the bell to end the round.

IN Berlin, the interest in boxing is extremely high. So elated were the people at the action of the E.B.U. in accepting the Germans on an equal footing with all other nations in international boxing, that when the report was broadcast throughout Germany on the radio, within a few hours several of the largest sports clubs staged celebrations. Everywhere one went where sports enthusiasts gathered, the general talk was on the acceptance of the German fighters into the E.B.U.

They toasted the European Boxing Congress and they toasted Berlin's leading promoters, Joachim Gottert and Fred Kirsch. Connie Rux, Germany's cruiserweight champion who hopes some day to gain the world crown—and he has a mighty good chance to reach the goal—made a nine hour auto trip from his Bavarian home to Berlin for the celebration. Walter Eckelmann is president of the German Boxing League and Dr. Hans Aumann is the legal adviser. They are the top men.

As a result of the E.B.U. vote, German fighters can now be matched with any opponents from countries allied with the E.B.U. and they should likewise have no difficulty gaining lucrative bouts in America if they are good enough to be pitted against our outstanding boxers. To the German sporting element the E.B.U. action acted as a tonic. Nothing could have brought them more happiness, other than the elimination of the hated Russian Reds from their Berlin borders. That is their sore spot with Berliners. They are hemmed in as in a lake and cannot move outside the American, French and British zones in which the freedom of travel is given to them.

In recent months there has been an increasing influx of "foreign" boxers into Germany. The Americans and French have been setting the pace, but more and more representatives from other nations have been coming in to compete against the best of the homebreds. During the past year there have been steady streams of American boxers coming and going, among them Gene Jones, Elkins Brothers, Ken Stribling, Burl Charity, Lloyd Marshall, Stonewall Jackson, Al Hoosman, Johnny Duke, Al Bishop and Don Lee.

Ted Broadribb, with the consent of the British Board of Boxing Control, immediately following the edict making Germany part of the European Boxing Congress, brought over to Cologne four British fighters. The German commissioners hope soon to have a European champion in their midst. That is their goal now that they are in the E.B.U. It won't be long I predict before a German pugilist will head his division on the continent.

Germany may soon gain its first European crown in professional boxing since pre-war days. It was what Germany has been seeking for a long time and interest in boxing has reached a high level with the knowledge that its boxers will have the same opportunity in the future to win world titles as boys of other nations.

I FLEW from London to Berlin to get an eyeful of Hein Ten Hoff, of whom I heard so much praise. Despite a continuous rain that started the night before and lasted through the fight, his contest with Gene Jones, of America, at the beautiful circular outdoor arena, the Waldbuhne, drew a sell-out crowd of 32,000. It was an amazing gathering considering the conditions. That throng occuping seats in the stadium where the boxing, wrestling and weight lifting competitions were staged in the 1937 Olympic Games, was convincing proof of German interest in boxing. Though Ten Hoff won decisively, he showed little to cause me to give him a chance to gain the top rung on the ladder.

Ten Hoff was dropped for a count of nine in the fourth round, and had Jones not quit cold on the attack, he could have scored a knockout. Twice in other rounds his aggressiveness caused Ten Hoff much uneasiness but unfortunately for the American, Jones never followed his advantage and thus on my score card Ten Hoff won eight of the ten rounds with one even, and took the contest 13 points to four. That he won decisively, there could be no doubt but he cannot adapt himself to an aggressive fighter. Any heavyweight who can force the issue and isn't afraid, can whip the German. Hein has a splendid left jab and shoots a short right cross quite frequently but he lacks punching power and jumps into a clinch every time his opponent opens up with an aggressive attack. He also has the Joe Louis' habit of wincing when struck in the face and closing his eyes when a clout reaches the facial portion of his anatomy. We can count him out as a heavyweight prospect.

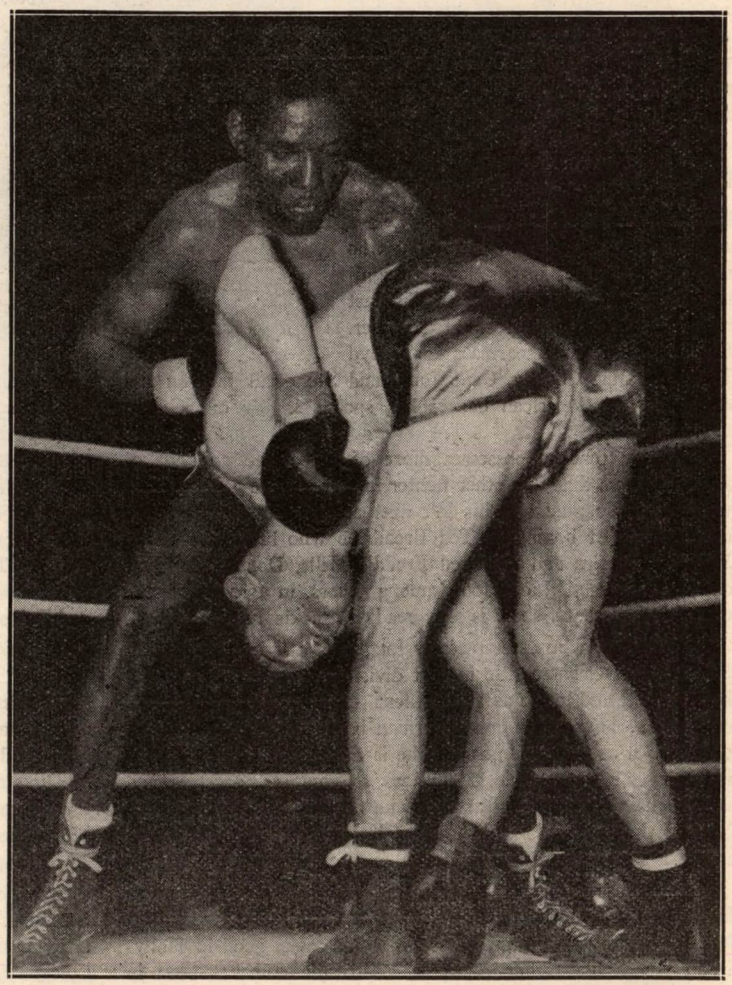
THE night following that fight, Paris was the scene of an upset when Laurent Dauthuille, leading French middleweight, caught Bobby Dawson, of America, with two crushing rights to the jaw at the Palais des Sports and ended the bout in 1:40 of the opening round. It was the first kayo suffered by Dawson who has been campaigning with success in France for the past two years. Prior to this his only previous defeat was a ten round loss last October to Jean Stock. Dawson hadn't lost a contest since 1948. Against Dauthuille he seemed to be helpless. He jabbed several times, then the Frenchman stepped in under a left, smashed a pulverizing hook to the chin and hurled Dawson into the ropes. As the American bounced back another right crashed against Bobby's chin and he went down in a heap in a neutral corner. He stumbled to his feet, then fell flat again before the referee finished counting.

SO elated were the French who jammed Gilbert Benaim's Arena, that pandemonium reigned. The crowd went wild. Shouts of "Bring on Sugar Ray" rent the air. When Ray Robinson arrived two days later, Benaim tried to clinch a match with Dauthuille, but was unsuccessful at that time. Sugar Ray took easier picking. He chose Kid Marcel since he accepted only one franc for the title fight, arranged for the French Cancer Fund. Ray said he might consider a bout with Dauthuille for America later on. "Such a contest belongs in the U.S.," said Robinson, "where it can draw far more money than in France." However, as this is being written, Robinson has signed for a June 15 title match with Dauthuille in Paris.

On that same card with Dauthuille and Dawson, two national bantam champions, Maurice Sandeyron of France and Alvaro Nuvoloni of Italy, clashed, and in another bout a pair of outstanding French welters, Pierre Langlois and Bruno Marostegan, collided.

BENAIM'S card and those of Jack Solomons', at the Harringay Arena, and Braitman and Ezra's Empress Hall promotion at Earl's Court, should be closely studied by Jim Norris, Harry Markson and Al Weill. They can learn from those cards why, in Europe and England, almost every show staged in the major cities is a sell out. The promoters don't try to hog the dough. They give the fans high class international bouts in which titleholders, sectional, national and international, often make up the bulk of the card. Frequently as many as six of the nation's outstanding fighters are booked on one card by Braitman and Ezra and Jack Solomons in London and Benaim in Paris often have three or more European titleholders on one show.

On the night when Braitman and Ezra staged the British Empire featherweight title bout between Roy Ankarah, of the Gold Coast, and Ronnie Clayton, of Blackpool, the defending champion, Terry Allen, England's best flyweight, a former world crown wearer, headed the undercard composed of top fighters. That's how they used to do it under Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs. Ankarah, in winning the Empire title, gave a grand performance. By his great victory, for such it was, he has gained high ranking in his division. In defeating Clayton, Roy became the first Gold Coast battler to fight for a British Empire championship and to win it the first time out. He tossed punches from all angles and was a whirlwind on the attack. I'd like to see a fight between Ankarah and Sandy Saddler for the world title. It would be a thriller, I predict. Ankarah would make a hit in the States and if the International Boxing Club is seeking a top fight, it can't go wrong in bringing on the new British Empire champion. But of course, this won't happen while Ankarah is not under Jack Solomons' control. That's the pity of monopolies. In America, it's the I.B.C. In England, it's *(Continued on page 34)*



Roy Ankarah, whirlwind Gold Coast featherweight, bores in as Ronnie Clayton ducks to avoid the vicious onslaught in the fifteenth round of their title match. Ankarah took the decision and the British Empire crown.

What Makes a Good Fighter?

By W. C. HEINZ

JOEY MAXIM was in New York to fight Olle Tandberg, the heavyweight champion of Sweden. This was three years ago, and we were sitting in the dressing room he was using in Stillman's and he was telling us about the time Curtis Sheppard caught him cold in the first round and pinned him in a corner and knocked him out.

"Believe me," Joey said, "there's no other feeling in the world like the feeling of being knocked out. You can't imagine what it's like."

"I can't," Francis Albertanti said. "You tell me."

"I come to in the dressing room," Maxim said. "Everybody is standing around with long faces and tears in their eyes. It's like I just died. I start crying myself. I'm saying: 'I'll go to work. I'll dig ditches. I'll do anything.'

"After a while I feel better. I have my shower and I get dressed and I go up to the office to get paid. Sheppard is up there, and he's a real good guy. He knows he was lucky and he won't catch me like that again, and he tells me he thinks I got a bad break and I'm entitled to a return.

"Three weeks later I go back with the guy and this time I win it in ten," Maxim said, looking at us and nodding his head. "How do you like that? The guy knocks me out and he's willing to take me back."

Francis and I were walking down Eighth Avenue about a half hour later. I was thinking about what Maxim had said.

"He sits there," I said, "and he tells us what a great thing it is that Sheppard, who has just flattened him, is willing to take him back."

"I know," Francis said.

"While he's talking," I said, "I'm thinking what a hell of a thing it is that Maxim wants to go back."

"I know," Francis said. "I am thinking the same thing myself."

Joey Maxim is a good fighter. He is good enough to be a champion of the world. His fights do not inspire enthusiasm and his style appears controlled by his caution, and yet if you ask me to enumerate the qualities that go into the making of a good fighter I must give you Maxim and the way he went back with Sheppard. More than that, I must give you his casual acceptance of his own act, his amazement that Sheppard would take him back.

WE are thinking about good fighters, the ones of our time, and so Joe Louis belongs in this. The things that make any fighter good, or great, are many, and in the days when Louis was great they analyzed this greatness as deriving from fast reflexes, fast hands and proper schooling in the use of these gifts.

There was nothing wrong with this definition, except that it left those who knew Louis only from a distance perplexed. The placid, unchanging expression of his face, his slow, uninspired manner of speech gave rise to the opinion that his was only an animal ability, and some, at least, concluded that boxing greatness does not require agility of mind.

That is where they were wrong, and Louis proved it on a number of occasions. He proved it on a day in Pompton Lakes in 1946. He was training to meet Billy Conn for the second time, and we were all standing around, crowded, in the dressing room watching Manny Seamon wrapping Joe's hands.

We were not saying much. We never did say much around Joe, but it had been written many times that Conn looked fast

Joey Maxim, his mental makeup reflects his work inside the squared circle.

and that his speed might befuddle Louis, and then, as we all stood there, somebody mentioned this.

When he did Louis said something. He raised his eyes slowly, from watching Mannie, and then he came out with the best line that was spoken or written about that fight. Then he went back to watching Manny.

"Billy can run," Joe said, simply, "but he can't hide."

Lines are our stock in trade, not Joe's, but he did not surprise those of us who knew him as much as it was ever possible for us to know Joe. He had given us one of those rare opportunities to look into that mind, the mind that could recognize an opening and use it. He had explained, without trying to do so, the ability to take the single opening that Paolino Uzcudun gave him in four rounds, and with one punch, probably the most devastating single punch Louis ever threw, flatten Uzcudun.

It is generally agreed that Joe's greatest fight was his second fight against Max Schmeling. Goaded by hurt pride he angrily annihilated in less than a round a good fighter who had previously knocked him out. Emotional excitement inspired his most creative performance and made it his best. Thus it comes down that the good fighter is the creative fighter, the one who is able to rise above the mechanical limitations of the sport.

Such a one was the Rocky Graziano who, on July 12, 1947, won the middleweight championship of the world. Far from a master of the moves of the sport the Graziano of that time was a fighter whose creative ability, coupled with his right hand, more than made up for his lack of technical talent.

It was a few minutes after Graziano had knocked out Tony Zale in the heat of the Chicago Stadium and in one of the most fierce fights of our era, that several of us were crowding him in the closeness of his dressing room. His one eye was closed and a clip held together the flesh above the other, and someone asked him to try to explain how he felt during the fury of that fight with Zale.

"I wanted to kill him," Rocky said. "I don't know why. I got nothing against him. I like him. He's a nice guy, but I wanted to kill him. I don't know why."

THE greatest fighter of his time and one of the greatest of all time is Ray Robinson, the middleweight champion of the world. It is probable that in him, more than in any other fighter of today, are combined more of the qualities that go into the making of a great fighter.

Among the fighters of the present there is, for example, no more avid student of the sport. Robinson has been thus since the days when he started to box. As a four-round preliminary boy he made it a practice to sit at ringside in his ring clothes, before and after his own fights, in order to study the others on the card.

One day we were talking in the Uptown Gym in Harlem. He was explaining how he had learned to fight by watching others and fighting others, and I asked him from whom, among those he had fought, he had learned the most.

"Fritzie Zivic taught me a lot," he said, speaking of the former welterweight champion. "He was about the smartest I ever fought. Why, he showed me how you can make a man butt open his own eye."

"How?" I said.

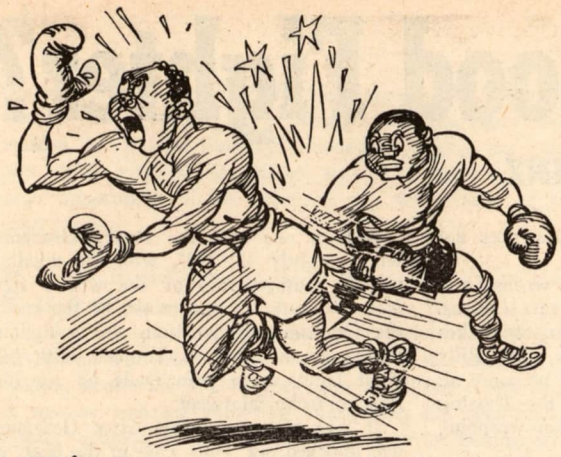
"He'd slip my lead, like this," Robinson said, demonstrating. "Then he'd put his hand behind my neck and he'd bring my eye down on his head. Fritzie was smart."

We were sitting one day in his office on Seventh Avenue, just south of 124th Street. He had fought Kid Gavilan twice. The first time they had fought Gavilan had given him trouble. The second time, for the welterweight title in Philadelphia on July 11, 1949, he had handled the Cuban with ease, and I wanted him to tell me at least one of the things he had learned about Gavilan in their first fight.

"Well, I noticed one thing," Robinson said. "I noticed that when he throws his hook he's not in position so he shifts his right shoulder forward maybe an inch or two. When he does that you know the right hand is dead, and you know the hook is coming."

I was not amazed by this, because I had expected some such revelation. I was

(Continued on page 31)



LANGFORD WOUND UP... AND LET HIS RIGHT HAND GO...

FUN and FROLIC

Ring Staff Musters Anthology of Laughs

By THE RING STAFF

THEY laughed when the fighter's trunks tore in the middle of—the round and thought he was putting up a side-splitting performance!

The most savage and bitter battles or inconsequential, tame affairs can turn from all seriousness to a laugh producing comedy with the suddenness of a wild-swinging fighter clipping himself with his own blow. THE RING staff got more than a giggle and a snicker in recalling amusing incidents from the past.

Nat Fleischer remembers the time that Ole Sam Langford had to measure velocity and the speed of fast moving John Lester Johnson before he could plant a solid wallop. Dan Daniel recounts the adventures of Stonewall Allen who, in a fight, prayed for and got a soft spot to land on. Nat Loubet guffawed about the time Tim O'Connor berated his second for handing the stool to the wrong man. Jersey Jones belly-laughed about Kid Broad's no longer caring what the folks back home would say.

Al Buck brings back Pony Moore and his bad investment in the Sullivan-Mitchell fight. Johnny Salak relates the story of Joe Gans' opponent who knew he'd be dried off quick. Stanley Weston chimed in with the time Phil Scott was giving away countries. Ted Carroll in a yarn about Bat Nelson tells about a couple of fighters who never "went broke." Johnny Valentine laughs with Battling Siki about the punches that hurt Pa Levy. Billy Williams recalls Augie Ratner's wanting to meet one guy at a time after seeing too many Mike Gibbonses. W. C. Heinz refights the Tommy Ryan-Tommy West bout and chuckles with the rest.

Al Buck on the Subject of a Risky Investment

IT happened a long time ago—March 10, 1888, to be precise—but there are few more amusing pages in boxing history than the one on which is written the story of Charley Mitchell's father-in-law and Charley's 39-round fight with John L. Sullivan at Chantilly, France.

Sullivan was the popular hero going into the ring. But Pony Moore, whose daughter was married to Mitchell, had wagered his last shilling on Charley.

Mitchell, actually only a middleweight, had no intention of coming to close grips with the powerful Sullivan. His plan of campaign was to stay away from the mighty John L., and gradually wear him down. He felt that Sullivan, in a long fight, was bound to feel the effects of his many years of dissipation. So he ran, with John L. in pursuit. Occasionally, Mitchell would be cornered and clubbed to the turf.

"There goes my boy," moaned Moore the first time Charley went down.

"There goes my house," the old man wept the second time Mitchell hit the dirt.

"There goes my estate and everything," he screamed when it happened the third time.

Round after round went by, with Moore the picture of dejection. Each time Mitchell went down, his father-in-law became paler and more forlorn. By the 39th round he was the personification of utter despair. Then Baldock, the referee, halted the proceedings and called the bout a draw.

Later, Mitchell said to Moore: "Well, Dad, you didn't lose anything on me."

"That may be, but I wouldn't call you a good investment," Moore retorted.

Fleischer Tells of Langford K.O.'ing Rival "On the Fly"

IT was in 1913, and Sam Langford was booked to fight John Lester Johnson at the old Atlantic Gardens on the Bowery in New York.

Langford was then at the height of his career. He was hitting with devastating power and few of the outstanding white heavyweights were willing to meet him. Hence, the Boston Tar Baby had to take on men of his own race, and often he fought them over and over again.

Johnson was a "new one" on Langford's calling list. Sam had

Kid Broad, who did it all for "the family."

met quite a few other Johnsons of the time—notably Jack and Battling Jim—but this was his first meeting with John Lester.

And John Lester apparently didn't think much of the arrangement. Believing that discretion was the better part of valor, he started scooting around the ring the moment the opening bell clanged. Langford chased him for a while but decided it was wasted effort—John Lester was traveling too fast to be caught. So Sam stood in the center of the ring and watched Johnson scamper around like a scared jackrabbit.

Finally convinced that John Lester wouldn't stand still long enough to make a fight of it, Langford did some rapid mental calculating. He estimated the speed at which Johnson was moving, then wound up his right hand and let it go at his fleeing rival.

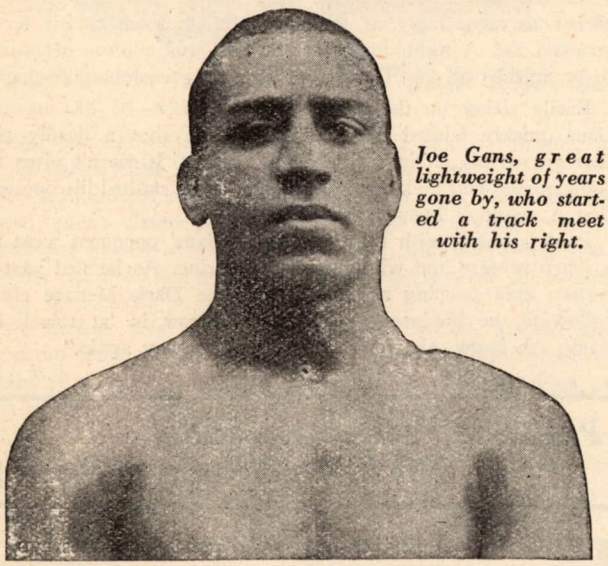
The punch caught John Lester "on the fly" and halted his flight with a dramatic suddenness. Langford's fist landed on the base of Johnson's spine, and John Lester went crashing to the canvas. His head was clear, but the clout had paralyzed his legs and he was counted out.

Daniel Remembers Thankful Prayer by Fighting Parson

AT the old Howard Athletic Club, on East Seventeenth Street near Fifth Avenue, in New York, a Negro fighter called Stonewall Allen, "The Fighting Parson," frequently was on the card. He was a fairly good boxer and very religious.

He never appeared at a club without his Bible and before his contest, he would sit in his dressing room and read his Bible aloud. When he entered the ring, he knelt in his corner and said a prayer.

Back in 1916, he was matched to meet another Negro boy

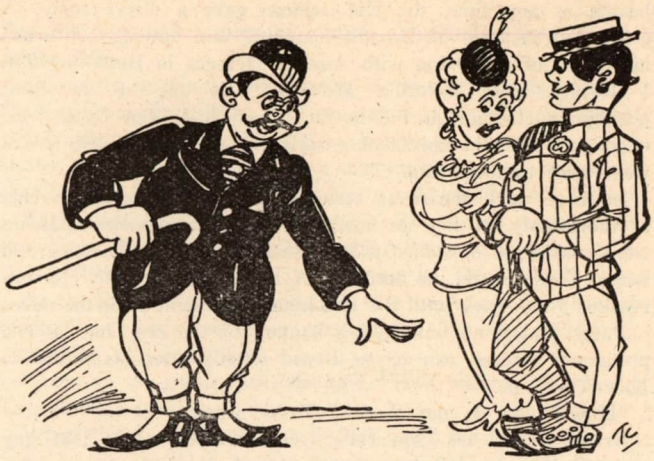


Joe Gans, great lightweight of years gone by, who started a track meet with his right.

who called himself the "Black Ace." He was a tough looking fellow who came out of Scranton and he carried not only a mean look into the ring but a mean wallop. "Black Ace" had just entered the Navy and this was his last fight before reporting for duty.

The first round got under way and within seconds, it seemed, the crowd was on its feet cheering a slam-bang fight. Half way through the opening session, Allen dropped a right under the heart of the sailor and almost doubled him up. You could hear the groan all around the ringside. It looked like curtains for the Scranton boy as Allen tore in for the kill.

But that's where he made his mistake. "Black Ace" suddenly regained his wind and as Allen rushed forth and let go his right, a left hand smash to his mouth knocked out three of Allen's teeth.



"WELL, DAD, YOU DIDN'T LOSE ANYTHING ON ME." SAID CHARLEY MITCHELL...

As the Parson stooped to gather them off the canvas, "Black Ace" stepped back, measured his man and let go a haymaker that came up from the floor, raised the Parson off the canvas and dropped him with a thud for the full count.

When the Parson recovered, he knelt and prayed as was his custom, while the boys in the gallery gave him the Bronx cheer. A sports scribe, in a jocular vein, asked Allen what he was praying for since he was kayoed and Allen replied:

"I tank de Lor' fer given me a soft place to land on."

Wrong Fighter Had It Recalls Nat Loubet

IT was a small arena packed to the floor, smoke drifted in spirals and the crowd was waiting for the main eventers to enter the ring. Two stalwarts strode down the aisles—the one, Tim O'Connor, from the Emerald Isle, the other, Tony Bozzi, Italian product, fighting by way of Florida.

The fans were divided in their allegiance. On the one side was heard: "Hit him in the La Bonza"; from the other "Let's go, Irish!" The stage was set. The bell made its sound and the war was on.

The Irishman danced in and out using his left while the Italian youngster crowded forward throwing both hands from every angle. The rounds wore on—one, two, three—with the same pattern. Bozzi was far ahead on points and O'Connor had yet to throw a right.

Halfway through the fourth the Irishman's manager couldn't stand it any longer: "Hit him with something else! Ain't ya got anything? Come on, Tim me boy, hit 'em with anything but HIT 'im."

Tim worked himself into a clinch in his own corner and yelled down at his manager: "Blame yerself, sure enough, I have hit him with everything but the stool and you hev took that."

The Italian, taking the opportunity, broke away from Tim and landed a corker of a right flush on Tim's jaw, knocking the Son of Erin into a warm dreamland where there was no fighting.

Tim came around a few minutes later and exclaimed to his manager: "Holy cripes, Paddy, ye gave the stool tuh the wrong man!"

Kid Broad's Family Pride Recalled by Jersey Jones

KID BROAD, a top-ranking featherweight and lightweight during the early years of the century, was not one to admit defeat readily. Asked to explain how and why he happened to be

beaten at any time, the Kid seldom gave a direct reply. A celebrated instance of Broad's hemming and hawing concerned his report of a meeting with Aurelio Herrera in Butte in 1904.

Herrera, the California Mexican, was one of the most prodigious clouters in the business, and had been belting his opponents over in spectacular style in Montana rings. Broad went west to meet him.

In those days, the press services didn't cover boxing events as thoroughly as they do now, and only championship matches were considered of sufficient importance to put on the telegraph wires. Consequently, no accounts of Broad's affair with Herrera reached New York until the Kid himself brought back the news.

Patsy Haley, an outstanding bantam of the era, and later a prominent referee, ran across Broad shortly after his return to New York.

"How'd you do out there?" Patsy asked.

Broad rubbed his chin reflectively. "Cripes, could that guy punch!" he mumbled.

"Yes, but how'd you make out?" Haley persisted.

"Well," the Kid explained, "I'm goin' along all right when, bang! I'm down. Could that guy punch! Cripes! But I say to myself: 'Look here, Kid, you better get up. What'll the folks back home say?' So I get up, and next thing I know I'm down again. Cripes! What a puncher!"

"Yes, then what?" Haley prompted.

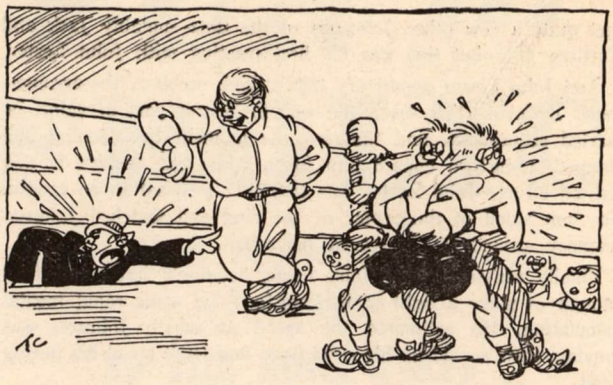
"Well, I get to thinkin' again, and I say to myself: 'This ain't no good for you, Kid. You fought the best in the world and nobody never knocked you out. Think of the folks back home.' So I get up again."

"Go on," encouraged Haley.

"Well, it seems all I'm doin' is goin' down and gettin' up. Every time I'm down I'm thinkin' of the folks back home and what they'll say if I don't get up."

"Then what?"

Phil Scott, English heavyweight, had no stomach for pounding.



..."BREAK THEM!"...YELLED THE COMMISSIONER...

"Well, we're in the fourth round and there I am, down again. Cripes, could that guy punch! So I say to myself: 'Kid, this can't go on. What will the folks back home say?' Then I think: 'Who's gettin' murdered here, anyway? . . . *The hell with the folks.*'"

Johnny Salak Relates Story of Joe Gans' One-Lap Triumph

ONE of the legendary and most humorous tales of the ring concerns the hapless Negro second-rater who found himself unfortunate enough to be in the same ring with the great lightweight at the turn of the century, Joe Gans.

It was just another fight to the Old Master. Another town and an opportunity to pick up some money between championship bouts.

As the gong sounded the Old Master slithered from his corner as menacingly as the approach of doom to his terror-stricken foe. A fight, important or not, was a piece of business to be finished off and Gans went at it in a workmanlike manner.

Easily sizing up the ability—or lack of it—of his opponent, Gans quickly feinted once or twice, then shot a deadly right that grazed his victim's chin by a whisker. It wasn't often that Gans missed and he knew in his mind, as he stalked his opponent, that it wouldn't happen again.

Panic-stricken with this knowledge, Gans' opponent went into a sharp reverse and wildly circled the ring. As he fled past his corner, eyes popping as he watched the Dark Menace closely following, he implored his second, "Throw in 'at towel, boy, 'cause Ah know Ah won't be around this way again."

Phil Scott's Retort Made Hit With Stanley Weston

PHIL SCOTT, English heavyweight of two decades ago, was a sombre individual. Yet, while speaking in the very shadow of pugilistic tragedy, he came up with one of the best-timed wisecracks ever to come to our attention.

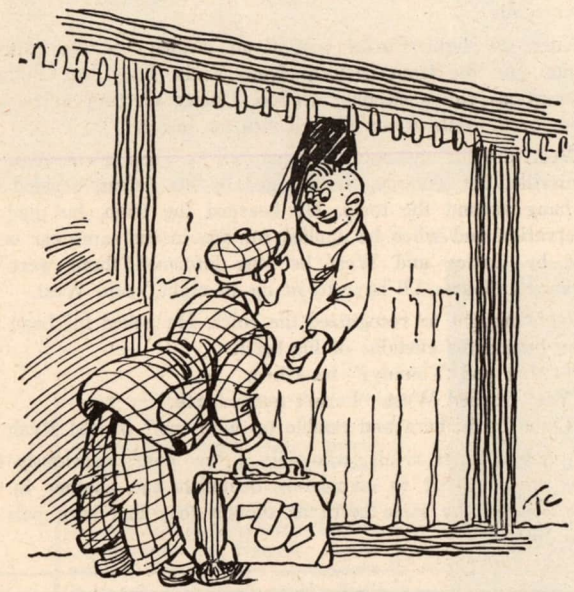
Scott was boxing the American visitor, W. L. (Young) Stribling, in London on July 28, 1930. In the first round, Phil took a terrific pasting. He was dropped four times and saved by the bell from an apparently certain knockout. The American was centering his attack to the body and Scott, who had an international reputation for disliking punishment around that part of the anatomy, was a very dejected fighter as his seconds dragged him to his corner.

Scott's manager leaped at his charge as the smelling salts were shoved under his nose. He gave Phil a tongue lashing which must have hurt as much as did the blows of Stribling. "Go out there and fight for your country," he shouted.

Scott looked wistfully at his manager and through blood-spattered lips mumbled: "If that bird will only stop hitting me in the stomach, *he can have the country.*"

Carroll Says: Nobody Broke Bat, So Bat Broke Nobody

BAT NELSON is best remembered as one of the greatest of the old-time lightweight champions, but he was also mixed up in a comical interlude as a referee. The old Battler was acting as third man in a local battle involving a couple of neighborhood favorites, Charley Pilkington and Frankie Brown, in the old Lenox Club in New York City years ago.



.."COME ON IN WITH ME." SAID RYAN..

The boys started out at a brisk pace but soon began getting tangled up in clinch after clinch. As the struggling maulers tugged and hauled at each other in close, old Bat leaned nonchalantly against the ropes and let them unravel themselves as best they could.

This routine was repeated round after round. Brown and Pilkington would get off fast but would invariably get themselves all knotted up in a clinch after clinch. Referee Bat, making no effort to part them, just surveyed them calmly.

After five rounds of this, Deputy Commissioner Walter Hooke, his patience at an end, could stand it no longer. Purple with rage, he stormed out of his seat, leaned over the ring apron and howled at Nelson, "Break them, for God's sake break them!"

Nelson, still lolling against the ropes, turned around, eyed the irate official, and calmly came back with this snapper: "What d'ya mean 'break 'em?' When I was fightin' nobody ever broke me!"

This episode ended Bat's refereeing career in New York.

Johnny Valentine Appreciates Humor of Battling Siki

WHEN the name of Battling Siki is brought up in discussions of fights and fighters of the past, immediately visions crop up in the minds of those present of the eccentric Battler walking a leopard through the streets of the Montmarte, of having the audacity to meet Mike McTigue in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day, and of other bizarre stunts for which Siki became legendary. But Siki also had a sense of humor while undergoing adversity in the ring.

One night in the declining years of the old Garden, Siki was fighting Paul Berlenbach, and he was being hammered steadily round after round. Berlenbach, a murderous hitter, was practically tearing Siki apart with a continuous barrage of punches that had the Senegalese looking like a reed caught in a tornado.

Each time Siki came back to his corner, his manager, the late Papa Bob Levy, told him with all the confidence in the world: "Fine, boy, fine. He isn't hurting us. Everything's okay."

As the fight progressed and Siki took more and more punishment, Papa Levy continued praising his boy and telling him everything was going fine.

"Keep up the good work," he said. "He's wasting his punches. Everything's swell."

When the ninth round ended, Siki could barely stand on his feet. As he stumbled to his corner and was pushed onto his stool by Levy, he turned to his manager. His eyes were almost closed, and his mouth was puffed and bleeding. Nevertheless, he managed a grin.

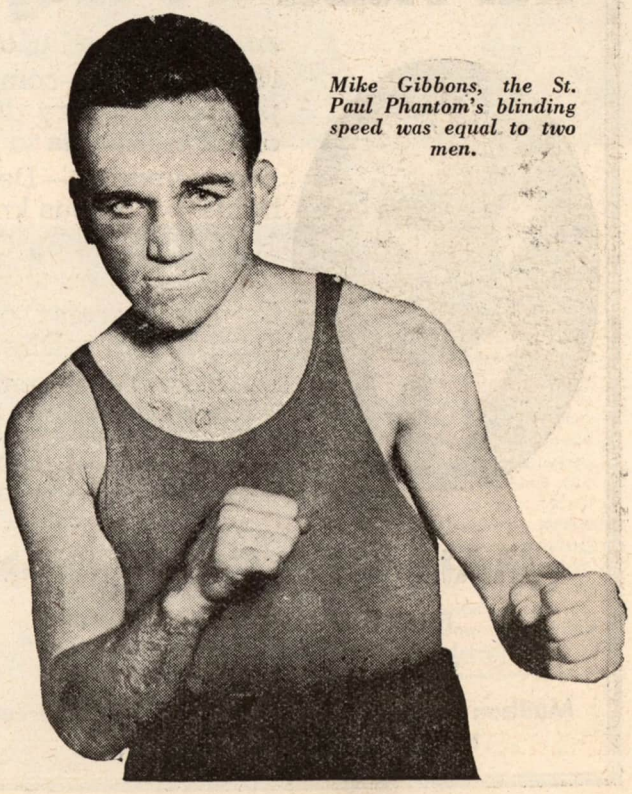
"How you feel now, Papa?" he said.

Pastor's Pants Went South Says Barney Nagler

THIS will leave you limp—we hope. It goes back to a night in 1939, in Chicago. Bob Pastor, the ex-footballer who turned square as a fist fighter, was boxing Maurice Strickland, the New Zealander, in the Stadium and it was a test of skill. Pastor was the speedster in this one, depending on fleetness of foot for success. Strickland was the fencer.

It wasn't much of a fight, with Pastor winning a decision in ten rounds, but at mid-fight occurred a catastrophe that saved the night. Pastor, who somehow never looked quite dressed up in fighting pants, being square of cut and bulky of body, suddenly began losing his trunks.

The purple pants started slithering southward. The men in the audience howled. The ladies first stared, then giggled, then ducked. Pastor was busy defending himself. He tried to grab



Mike Gibbons, the St. Paul Phantom's blinding speed was equal to two men.

the trunks with his left, but couldn't make it. He tried with his right and was succeeding, but Strickland, proving a most ungallant knight of joust, jabbed him with a left. Pastor brought the right up quickly in defense.

The pants started falling again. This time, in desperation, Pastor seized the elastic band about his middle and pulled his pants up. They stayed there until the round's end, held up by the fighter with his right, while he fended off Strickland with his left. He was panting when he returned to his corner. Ouch!

Gibbons Too Many Guys for Ratner, Writes Billy Williams

WHEN Mike Gibbons, the old Phantom of St. Paul, hit one of his good nights, no more dazzling boxer ever stepped into anybody's ring. And Mike, though a veteran and nearing the end of his colorful career, was very, very good the night he tangled with Augie Ratner at Dyckman Oval, New York, during the summer of 1921.

Ratner was no mean shakes as a boxer himself. He was clever and smart, and there were few, mighty few, middleweights who could beat him. But, then, there weren't many Mike Gibbonses around at the time.

For five rounds, Gibbons bewildered Ratner with his speed. The fists piled into Augie so fast and from so many angles that the Harlemite became utterly lost in the shuffle of flying leather.

As the bell ended the fifth, Ratner plodded wearily back to his corner and flopped on his stool. In disgust, he looked up at his manager and chief second, Frank (Doc) Bagley.

"Doc," he said, "would you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, Augie," Bagley replied. "What is it?"

"After this," said Ratner, "match me with only one guy at a time."

W. G. Heinz Discusses Rough Fights and Strange Bedfellows

ONE of the favorite tales of the late Jack Curley, noted boxing and wrestling impresario, concerned a roughhouse brawl between two of the world's top middleweights, Tommy Ryan and Tommy West, in a Derby Eve meeting in Louisville, Ky. Curley was managing Ryan.

For sixteen rounds the rivals butted, gouged, heeled and slugged each other from one end of the ring to another. It was a vicious, gory brawl, with the two Tommies badly battered and bleeding profusely, when Ryan finally ended it by a knockout in the seventeenth.

After the fight Curley and Ryan headed for the railroad station and the train back to New York. They had Pullman reservations for a sleeping section, Curley electing to use the upper berth while Ryan climbed into the lower.

West and his manager had planned to remain overnight in Louisville, but Tommy, discouraged by his defeat, decided not to hang around the town. He boarded the train, but had no reservation and when he applied for one in the same car occupied by Curley and West he was informed there were no vacancies. "Guess I'll have to sit up all night," said West.

Ryan thought he recognized the voice. He poked his head out from behind the curtains of his berth.

"Is that you, Tommy?" he asked.

"Yes," replied West. "I can't get a berth."

"Come on in here and double up with me," invited Ryan.

And two bitter rivals, who only a few hours previously had tried their utmost to completely demolish one another in the ring, shared the same berth as though they had been pals all their lives.

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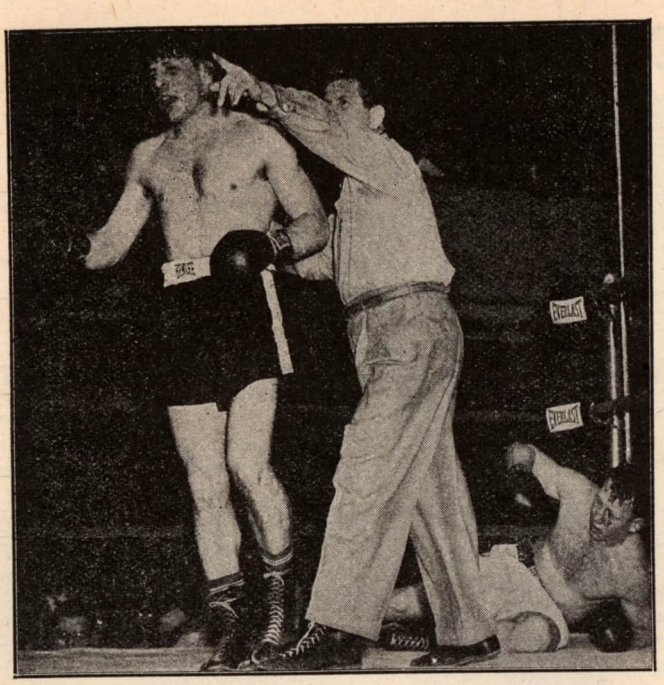
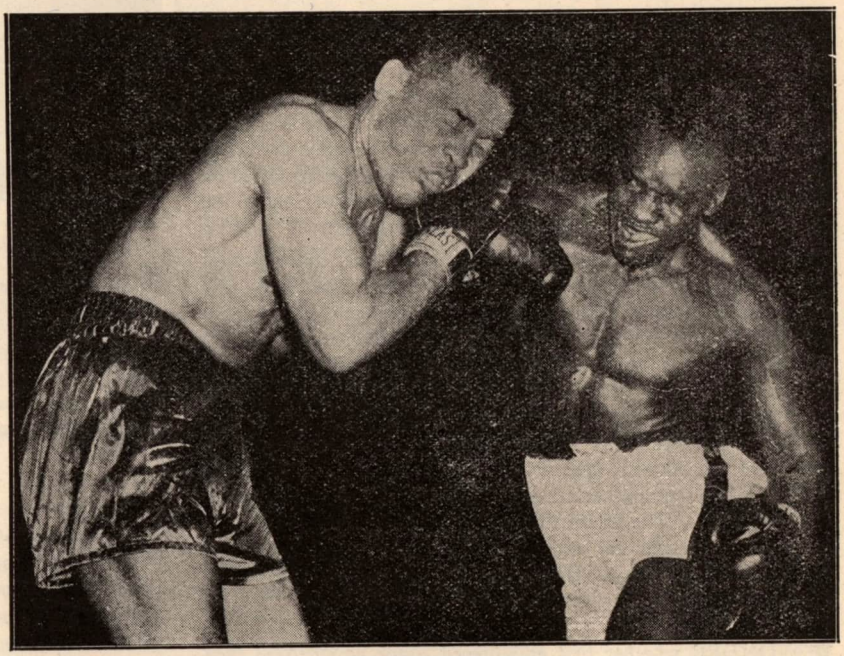
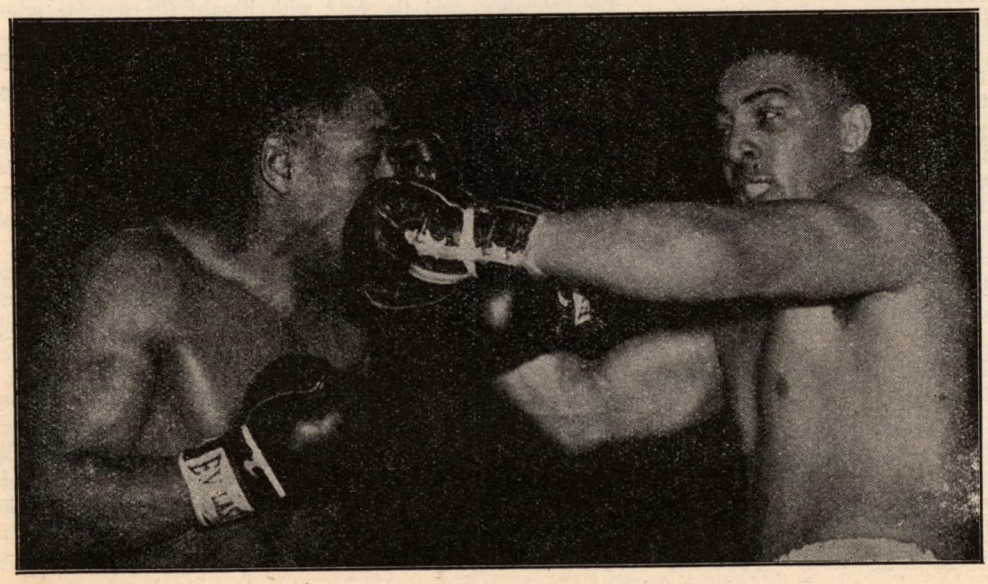


All through for the night. Roland LaStarza, Bronx heavyweight, is signalled to his corner by Referee Barney Felix after dropping Vern Mitchell, of Detroit, for the second time in the eighth round of their bout at St. Nicholas Arena. Downed for a count of eight, Mitchell got up only to be floored again by a terrific right to the jaw. At the count of seven the referee stopped the fight.



Catching a quick forty winks and a right to the side of the head Joe Louis is seen on the defensive in one of the early rounds of his fight with Omelio Agramonte at Detroit. Louis rocked the rubbery Agramonte a number of times in the bout but the Cuban kept bouncing back. The ex-champion, trimmed down to the lightest he has been in several years, easily won the decision but did not display his oldtime power.



Bob Baker, Pittsburgh heavyweight, cooks the goose of Elkins Brothers, as he hammers both fists to the head of his Washington, D.C., foe, during the first round at a recent St. Nicholas Arena show. Baker, making his New York debut, battered Brothers as he pounded out a unanimous ten round decision.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

E.B.U. Blasts N.B.A. and N.Y.
Louis' Vanished Fortune Explained
Uniform Boxing Rules Needed

I WAS very much amused by an editorial that appeared in a mid-western newspaper commenting on the recent Ray Robinson-Jake LaMotta fight.

"Prize fighting is a crime in the name of sport, and should be abolished. Those who witnessed the Robinson-LaMotta fight on television witnessed a sickening tribute to brutality."

Strange words those! They hark back to the days of the Blue Law agitators, the Anti-Prize Fight crusaders, headed in New York by Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and Rev. Dr. Canon Chase, ministers who almost daily would center their bitter attacks on boxing with requests for legislative action that would place a ban on pugilism. But strong as those efforts were, the supporters of personal liberty were far stronger and in the end, instead of anti-legislation, laws were passed not only in New York but elsewhere to legalize the sport so that today boxing is permitted in every state of our Union and is the most widely supported of all sports the world over. Commenting on the above fight, the editorial writer of the *Indianapolis News* went on:

"At least a million of our people saw a world championship fight over television, most of them for the first time. They saw two athletes swing at each other's jaws and stomachs like savages in a jungle; they saw blood drip from battered noses; they heard 15,000 Americans roar a sickening tribute to brutality. They saw a man stupefied by head blows stagger round the ring, out of his head, out of his mind, lunging around with head bobbing like a cork in a shimmering stream as a champion sought to give that final roundhouse that would knock him insensible. They then heard the announcer refer to 'the greatest spectacle in the world of sports.' The use of that word was completely nauseating. Prize fighting never has and never will be a sport. It's nothing but legalized murder if not of the victim, then of the brain. Prize fighting is a degraded, inhuman, barbaric stench."

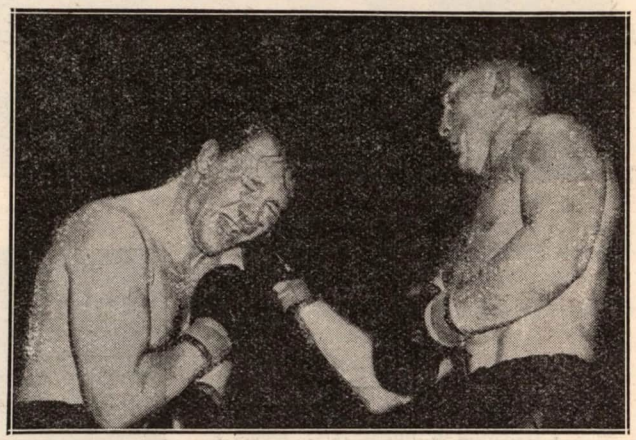
I WONDER whether that enlightened editor would dare face a group of GI's in Korea and make that statement!

What a greeting he would receive!

During World War No. 2, so keen were the boys in the camps and in the hospitals and in the field of action for boxing pictures, that not only did I visit 168 camps and hospitals to show fight films and talk boxing to the trainees and the wounded, because they pleaded for it, but I helped make "Kings of the Ring," a two hour film that Uncle Sam sent throughout the world to the Army, Navy and Marine Corps for entertainment. Jack Dempsey took the first film to Tarawa and then showed it at Guam. Col. Eddie Eagan showed it in China and now he has taken that and the film of the LaMotta-Robinson fight, *by request,* to Korea and Japan to entertain our sick and wounded and those who are resting after long periods of fighting against the Chinese Communists.

I wonder whether that enlightened editor who calls boxing inhuman, barbaric and a stench, knows of the comfort that these servicemen derive both from the fight films of famous ring battles, including the one he has so viciously attacked, and actual ring contests that are put on for them by their comrades in arms! Perhaps our editor in Indianapolis would be more content if our boys were a bunch of mollycoddles. Boxing and bayonet drills go hand-in-hand and wherever the flag of our nation flies, there Mr. Editor of Indianapolis, you will find our fighting lads most interested in the sport which you call a "throwback to the Cro-Magnon Man."

If boxing is a barbaric sport, then so are football, wrestling, hockey, lacrosse and the other contact athletic competitions.



Freddie Beshore (left) grimaces as Don Cockell, British and European light-heavyweight champion, crashes a right to his face in recent ten-rounder in London's Harringay Arena. Cockell battered out a one-sided victory, but Beshore drew praise from British critics for his aggressiveness and ability to sop up punishment.

THE oft-repeated query, "What happened to Joe Louis' millions," has apparently been answered by the Brown Bomber. According to Louis' answer to the accounting sought by his manager, John Roxborough, Joe had little left after Julian Black and Roxborough got through taking their share of his purses. Roxborough, who discovered Louis and was co-manager with Black, seeks to recover his share of the Brown Bomber's earnings for exhibitions and the fight with Ezzard Charles. He wants twenty-five percent, based on a ten years agreement which called for him and Black to share in fifty percent of all of Joe's purses, and also made Louis pay all expenses—railroad, publicity, training and incidentals out of his fifty.

Thus, says Joe in answering the suit, he was deprived of most of his earnings through an agreement that was not equitable. Under the terms of the contract, Louis was lucky to get thirty percent of his share of the gate. During the years that he was with Roxborough and Black he grossed close to $4,000,000.

Old timers along Jacobs' Beach cannot recall another instance among prominent fighters where a similar contract existed—one that compelled the boxer to give up half of his receipts and pay in addition, all expenses. Pity the poor managers!

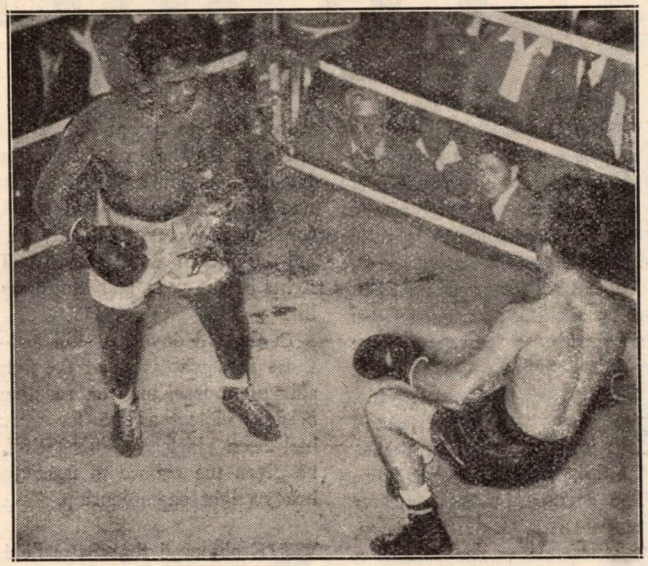
SPEAKING of Louis, it develops that the reason he has not been granted a return bout with Ezzard Charles for June as he figured he would, is because he insisted on an even split of the percentage, a 30-30 split, something Ezzard and his mentors refused to yield. Discussing Louis' ultimatum that he will retire if he doesn't get the return contest by October 12, Jake Mintz, representing Charles, declared:

"A world heavyweight champion is entitled to a larger percentage than the man whom he meets. Louis always received a minimum of forty percent of the net and often got 42½ and 45%, yet Charles is asked to give up what belongs to him rightfully, to fight a challenger. If Louis wants to get the return bout with Ezzard, he'll have to take what he can get from Jim Norris. We don't care if he gets as much as Charles or more so long as Charles receives forty percent.

"We're tired of having Charles fight for peanuts. He's the champ and he's got to be treated that way from now on. Had Louis accepted a lower percentage, the Charles match would have been made for June. Now we have taken a contract to fight Joey Maxim and then we'll have Charles face Walcott and possibly Rex Layne. Joe Louis can wait until the fall or winter but whenever the fight takes place, rest assured that Charles will not go in for less than forty percent and his proper share of the television if there is any and movies if they are taken. From now on, Ezzard Charles is going to be in the big money class."

Latest development has Louis consenting to the challenger's usual 20%. Hence the last barrier to a rematch is hurdled, or is it?

The humor market puts another angle to the controversy. Reports along Cauliflower Row insist that Jim Norris has balked a return bout until a later date because it is feared that Louis might regain the crown and then hang up his gloves for good in which case the I.B.C.'s greatest asset—the heavyweight champion—will be lost and a new tournament would have to get under way.



Aborigine Elley Bennett became a double Australian champion when he knocked out Ray Coleman in the last round of a recent 15-round battle in Sydney Stadium. Here Coleman is seen going down from a left hook to the chin. Bennett, who already held the bantam title, also acquired the featherweight crown by his victory.

MY trip to Europe where I have toured the continent and England looking over the talent that has been developed since my last journey eight months ago, has convinced me more than ever that we in America are missing the boat by turning up our noses at state championships. In New York during the Golden Era of Boxing, the commission staged State title bouts and they not only drew well, but developed intense rivalry in all parts.

In England they have their sectional championships and the rivalry is keen. In Europe every country has its sectional title bouts and it is from these contests that the champions are developed. I think that new talent can be brought forth through state tourneys such as the Golden Gloves in the amateurs. The lighter divisions, particularly the flyweight, bantam and feather, could be revived by means of state title tournaments. Let's get back to the good old days of the Muldoon-Farley era in New York, an era that will always be remembered in the ring history of New York, the world center of boxing.

WATCH the McMurtry boys of Tacoma, Washington. Both Pat and his brother Mike, who are the talk of the Northwest, are by far the best amateur boxers turned out in Western Canada, where many good boys had been developed in the past, in many years. Had not young Pat broken his hand in the recent Boston tournament, according to fistic experts who covered the National championships, he would have carried off the national honors. However, Pat had the distinction of being named the outstanding sportsman of the tourney and was awarded a handsome gold watch.

Pat, a light-heavyweight who carries a hefty wallop and is being groomed by Homer Amundsen, is the first fighter in sixty-three years of national amateur championship meets to be honored with a Sportsmanship's Award. It's an honor that Pat cherishes more than the title which he came so close to winning. Pat's cast has become a collector's item. So fine a performance had he given prior to the hand injury that Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Ray Robinson, Irish Bob Murphy and many of the competitors in the national affair, autographed the cast.

Pat's seventeen-year-old brother Mike won the Oregon 1950 Golden Gloves and the Western Canada Diamond Belt title at Vancouver last January. Between them, Pat and Mike have carried off six Golden Gloves titles this year. The boys figure to go a long way in professional boxing should they turn to the money-chasing game.

THE recent fiasco in Boston where Joe Rindone was awarded the fight over Bob Murphy on a foul in the sixth round clearly shows the need for uniform rules and regulations in boxing. Bob was winning the fight at that point.

Rindone, dropped by a low left hand punch in that session, was given a five-minute rest period, walked from the ring under his own power and then had an additional 15 minute respite, but still claimed he could not continue. Referee Mel Manning then awarded him the bout on the basis of a Massachusetts boxing regulation that has not been used in years and is thoroughly outmoded.

The rule, No. 35, states in effect: "Hitting below the navel, the rabbit punch, kidney punch or intentional butting or kicking are fouling blows and may cause disqualification by the referee."

Massachusetts is the only state in the union that has such a flexible rule. All others have a no foul regulation, a logical step which does away with the constant cry of "foul," an ending to a fight that usually leaves everyone skeptical and the rumor factory running full blast with talk of fighters deliberately fouling their opponent or being fouled.

Luckily no such talk followed the Boston fight and the reputation of neither fighter was impaired although Murphy is charged with a loss in his record but it would be wise for the Massachusetts State Athletic Commission, and all other regulating bodies in all states, to read over their rule books every once in a while with a thought of changing times and conditions.

After all, they even make amendments to the Constitution.

ANOTHER old-time great of the ring has had the final count droned over him. George (Elbows) McFadden, a champion in ability but never in name, was 79 when he died. It was only last month that an article in THE RING told of McFadden and another illustrious battler of a bygone era, Patsy Haley, ailing in the same Long Island hospital.

It was McFadden's misfortune to come along at a time when the lightweight class was loaded with exceptional talent. Fighting in almost any other period, Elbows would certainly have reached the lofty estate of a world championship. But competition was tough back in those rugged days of the sport, when fighters took fierce pride in themselves, and financial returns ranked second in importance to the glory of winning.

The proudest achievement in McFadden's record was the 23-round knockout he scored over the great Joe Gans at the old Broadway Athletic Club in New York in April, 1899. That was the first of seven battles between McFadden and the Old Master —and the only victory in the lot for *(Continued on page 41)*

THEY'VE GOT TV

By AL BUCK

WOMEN, both young and old, who didn't know the difference between a boxing glove and a ring post a year ago, have become fistic experts. They are willing and able to give their boy friends or husbands an argument on the relative merits of the left jab, and the power of a right cross. Junior and his little sister are ready to join in the debate without invitation. Men, who were boxing fans in their youth, have discovered the thrill lingers on, and that there is nothing as exciting as a good fight.

There are no more women in the fight arenas than there were in Tex Rickard's day, and it is recalled the Texan used to get a thrill at seeing what he called the "nice people" at the ringside. Rickard made every effort to lure the gals to the box office, and in a great measure he succeeded. But it was never like this.

In fact, there are fewer fans in the fight arenas, and yet there were never so many fight fans. The average boxing manager will curse, and blame the dwindling gate receipts on television, and yet he may be handling a boy whose name has become a household word. A new and tremendous force has been turned loose in the world. We would call it the miracle of television.

That TV is a force for good where the boxer is concerned is debatable, and it is being debated every hour and every day by sponsor, promoter, boxer and manager. It is not our intention to offer a solution. We haven't one to start with, and our concern here is to supply only a few basic facts.

TV has made fighters, any number of them, but has it made box office attractions? The answer probably is "No."

"I LOVE that Bob Murphy," the woman said.

She hadn't been to the Garden where the night before Murphy had slashed and smashed his way to a sensational victory over Dan Bucceroni.

"I saw it at home," the lady said. "Murphy gets hit, but he comes right back punching. I love that boy."

They loved Murphy in Boston too, as much for the winning fights they had seen him in on TV as for his Irish name. When he went up there to box Joey Rindone the gate was $42,000. More than 10,000 people were turned away from the Boston Garden that night.

The fight wasn't on TV, but Murphy had been made by the new medium. On the same night in the same arena Eugene (Silent) Hairston was introduced from the ring.

"And now I give you that star you have seen on television," the announcer said.

Hairston had never fought in Boston, but the fans knew him. They'd seen him in Garden battles with J. T. Ross, Paddy Young and Kid Gavilan. They'd seen him and liked him and were ready to accept him as a home town fighter.

No doubt the greatest example of a fighter being made by television is Harry (Kid) Matthews. Harry is no kid, and he had been kicking around the U.S.A., doing the best he could for lots of years. Suddenly he found himself in the ring and on the screen with Murphy. The result was one of the best fights of the year, and Matthews, the winner, made a tremendous hit.

In the old days his skill and ability would be known only to those fans who were at the fight. The newspapers hailed a new star of course, but the reaction of the reader would not have been as violent as the TV fan when he learned that Matthews had been sidetracked and Bob Satterfield of Chicago was to be given the chance to fight Joey Maxim for the world light-heavyweight championship.

WE observed that Satterfield was a better than fair puncher.

"He's that all right. I saw him knock out Elkins Brothers," the TV fan agreed. "It was a sensational fight, and so was his fight with Rex Layne. But Satterfield lost to Layne, and Matthews beat Murphy."

The fellow had a logical argument, and perhaps Matthews would have been counted out anyway, but the TV influence seemed to be at work here. Satterfield has made himself available for shows that were to be telecast. Matthews had shown once, and gone home. In the good old days his single victory would have been enough.

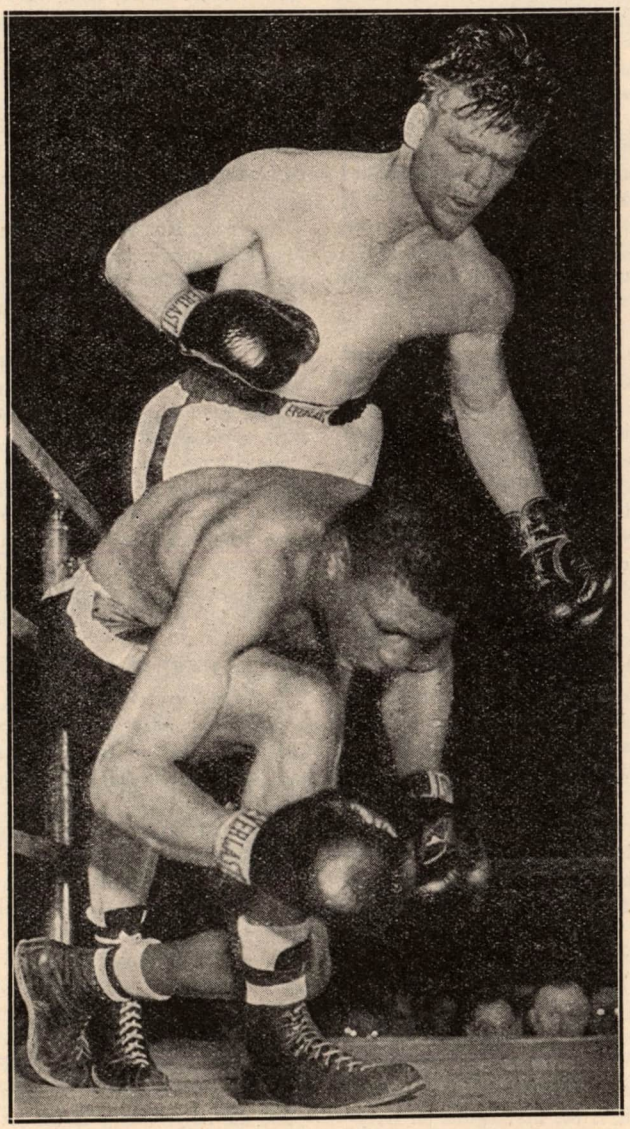
Now it's different, though not better. Charley Riley, the club-fighting featherweight from St. Louis, seems to be always on the screen. He rarely wins, but he gives a crowd-pleasing performance. The sponsor is delighted. He sells more beer or more razors or more chocolate-coated candy bars. It is no longer necessary for a fighter to win, and that I feel is not a good thing.

Layne is another fighter who owes his fame to television as much as to his fighting heart, rugged frame and iron chin. Few who saw it, either at the Garden or on the screen, will forget his sensational come-from-behind battle with Satterfield. It ended with Satterfield knocked out, and it made Layne the best regarded young heavyweight in the country.

Layne was made when he defeated ancient Jersey Joe Walcott before a lot of vacant seats in the Garden. The fans who cheered him were in their parlors or at the neighborhood saloon, but no matter where they were they were seeing a star being born.

His fight with Cesar Brion, sandwiched between the Walcott and Satterfield scraps, was not so

Televiewers got many graphic closeups like this as they watched Bob Murphy and Jimmy Beau tangle in a ferocious brawl. Persons who have seen the popular Murphy fight on TV flock to watch him perform in the flesh in his bouts which have not been televised.



good, at least when seen in the flesh, but the commentators did their best and all was well with Layne. In contrast Rocky Marciano is almost unknown to the TV fans. He's just another fighter they saw once with Roland LaStarza, or read about in their newspaper.

By staying off the screen Marciano lost ground, and the glory that might have been his now belongs to Layne.

ONE FIGHT can change a lot of things of course. There was never a more unpopular fighter than Jake LaMotta. The middleweight champion was booed everywhere he went, with the possible exception of Detroit, where he was always a hero. That is a condition that no longer exists.

When LaMotta defended the middleweight crown against Sugar Ray Robinson he did so in the Chicago Stadium and on your television screen. He made a tremendous effort, elected to go out fighting, and was still on his feet when the referee stepped in and stopped Robinson from hitting him again.

LaMotta's gameness was applauded by people all over the country. He is enjoying a new found popularity as a result, and there is a demand for a return fight. The result isn't likely to be any different than it was in Chicago, but the fans want it. Those who saw him on TV, as well as in person, believe Jake has what it takes, even if Robinson has beaten him time and again.

On the other hand Laurent Dauthuille, the French middleweight, who had LaMotta beaten with only 13 seconds to go in their title fight in Detroit, missed the TV boat. Dauthuille remains relatively unknown, or as just another fellow who beat Paddy Young in a fight telecast from the Garden.

Dauthuille's near title winning effort got him nothing. The fans around the country didn't see it.

In contrast to Dauthuille, Johnny Bratton, Chicago welterweight, was made by the new medium. His one-round knockout of Bobby Dykes, a fellow who went ten rounds with Robinson, made him a contender for the vacant welterweight throne. As a result Bratton fought and defeated Charley Fusari for the NBA welterweight title.

Until the Dykes fight Bratton was just another fellow, who had twice suffered a broken jaw, and was doing the best he could. Now he's known from one end of the coaxial cable to the other.

JERSEY JOE WALCOTT got a break from television. His fourth attempt to win the world heavyweight championship in his second meeting with Ezzard Charles was a good fight. Jersey Joe looked good, and his handlers made a big show of protesting the decision which was clearly won by Ezz. Nevertheless the fourth title fight for Jersey Joe probably assured him of a fifth.

Charles didn't look good on the TV screen, and his failure to click as heavyweight champion may be due to the vast video audience. Ezz was impressive beating Joe Louis, but Bomber Joe had been a popular champion and soft-hearted people hated to see him lose. Charles followed his Louis bout with battles with Lee Oma and Walcott.

Both are clowns in the ring, and nobody looks good with them, a fact the new TV fans were doubtless not aware of. Anyway Charles isn't bothered by autograph seekers, and can walk down Broadway without being mobbed.

Ray Arcel, Ezz's trainer, has an explanation, and it has to do with television.

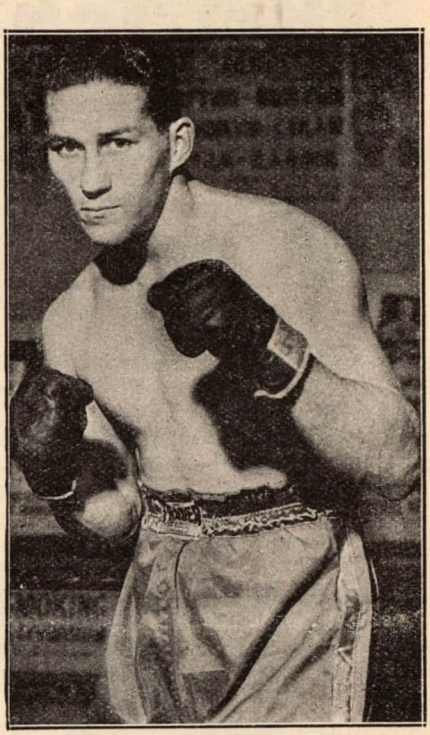
"Charles suffers from having beaten a popular champion in Louis, just as Gene Tunney never got the credit due him because he won the title from a popular champion in Jack Dempsey," said Arcel. "Tunney was a much better fighter than he was given credit for being, but if the fans didn't like his style only those who were present when he fought knew it.

"With Ezz it's the same, only different. I think he could have beaten a half dozen more popular champions I've seen, but the fans can't forgive him for licking Louis. At the same time he hasn't a spectacular style, and everybody knows it. It isn't just the fans at the arena, but also the millions who've seen him fight on TV."

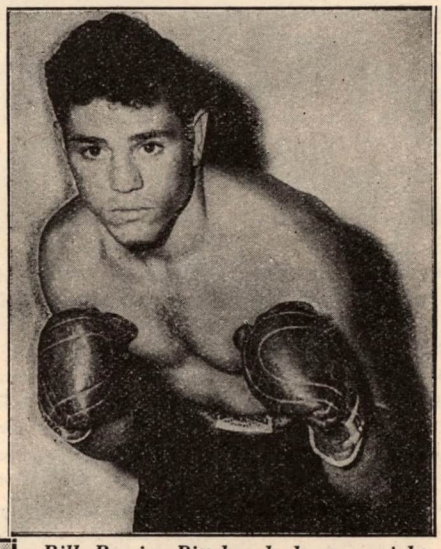
Arcel may have something, but there is no stopping the march of progress. Mike Jacobs saw it coming and talked of the day when he would promote fights that would be piped via TV into theatres spreading from Coast to Coast. That hasn't happened —yet.

JIM NORRIS, owner of many large arenas, has set up a circuit—New York, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis—and feeds the public at large fights twice a week. Eventually TV may make Jim's arenas obsolete. It is a danger, but still he can't agree with those managers who would throw television out and go back to the days when boxing was supported by gate receipts only.

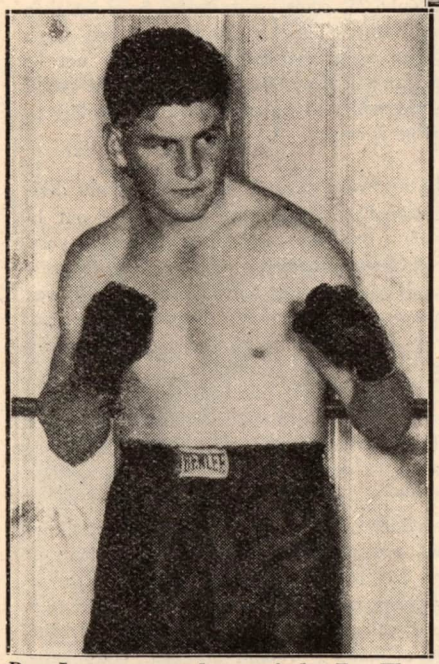
"I agree that TV makes fighters, a few of them, but it doesn't develop them. They are attractions now, but where are they coming from in the future?" said Charley Johnston, president of the Boxing Managers' Guild. "TV *(Continued on page 35)*



Harry Matthews campaigned with success for a number of years but his real break came when he defeated Bob Murphy with millions of video-viewers watching.



Bill Bossio, Pittsburgh bantamweight, hooked up in four exciting battles with Pat Marcune which were televised. His services have been in great demand since then.



Rex Layne stormed out of the Far West and gained nation-wide acclaim by defeating the wily Jersey Joe Walcott in a bout that was televised from Madison Square Garden.

British Prestige Booms

By TED CARROLL

NOT in a long time have British boxers rated the high spots in world standing that is theirs at present. Austerity or no, the lads from the tight little isle are closing in on the international title holders from all directions. With middleweight Randy Turpin flattening all comers right and left, and welterweight Eddie Thomas a formidable threat to win Sugar Ray Robinson's vacated welterweight crown, British boxing may be approaching its highest point in decades.

True there has never been a time in the past half-century that at least one Briton wasn't knocking on a title holder's door in some division, but at this present moment there are four likely aspirants for world-wide honors.

While not overly impressive in his most recent outing against Jo Weidin, who proved a flop over here, Jack Gardner, Empire and European heavyweight king, is still a youngster with definite prospects. With the great Joe Louis just a memory shambling along a comeback trail there is hope now for almost any strong young fellow in the unlimited class. Not that Champion Ezzard Charles is not a competent performer, but title dreams among the heavyweights are no longer the near-impossibilities they were when Louis ruled the roost.

This present situation makes Gardner, along with Rex Layne, whose style we are informed he follows, as much a threat to Charles as anyone else you can name.

Gardner, a mustachioed mauler who came off a chicken farm in Market Harborough, England, to stop war-worn Bruce Woodcock in ten rounds last November, added the European heavyweight title to the Empire crown he won from Woodcock when he beat Austrian Weidin on March 27 of this year.

Overseas informants declare that the 24-year-old Gardner is still very much in the development stage with many rough spots to be ironed out.

With the exception of such prehistoric warriors as Savold, Walcott and Louis, this criticism also goes for most of the American heavyweights. So Gardner is at no disadvantage there.

BOTH the record book and eyewitnesses agree that Welshman Eddie Thomas should be favorably considered in any comparison with the other welter title pretenders. Much of his opposition is unfamiliar to Americans but nobody is beating him. No blockbuster, he is touted as a bona fide boxer of the Welsh school of Jem Driscoll, Wilde and Freddy Welsh. All three understood the art of self-defense as have few others. They believed boxing to be a game of skill and they made it so. Over here we are well aware of the boxing abilities of Billy Graham. So is Kid Gavilan, who in two razor edge encounters with the New York boxer had to be satisfied with an even break in two verdicts.

Open-minded observers insist that there was nothing close about the contest between Graham and Thomas in London on February 7, 1949. In a sparring match between two master boxing technicians, the wily Welshman from all reports proved master of more tricks and maneuvers than his American foe.

Thomas, who recently added the European title to his list by beating the antediluvian Italian Kid Frattini in London, is in a good spot. All boxing bodies are in complete agreement that there can be no universally recognized world's welterweight champion until Eddie Thomas is disposed of one way or another. This view has the complete indorsement of this magazine.

Thomas has only lost two fights since beginning to box in 1926. One of these was the result of a cut eye. The other, a decision loss to Gwyn Williams was reversed in a later meeting.

MOST sensational of the British big four by all odds is middleweight hope Randy Turpin. Still, by a twist of fortune, he must be accorded the slimmest chance of winning the title in his class. This is only because the present title holder happens to be the greatest fighter in the world today, Sugar Ray Robinson. At almost any other time the Englishman would be a red hot favorite to become world's champion. Off his recent performances he is the "hottest" fighter in his class right now.

At this writing his last four bouts have been knockout victories. Included among his victims was the durable Dutchman, Luc Van Dam, who stirred up considerable trouble for the peerless Sugar Ray himself in Robinson's triumphant trek across the Continent last winter.

Ray himself rated Van Dam the best man he met in his overseas campaign. Sugar called him a smart boxer, who really knew his way around the ring. It took the Sugar four heats to dispose of Van Dam and his manner of doing it touched off a rhubarb.

Americans, remembering the Robinson affair, were impressed when Turpin had Van Dam out of there in just 48 seconds on February 27 of this year. The boy must have something to do that, they reasoned.

Since then he has stopped Billy Brown, American boxer, who went the limit with Robinson, although Brown's showing irked disgruntled Britons.

Jean Stock is another recent victim of Turpin's. Stock went out in five. He had previously handed Turpin one of his two losses, a five-round kayo in London, back in '48.

Turpin is described as a youngster who started out believing that the only necessary requirement for ring success is a wallop. Following losses to former British champ Albert Finch and Stock, he discovered that such was not the case, and that some kind of defense was needed in a hurry.

Under the tutelage of brother Dick, a better than fair middleweight himself and a former British champion, he's learned his lessons well.

Turpin's father is a native of British Guiana, his mother is English, and it's a fighting family in more ways than one. Not only are Randy and Dick former Navy men, but both sisters served in the armed services during the last war. Brother Jackie is a featherweight boxer, who served in World War I and the senior Turpin is a World War II veteran.

Sugar Ray shows little signs of ring decay but he can't go on forever. Turpin is only 23, some seven years younger than the present champion. Father Time is in the English boy's side corner and that can mean everything. This may not be Turpin's year, but who can tell about the next one or the next? Two years from now he will still be only 25 and possibly an even better boxer than he is now.

BRITISH boxers have always favored the middleweight division. Some exceptional middleweights have come out of the island kingdom. Such a one was Jock McAvoy, who kayoed the American champion, Babe Risko, in jig time but outgrew the class before he could get a title match. Len Harvey was another, but he could never solve the puzzling style of American Vince Dundee. Tommy Milligan was good, too. He actually fought for the world's title, but had the ill fortune to run into Mickey Walker, one of the greatest. The same thing went for Ted Moore, who also got a chance to win the world's crown, but drew the great Harry Greb as defending champion. Frank Moody and Jack Hood were other good Britishers but neither ever fought for the crown.

Don Cockell, recent holder of the British and European light-heavyweight titles and recent winner over tough American heavy Freddie Beshore, has been coming like a house afire of late. The youthful Londoner, although he has never set foot in the States, is described as using what Continentals call the typical American style of milling—rough, bruising, body belting, and continual aggressiveness.

Since Beshore is no Fancy Dan *(Continued on page 35)*

Jack GARDNER
..HEAUYWEIGHT..
4 REASONS
FOR THE LION'S ROAR
...AND THE.. BRITISH LION HAS PLENTY TO ROAR ABOUT IN BOXING..WITH DANGEROUS WORLD TITLE THREATS IN 4 DIFFERENT CLASSES..!
Don COCKELL
..LIGHTHEAUYWEIGHT..
..MIDDLEWEIGHT RANDY TURPIN IS THE "HOTTEST" BOXER ACTIVE IN THAT CLASS RIGHT NOW..!
Eddie THOMAS
..WELTERWEIGHT..
..MIDDLEWT..
Randy TURPIN

BROKEN HANDS Boxer's Bugaboo

By JOHNNY SALAK

Bob Baker, Pittsburgh heavyweight, is systematically conditioning a pair of bruised hands which may prove stronger than ever.

BROKEN hands, the scourge of the professional fighter, has probably deprived the ring of more clever men than any other single cause. A chance to win the fight with a sharp and telling blow at the proper moment, a long layoff that causes a fighter to fall by the wayside when perhaps he is in consideration for an important or title match, possible retirement—these are the results of the lame and sore fist which is a prevalent condition among ringmen today.

It would be no mean exaggeration to say that only one out of twenty fighters who are now active have perfect fighting hands. The cause of this is, mainly, the habit of improperly throwing a punch either in the gym or in a bout. It is probable that even less than five per cent have been taught the correct manner in which to land a blow.

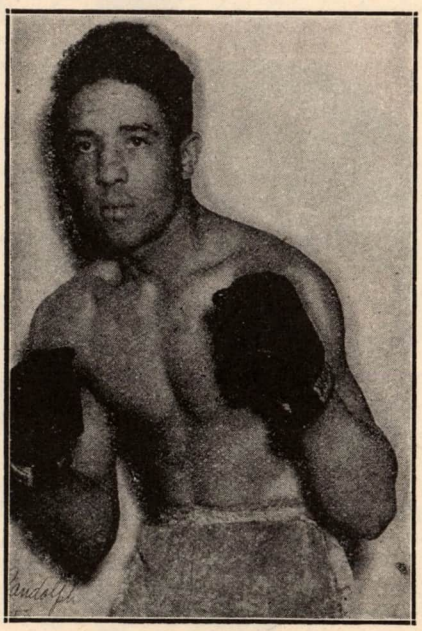
The best fighting hand is short, thick and heavy. It should be well covered and muscled and calloused by the hardest of manual labor. That is the ideal hand, but is not an absolute necessity for a fighter. However, too few men joining the ranks of fighters nowadays take into consideration the benefits that a hard and firm fist, properly taken care of, will mean to them in the long run. Too seldom they fail to develop these natural weapons of the ring and preserve them.

Few boxers take the trouble to learn and their handlers are lax or ignorant of teaching them the all-important habit of hitting straight. Thereby their one weapon of offense in a business where winning depends on same is constantly endangered and usually injured.

ONE need but go through the ranks of leading fighters of today for outstanding examples. A seemingly poor performance or a long absence from the ring can usually be traced to bruised or busted knuckles.

Rex Layne, the Lewiston larruper, who is just about the best of the young crop among heavyweights, has a damaging right hand but is seldom seen making use of his left. The mauley was injured in one of his early fights and two years of nursing it along, using it sparingly, is bringing it to the point where he can make real effective use of it. It is natural that a two-fisted fighter is more dangerous than a one-armed boxer, and if Layne's left has healed properly you can look for more convincing form on his part in his future bouts.

Bob Baker, the towering heavyweight from Pittsburgh, is another. Though he had come to New York with a kayo-studded record and showed that he knew how to handle himself in his fight with Elkins Brothers, Baker was a bit of a disappointment in that he made little use of his vaunted right. This was caused by a damaged hand and, in fact, the left was also bruised. Unless his hands can be made sound and strong again it is possible that a fighter who shows that he has the ability to go on to win the world heavyweight championship might wind up as an ordinary journeyman pugilist.



Randy Turpin, British middleweight champion, developed a devastating left after injuring his power-laden right hand.

However, he is being well-handled and several lucrative bouts which might cause further injury to the hands have been bypassed while Baker takes time out on a farm, keeping in condition, and strengthening his hands by using a plough, chopping wood and a systematic use of pulleys.

So on down the line with Harry Matthews, Bob Murphy, Randy Turpin, Eddie Thomas and others.

Matthews, the Seattle, Wash., light-heavyweight, who has been fighting as a professional since at least 1937, scored a notable win several months ago by defeating Buzzsaw Bob Murphy in Madison Square Garden. It was a vicious battle which saw both men hammering away, rocking each other with pint-sized A-Bombs. The decision gave Matthews a hold on second place in the light-heavyweight race for the elusive title honors. But the Seattle boy came out of the battle with a pair of bad hands and he has seen little action since. This is regrettable for a fighter like Matthews, who has been campaigning for about fifteen years and deserved a good break, could have capitalized on a win over Murphy and engaged in a number of money-fights if a shot at the title was not forthcoming.

With a fighter like Bob Murphy it is surprising that he is able to go to the post so often aside from the fact that he absorbs so much body punishment in practically every fight. The manner in which he tosses his punches with reckless abandon would be more than enough to break the knuckles of the hardest fist and sideline a less heartier fighter.

Randy Turpin, the British and European middleweight champion, turned a visible debit into a decided credit when an oft-injured right mauley threatened not only his high position in his division but also his career. Turpin merely trained and trained until he developed his left into a damnable weapon of destruction that has seen him blast opponent after opponent into sudden and humiliating defeat. His opposition, ever watchful of the thundering right hand that still on occasion can do its duty, have become targets for the most devastating lefts the ring has seen in a good many years.

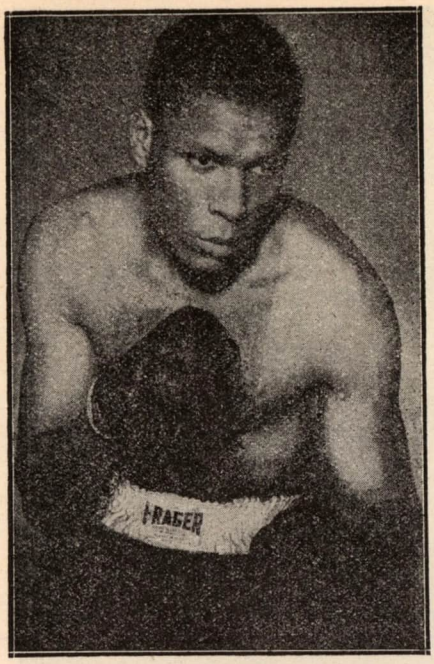
Turpin first worked this knockout punch with success in his fight with Eli Elandon in September, 1950, after practicing with it for three weeks. It was called one of the most perfect knockouts ever seen.

THE British champion first loosened up his opponent with a left to the body and a hard right to the head. Then the clincher. He feinted with the left to the body and in a split second motion had that same left change its course and travel with full force to the jaw of Elandon.

(Continued on page 39)

Crowd Pleasers

By HARVEY THORNE



George Sherman, Chicago middleweight.

GEORGE SHERMAN

WALTER SPRITZ, one of Chicago's busiest fight managers, has a middleweight who started out in the pro ranks in 1947, and in the past year has been undefeated. George Sherman, native Chicagoan, is that lad and he has come on to become one of the best of the middles fighting out of the Windy City.

In his most recent outing Sherman won a ten-round decision from highly regarded Charley Cotton over the ten-round route. He has taken the measure of men like Jackie Keough, Jerome Frazier, Jimmy King, Bobby Neal, Gene Bolden, Andy Anderson and Joey Sgro.

Sherman is married and has a two-year-old daughter, is a hard trainer, spends all his available time learning new ring tactics, and hopes to get a fight with Sugar Ray Robinson this year.

BONNIE ESPINOSA

A NEW featherweight flash from the Philippines is rapidly rounding into international consideration for title honors. Bonnie Espinosa recently won the featherweight championship of the Orient by stopping well-known Tirso del Rosario in the fifth round and now has his eyes set on more important things.

Fighting as a professional since 1947, Espinosa took on the best men in the Orient from the start. He holds victories over Gus Rosa, Mamoru Hirota, whom he stopped in one round, and Joe Soares. His two defeats came at the hands of Henry Davis, Honolulu battler, who ranked eleventh in the featherweight division in THE RING's latest annual ratings.

In 1950 Espinosa halted Speedy Cabanela at Manila in the seventh round, the referee stopping the contest. He then crossed gloves with Del Rosario for the first time, in a title bout. It was recorded as a ten-round draw.

A return battle was a natural and before a sellout crowd on December 20th, Espinosa tore into Del Rosario with a vengeance to halt him in five rounds and take the title.

Espinosa's lone conqueror, Henry Davis, is now campaigning in the United States and young Bonnie would like nothing better than to come over here and settle accounts with him.

Featherweight champion of the Orient, Bonnie Espinosa.

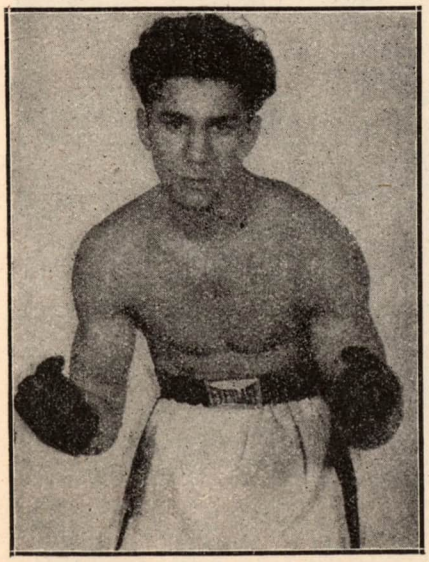
FRANKIE SODANO

ANOTHER gamester has joined the group of featherweights showing promise. Frankie Sodano, two-fisted banger, an aggressive, pressing, colorful lad of nineteen, hailing from Philadelphia, Pa., is fighting his way toward the fistic spotlight.

Since turning professional in late 1948 Frankie has rung up 27 good wins out of 28 fights. His one loss was to Jimmy Shields, whom he had beaten in a previous outing. Bill Bossio, Calvin Leigh, James Watkins, Jesus Compos, Art Llanos, Henry Gault, are a few of his victims.

In less than a year and a half of boxing, Frankie annexed six amateur titles. In 1947 he picked up the sub-novice flyweight diamond belt title in Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania sub-novice amateur title and the open-class Golden Gloves title in Philadelphia.

The following year Sodano garnered the open-class diamond-belt title, sponsored by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, went on to cop the flyweight crown sponsored by the Trenton, New Jersey, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and then for a grand climax the youngster knocked off the National A.A.U. flyweight crown.



Frankie Sodano Philadelphia, Pa., featherweight.

BILLY NIXON

SOMETIMES a fighter can be too tough for his own good. Such is the case with Billy Nixon, Philadelphia, Pa., welterweight, who is having trouble finding opponents who are willing to meet him.

A veteran of 82 pro fights, 26-year-old Nixon has won 70 of them. He also racked up an undefeated amateur career which went through 20 fights.

Nixon, who was born on October 16, 1926, has met the best fighters now active and has given most of them quite a tussle. He holds a one-round kayo over Otis Graham, has beaten Bobby Lee, Johnny Williams, defeated Charley Williams three times, halted Buster Tyler, Randy Ingram, Billy Justine and many others.

He lost a close decision to Kid Gavilan late in 1947 and then was halted by Ray Robinson in the sixth round, but not before he had given the champion an interesting and anxious few moments.

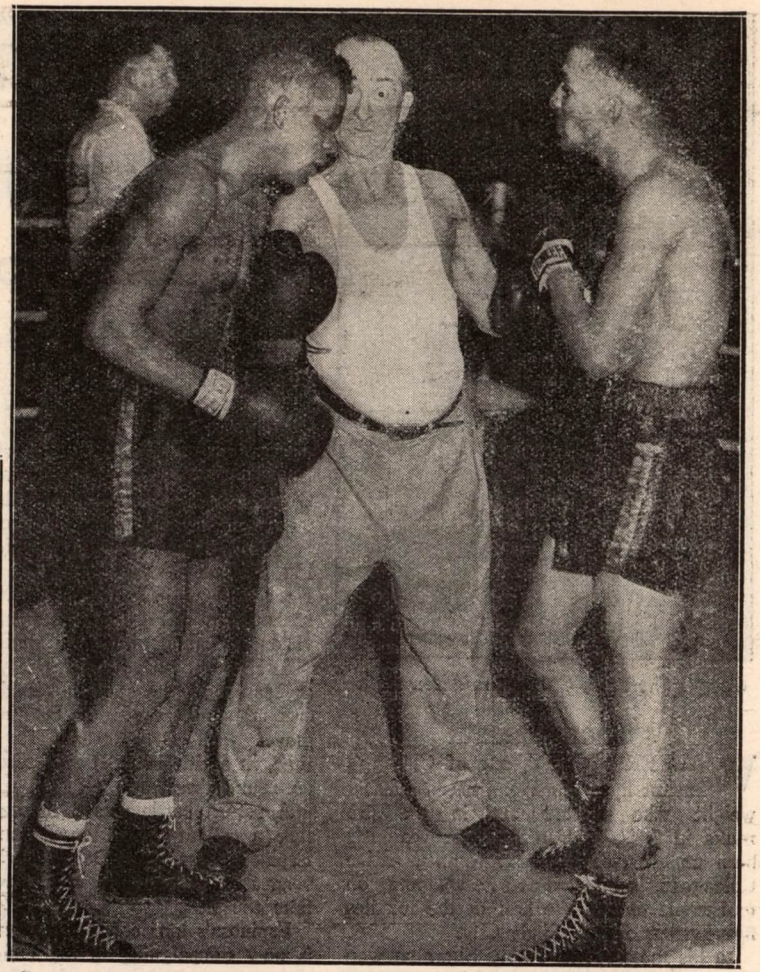
After being stopped in three fights in a row by such hardy battlers as Gene Burton, Chico Varona and Ike Williams, Nixon quit the ring for a year and a half, and in 1950 came back to score four straight victories, three by knockouts. His opponents were Gene Elliott, Randy Ingram, McCoy Jones and Jimmy (Midget) Taylor.

Feeling that he is now in the best shape of his life, Nixon is ready to tackle anyone and says that his only hobby is getting into the ring with the top welterweights in the country.

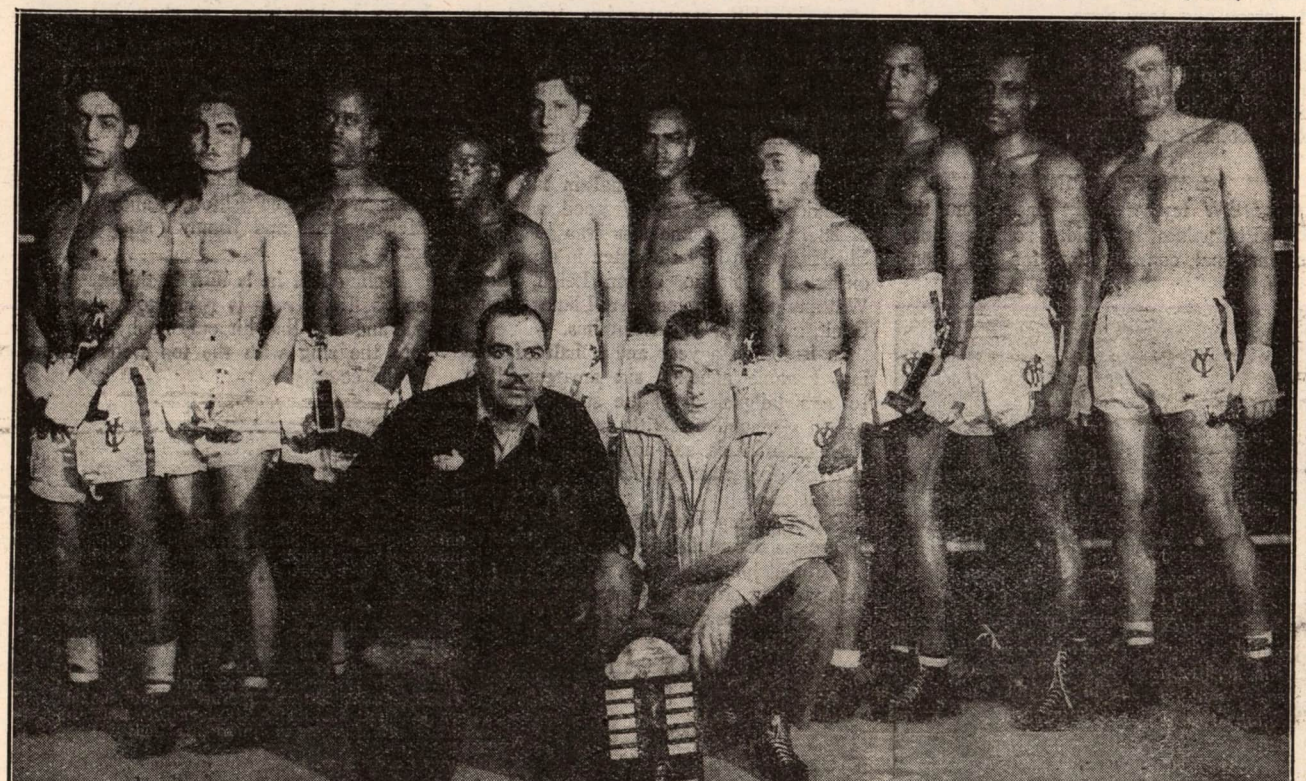
Billy Nixon, a welterweight from Philadelphia, Pa.

BOXING TOURNAMENTS HIGHLIGHT ARMED FORCES ATHLETIC PROGRAM

Captain C. E. Aldrich, U.S.N., Commander Naval Operating Base, presents a championship trophy to Virgil DeDois, fly-weight champion, at the conclusion of the Commander Naval Forces Marianas Boxing Tournament held at Guam. Other champs in the background waiting for trophies are (left to right): bantamweight Ces Lopez, Fort Worth, Texas; middle-weight James Whittaker, Springfield, Ill.; Wallace Talton, Trenton, N. J.; and Irish Jimmy Quinn, Youngstown, Ohio.



Roscoe Ates, stage and screen comedian touring the European Theatre, injected some laughter into the serious business of the U. S. Constabulary Open Boxing Championships held at Fritzlar, Germany. Carlton Leek (left), decisioned Donald Tidwell to win the constabulary welterweight crown. Hey, Roscoe, you better get your tie on or the M.P.'s will grab you!



The Yokohama Command boxing team fielded a strong squad in the recent inter-service finals held at Friar Gym, Yokohama, Japan, and came away with a number of championships. Kneeling are team coaches, M/Sgt. Jerry Boyd, of T.Q.M.D., and M/Sgt. Robert G. Deck, 2nd T. Major Port, Yokohama, Japan, with the trophy the team won. Standing, left to right, are Flyweight, Cpl. Edward Ortega; Bantamweight, Cpl. Robert Mendoza; Featherweight, Cpl. Cecil Thomas, Jr.; Lightweight, Cpl. LeRoy Smith; Lightweight, Pfc. Floyd Gervais; Senior Welterweight, Cpl. Nathaniel Pool; Welterweight, Cpl. George Moore; Light-heavyweight, Cpl. Herman Wheadon; and Heavyweight, Cpl. Tommy McHatton.

THEY LOVE TO FIGHT

Servicemen Show Spirit in Ring That Serves Them on Battlefield

By BOB TISON

BOXING has once again taken its place as the No. 1 physical fitness and recreational activity among sports in army camps and service installations in this country and with our forces abroad. With tens of thousands of additional men going into the Army, Navy and Marine Corps glove-fighting, a form of hand-to-hand combat, has been quickly recognized, as in the last war, as both a healthy and helpful conditioner in the arduous task of molding civilians into fighting men.

Tournaments have been running on a full schedule in all parts of the world where American troops are stationed and recent engagements have come off in far-off places such as Guam, in the Midway Islands; Yokohama, Japan, and in Fritzlar, Germany.

Fifty finely conditioned sailors battled for pugilistic supremacy and glory in the Commander Naval Forces Marianas Boxing Tournament during a sensational three-day slugfest at Guam. There were an even dozen knockouts scored, by far the most noteworthy being the work of light-heavyweight Wallace Talton, who dehydrated Howard Carmack in the stunning time of 20 seconds, a record for local amateur circles. Talton in two previous bouts stopped his opponents in 52 seconds of the second round and 1:52 of the first.

Tournament champions and runners-up will represent the Guam Navy in any immediate future team matches to be consummated with local teams representing other branches of the service, or in competition against any military boxing squad in the Far East Command, if the Korean situation transportation difficulties permit.

Directors of the tournament made an introduction to local fistic groups that may be accepted by the Army and Air Forces. It's a system whereby each competent boxer is rated according to his ability, and similar to the procedure in the professional level, a challenger for any individual crown having to worm his weary way up the ladder rung by rung to the No. 1 contender spot before he is given a shot at the title.

The Guam Naval champions at this time are as follows, as supplied by Mike Karvasales, sports director of the Naval Operation Base:

Heavyweight: James Quinn (Youngstown, O.), 103rd NCB.

Light-heavyweight: Wallace Talton (Trenton, N. J.), Naval Supply Depot.

Middleweight: James Whittaker (Springfield, Ill.), Naval Hospital.

Welterweight: Johnny Effner (Joliet, Ill.), Industrial Depot.

Lightweight: Earl Miller (Kent, O.), Naval Hospital.

Featherweight: Davey Day (Marion, La.), Industrial Dept.

Bantamweight: Des Lopez (Fort Worth, Tex.), 103rd NCB.

Flyweight: Virgil DeBois (Long Beach, Calif.), Naval Supply Depot.

Captain C. E. Aldrich, USN, Commander Naval Operating Base, presented trophies to the champions.

These champions are scheduled to appear in the 1951 Guam Golden Gloves tournament to be held shortly, a promotion which will attract no less than 150 gladiators, including Army, Navy, Air Force and civilian personnel.

CAPACITY crowds at the Friar Gym, Yokohama, Japan, witnessed a two-day boxing tournament recently which featured topflight fighters from General Headquarters, Far East Command; Japan Logistical Command; Yokohama Command, and Navy Installations throughout Japan.

Sponsored by Yokohama Command's Special Services Sports Section, the second night's program, with winners and runners-up, as forwarded by SFC Raymond E. Gilyard, of the Public Information Section, Yokohama Command, were as follows:

Heavyweight: Cpl. Tommy McHatton, Japan Signal Service Battalion, decisioned A/N Don McCune, U. S. Navy.

Light-heavyweight: A/A Nathaniel Grey, U. S. Navy, decisioned Cpl. Herman Wheadon, TQMD.

Senior Welterweight: Sgt. Robert Edens, GHQ, decisioned Cpl. George Moore, 8070 Sta. Hosp.

Welterweight: Cpl. Nathaniel Pool, TQMD, decisioned S/N A. L. Haynes, U. S. Navy.

Lightweight: PFC Floyd Gervais, 8037th VFH Sig. Co., decisioned A. G. Guerra, GHQ.

Featherweight: Cpl. Cecil Thomas, 517th MP Co., decisioned Cpl. Abel Alves, GHQ.

Bantamweight: F/N James Baggett, U. S. Navy, decisioned Cpl. Robert Mendoza, 56th Amphib. Battalion.

Flyweight: Cpl. Edward Ortega, Hq. 2nd Med. Port, decisioned Cpl. Koei Araki, GHQ.

Brig. General Frank A. Allen, Jr., Commander of Yokohama Command, awarded trophies to the winners and runners-up at the conclusion of the matches.

THE U. S. Constabulary Open Boxing Championships, held at Fritzlar, Germany, produced highlights and high jinks as some fierce fighting and loud laughing were recorded. The boys took care of the fighting, and stage and screen star comedian, Roscoe Ates, touring the European Command for the men in service, got the laughs.

One of the outstanding fighters on the program was Sgt. James Walston, who was presented with a trophy by Brig. General George Read, Commander of the 1st Constabulary Brigade in Germany. Walston hails from Philadelphia and is known as the "Pride of the 370th Infantry Battalion." He was one of the men to come away with a championship. Carlton Leek decisioned Donald Tidwell, both from Philadelphia, to win the U. S. Constabulary welterweight crown.

Jack Waina, former RING correspondent from the Detroit, Mich., section, who is now in Korea with the Armed Forces, writes from Pungam-ni, giving some information on a former fighter, Ray Gray, who became a hero.

PFC Gray, of St. Louis, Mo., had engaged in a number of amateur tournaments while attending a small college near his home and had served in the Navy. In 1949, he went on to win a St. Louis Golden Gloves title.

As a member of "D" Company of the 9th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Division, Gray voluntarily took part in a patrol along with other members of a 75 Recoilless Rifle Squad some time in January. The patrol pierced the enemy lines and had almost succeeded in their mission when a sudden flank movement on the part of the North Koreans cut them off. The entire patrol has never been heard from and are officially listed as MIA (Missing In Action).

Dick Bighley, welterweight from St. Paul, Minn., who was a popular performer in the Mid-West, is now with the U. S. Navy in Japan and taking part in service tournaments when time allows. As a professional he had met such men as Dickie Weinhold, Dick Mayo, Bobby Beamon, Tony Nittro, Vic Creelman (whom he twice stopped), Johnny Valdez, Eddie Lander and Matt Dougherty.

Another fighter from that section, Marv Field, amateur welterweight champion of St. Paul in 1950, is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Art Smallwood, pro featherweight from Zanesville, O., and Dick Smith and Del Crushon, welterweights, have also joined the colors. Larry Hernandez, middleweight from the Southwest, is in uniform with the New Mexico National Guard.

James (Buddy) Baggett, Dallas, *(Continued on page 35)*

Outside U. S. A.

By EDDIE MERRILL

Joe Lucy, young British lightweight, with less than a dozen battles, is eyeing the European title.

JOE LUCY

BRITAIN'S future in the boxing game, with many of their veterans having passed their peak and failing to live up to earlier hopes, now lies with its youngsters. And a goodly crop of promising fighters they are growing over there.

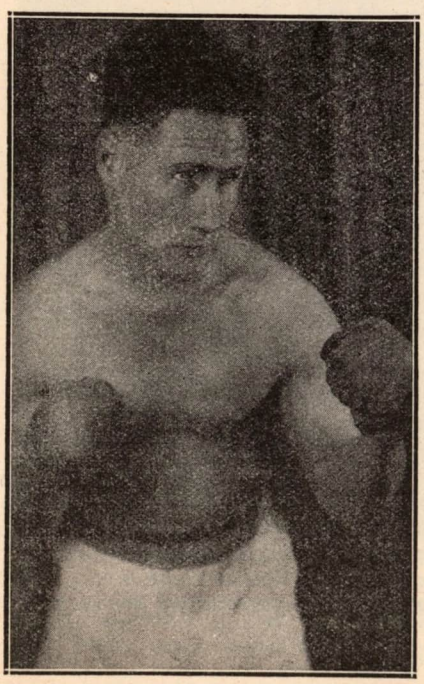
One of their standout boys is Joe Lucy, Mile End lightweight, who after nine professional matches is at the point where he is fighting main events against the better class of competition, just below the rated sphere.

Lucy had his first professional contest on May 30, 1950. Since that time he has defeated Jimmy Blackburn, Laurie Henry, Johnny Hudson, Vince Marshall, Ronnie Wormall, Mickie O'Neill, the Northern Ireland champion, Allan Tanner, feather and lightweight champion of British Guiana, and Luigi Male, lightweight champion of Italy.

In his most recent bout, a match between two undefeated fighters, Lucy lost a decision to Gerald Dreyer, South African lightweight champion and former Olympic titleholder.

Despite the loss it is still an impressive start for the twenty-one year old fish porter who works hard for a living.

At this stage of his development his handlers are thinking of British and European title bouts for their boy.



Hennie (KO) Mulder, South African welterweight, scored ninety knockouts in 123 amateur bouts.

JUAN EVANGELISTA VENEGAS

JUAN VENEGAS, Puerto Rican featherweight who turned professional last year, has been causing quite a stir in his native land with his popular style of fighting and quick rise to the top.

A former Golden Gloves star, Venegas also fought in the last Olympics in London in 1948. During 1950 he scored six wins in seven starts, among his victims being William Hernandez, Jerry Kortright, Adolfo Castro, Kid Loyola and heavy hitting Juan Vega Melendez. His only loss was to the veteran Max Morales, a ten round decision at San Juan last August, though he inflicted quite a bit of damage.

In his first fight this year he scored a knockout over Jose Colon Garcia in six rounds. Garcia is a veteran who fought for several years in the States.

Venegas is a picture fighter. A clever boxer with a sharp punch and beautiful footwork he should soon be seen against the better featherweights.

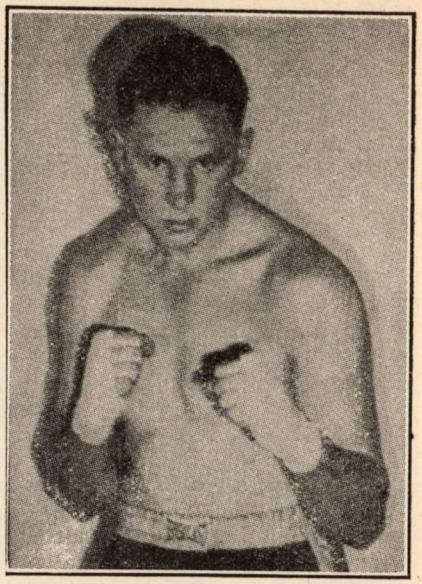
JOHNNY ARTHUR

SOUTH AFRICA, perennially looking for a heavyweight who can stand up to international competition, feels they have one in young Johnny Arthur.

As a comparative novice he appeared in the 1948 Olympic Games but was narrowly beaten on points in his third fight by the ultimate winner. In his first bout he knocked out the French champion in one round. In the second battle he defeated Jay Lambert, the American entry.

On his return from the Games he took the national amateur title of South Africa, having five fights and winning all on knockouts. Arthur entered the paid ranks in May 1949 and since then has had 13 fights, winning two on points and eleven on knockouts. Among his victims are Adriaan Scheepers, Jimmy Britt, Nick Van Rensburg, Piet Strydom, Barney Collins and John L. Botha.

His last battle was against the cruiserweight champion of South Africa, George Hunter. Arthur easily won the decision while flooring his man for four counts of nine.



Johnny Arthur, South African heavyweight, off to a good start in the pro ranks, is a prospect who bears watching.

The well proportioned young giant, he stands six feet, two inches in height and weighs about 210 pounds, was born in 1928.

It is still too early to tell how Johnny Arthur will shape up against outside competition but he has a fine start and shows up as an interesting prospect who bears watching.

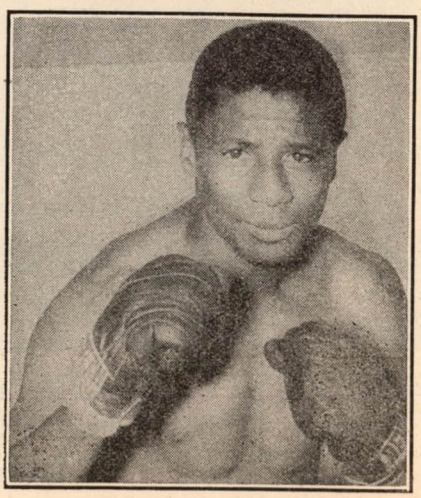
HENNIE (KO) MULDER

KO MULDER, twenty-three year old South African welterweight, has a problem. A Graziano-type of fighter, he is so good that men of his own weight refuse to fight him and he is forced to campaign against middleweights.

Mulder had a long and successful amateur career, scoring 90 knockouts in 123 bouts. He only lost two decisions. Since turning pro in 1946 he has had seventeen fights, of which he has won fourteen, eleven by kayoes. One of his losses, to Len Drury in 1948 on points, he recently reversed by stopping his man.

Mulder, a two-fisted puncher, though only scaling about 140 pounds, has been forced to give away weight in almost all of his fights during the last two years.

He would like to come to the States to absorb some American training and try his luck against our 147 pounders.



Juan Venegas, Puerto Rican featherweight, a former Golden Glove and Olympic star, is making progress in the paid ranks.

Light-Heavy Class a Stop-Gap?

By NAT LOUBET

STOP-GAP, a temporary expedient; that's the light-heavyweight division. The interim resting place for the middleweights growing into the unlimited class. And so for the most part it has always been. For the few who can't make the weight demands of the middles and never blossom into the full maturity of "heft" and the "built" of the heavyweights simply, woe, they are the doomed . . . the walkers in the shadow of glory and pecuniary gain, but they never get there.

The light-heavies from their conception in 1903 by Lou Housman, Chicago newspaperman and manager of Jack Root, has been the breeding grounds for the heavyweights. Rarely has there been a period when the light-heavyweights have had the color or the talent to promote sufficient public interest to make it a gainful resting spot.

There was one epoch in its short history when the 175-pounders had the stuff, when talent was plentiful and every mastodon in that division had a bevy of worthy opponents to choose from with whom a good gate would be had. That was the period of the "Roaring 20's." Georges Carpentier, Gene Tunney, Michael Methuselah McTigue, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Delaney, Tommy Loughran, Billy Young Stribling, Jimmy Slattery, Jimmy Delaney of St. Paul, who fought that ten-round no-decision affair with Gene Tunney, and a road block of others. The field was so rich that overgrown middleweights fought as light-heavies to make a buck. Harry Greb and Mickey Walker were outstanding examples of the latter.

But even in that era the light-heavyweight location was mostly a migratory roosting place while getting ready to move up into the heavyweights. Stribling, Delaney, Tunney, Carpentier, Loughran all moved up into the heavies, with Tunney becoming boss of them all. Carpentier and Young Stribling fought Dempsey and Schmeling in title bouts.

Yes, even in that lush era, light-heavies moved on. In other times there have been crowd-drawing top-notchers among them, but never sufficient talent at any one time to make the division a money-maker. The lack of color failed to attract the up-and-coming pugilists. In other eras the 175-pounders have been the men who aspire to grow into heavyweights, or men who, if good enough, quickly run out of competition and rust on the beach waiting . . . ever waiting.

AND so it has been right up to recent months. Archie Moore, Charley Johnston's top drawer light-heavy, has been rotting in drydock for ten years, waiting for a shot at the light-heavy diadem. But the title has been always just outside his grasp and if he had gotten it, what would it have meant?

Maxim has had it for some little time now and decided to take a shot at the heavyweight title instead of defending his light-heavy bauble. True, he has a match scheduled with Bob Satterfield, but that was made to satisfy the powers that be. Should Joey give up his title, an elimination would be started and Satterfield would have to be considered highly since he was scheduled for a match with the champ . . . wouldn't he?

Regardless of whether Maxim is king or no of the light-heavies, the coming months promise much in entertainment for the boxing fan, what with Moore, Matthews, Murphy, LaMotta and Satterfield all due to lock horns in a move to further develop a crowd-drawing light-heavy throne and occupant thereon.

Well, the lowly worm is about to have his day. With premeditation, a Bronx Bull, by the ring and outside known as one Jacob LaMotta, has added his name to the illustrious group that has been giving a transfusion to the ill-reputed light-heavyweight class.

Then, there's the Bob Murphy bomb which exploded in Madison Square Garden and over television and radio, when Bob stopped a highly-touted Jimmy Beau in seven heats. Bob detonated further blasts when he fought a losing ten-rounder to Harry Matthews in a dilly of a blood letting affair that made top-notch drawing cards of both contestants.

Further blasts by the dynamiting Irishman were his three-session KO over Joe Blackwood and five-round quietus which laid Cecil Hudson to rest. He cut short the undefeated streak of Dan Bucceroni in Madison Square Garden in five rounds of mayhem. And a bloody affair it was. Last but not least, Bob sighted Dan Nardico in Chicago, launched his portside wing and sent poor Dan to dream of happier days. All in four heats. Dan was rated as one of the first ten light-heavies in the world. An up-and-coming youngster . . . so they said.

So now the light-heavyweight class had a colorful hombre in Murphy; another in Matthews; a long, patiently suffering Moore; a Satterfield who carried murder in his right; a leopard in LaMotta clothing, and a couple of youngsters in Nardico and Bucceroni, who had color and were a welcome addition to the brood.

NOW what? The table was prepared for a feast and before dinner a cocktail was served . . . 50% LaMotta and 50% Murphy with a dash of ice and smelling salts. Shades of the halcyon days of the light-heavies! Murphy is scheduled to pour it on with LaMotta and if anyone can picture a hotter evening they would have to have it censored.

Across the water there are a couple of hot lads among the light-heavies. Don Cockell, who just stopped Albert Yvel for the European light-heavyweight title only to go on and soundly take the measure of durable Freddie Beshore, a heavyweight, adds lustre.

In Germany, Connie Rux has decided to forsake his stake among the heavyweights to compete among the world's light-heavies and he's a lad worth having.

Not a bad batch with which to make the dough. There's an old saying that "Nothing succeeds like success." When money is to be made and world recognition gained, youngsters will flock to that standard.

On the basis of past history it is only proper to expect a certain percentage of the present light-heavies to go on eventually into the heavyweight division. The youngsters who are attracted by the glamor and glitter of the crowd-thrilling light-heavies will also make a breeding ground for the heavyweights. From among this group may come another Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey or Gene Tunney. In the meantime, we have a rejuvenated light-heavyweight class which, on its own merits, gives a new esprit to an ailing guy called boxing.

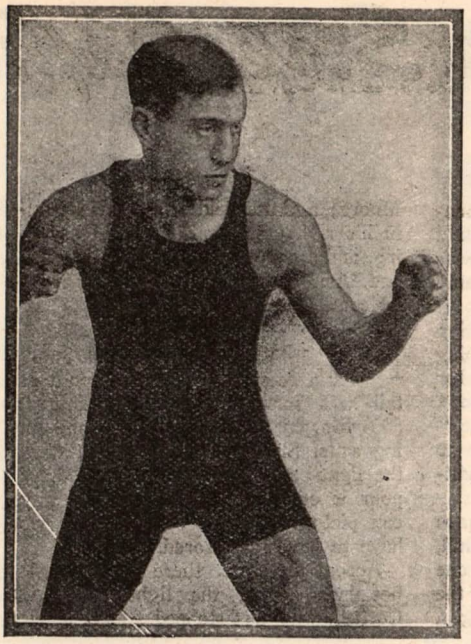
The glamorous Mrs. LaMotta, runnerup for the title "Mrs. America" in 1950.

Mrs. LaMotta cheers Jacob on as he knocks out Chuck Hunter, a light-heavyweight, in the sixth frame. Jake was at that time a middleweight. Now he has turned to the light-heavy fold.

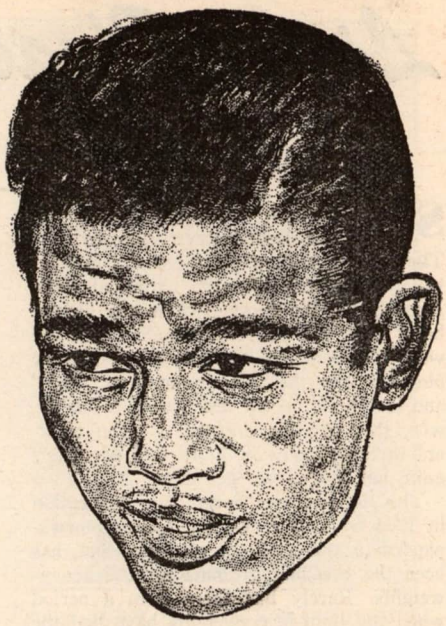
WHO SAID THAT?

By

BARNEY NAGLER



Leach Cross, the Fighting Dentist, invariably jammed the clubs because the fans wanted to see him beaten.



Ray Robinson, once unpopular, gained publice acclaim by contributing his efforts in charity bouts.

FIST FIGHTERS are prisoners of the fans. They are captives of the customers' whims. This durance vile takes the vocal form of booing. Some strong-willed fighters escape such incarceration by building up a cold wall of indifference. By and large, however, they are victimized by the customers' reaction.

This came to mind recently when Bob Murphy, the meat-grinder southpaw from San Diego, Calif., told about the time he was just moving up in West Coast rings.

"Every fight I had in 'Diego' I would hear this big fat guy sitting in the front row," Murphy said. "I didn't hear what the guy was saying, but it was loud. Every time I won a fight he would be waiting for me as I came down the aisle. 'Attaboy,' he would shout. Then he'd slap me on the back.

"This night I'm fighting a pretty tough guy and I'm having a job beating him down. I get in a clinch, see, and I move the guy toward the ropes and what the hell do you think I hear? I hear a guy yelling, 'Kill that Murphy.' So I look out the ropes and I see the guy yelling is the fellow who always waits for me to pat me on the back.

"So the next round I take out the guy I'm fighting and when I'm going down the stairs and back down the aisle to the dressing room, who should come up to me, but the guy that was yelling for my hide. He's got guts. He comes up and pats me on the back and says he was cheering for me. I let go at the guy. I call him every name in the book that I learned in the Navy. Imagine the bum giving me that. It's good to have guys cheering for you. It makes a difference to a fighter. I got it in reverse that night, but believe me, it's important."

Jake LaMotta came in for a great deal of booing after his alleged fight with Billy Fox. LaMotta, being cold of manner and egocentric to the point of indifference to the attitudes and opinions of others, brushed off the choruses of abuse.

He came on, after the Fox flip-flop, to win the middleweight championship from Marcel Cerdan in Detroit. That night, in the half-light of Briggs Stadium in Detroit, LaMotta was cheered. It was change-of-pace for him. But it mattered little. He never was one to be moved by the manifestations of the clientele.

LaMotta's placidity wasn't pure nylon. It was genuine. He really wasn't concerned with proving he was better than the customers believed. He was out for personal success, in terms of financial and punitive success. Nothing else mattered.

IT is not so in the case of Ezzard Charles. He is a sensitive citizen and, as such, visibly affected by the reaction of the fans. He would like nothing more than to be cheered each time he steps into the ring.

Some months back, when he fought Nick Barone in Cincinnati, he was received with quiet indifference by the customers in the town's splendid arena. Mention of Joe Louis' name drew a spontaneous, positive reaction.

Later, when the heavyweight champion successfully defended the title against Jersey Joe Walcott in a thriller in Detroit, Charles again was booed. He rationalized this reception. "They are mad at me because I beat Louis, that's all," he said.

Louis was beside himself with quiet confidence when he was told of Charles' explanation of the booing.

"Cincinnati ain't my home town," Louis said in his laconic style. That was all, nothing more.

But therein was confirmation of the theory that fist fighters react in proportion to the decibel reception of their efforts. The aforementioned Mr. Murphy, exposed as a rugged, if bamboozled, citizen, by scintillating Harry Matthews in their Madison Square Garden fight recently, should have been a sorry young man in the post-fight dressing room.

"Hey," he chortled when fight writers broke through the crowd at the door to his dressing room, "wasn't that nice the way them customers stood and cheered?"

That was all. He hadn't won the fight. As a matter of fact, he had been humiliated by the left-hooking, head-hunting, body-belting Mr. Matthews. But in the warmness of the fans he had found analgestic properties. He had been cheered in defeat. It was a moment of happiness in an hour of despair.

JACK JOHNSON, as great a defensive master as ever pulled on pillows for combat, was in disfavor as world heavyweight champion. Johnson's disrepute among the fans stemmed not so much from his unwillingness to take chances in the ring. Rather, it resulted from his abandon outside the ring. He was a reckless iconoclast. So, in the ring, he was fair game for booing.

Fired no little by these verbal assaults, Johnson was a superb competitor in two of his bouts, his 14th round victory over Tommy Burns in Sydney, and his knockout in the 15th of Jim Jeffries in Reno, Nev. In the latter case especially, Johnson was as unpopular as an anti-divorce judge in Reno. The out-of-ring activities of the champion had received wide and bitterly antagonistic attention in the press. He was personna non grata on many fronts, including the fistic, and there was widespread hope that Jeffries would impose moral sanctions on Johnson.

This had inverse effect on the champion. He was never better than against Jeffries. But the triumph did not square him with the public. It did do something for the man from Galveston. Not, mind you, that Johnson's ego needed shoring. *(Continued on page 34)*

JOE AND LEE IN ANOTHER BIG INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 3)

rounds, not even in his old bartending days, insisted on 45 minutes of fighting.

Savold won his points. The bout was set for 15 rounds.

It is a good financial deal for Louis, who gets 35 percent, with 25 for Savold. There will be a television cut, too, if the right sponsor comes along with the right dough.

The Louis-Savold fight, leading up to a contest for one or the other with Charles, all is part of the business of marking time.

If fight fans had to look forward to nothing better than this perpetual "elimination tournament" involving such worthies as Walcott, Beshore, Agramonte, and the like, with Louis and Savold the spearheads, the International Boxing Club would have to start looking around for yoyo carnivals with which to fill up time in its various arenas.

It is conceivable that Charles, who is a better fighter than he has looked, will prove himself.

But, while he is confronted with the necessity of overcoming poor impressions he has created in the ring since his victory over Louis, young fighters are coming along to give us a much brighter outlook in the heavyweight class.

Rocky Marciano may develop. Roland LaStarza, may prove himself a true contender. Bob Murphy may pick up some weight, Joey Maxim may add zest and flavor to the tournament, and then there are Rex Layne and socker Satterfield.

LAYNE, who whipped Walcott, still is a youngster, learning his trade. He is game and determined, and a guy with that equipment will go far in the face of weaknesses in technique. Layne still lacks experience, but he is afraid of no one, and when he gets into the ring, he is untrammeled. He has refused to become an IBC satellite.

Satterfield still has possibilities. It is up to him to bowl over those who insist that he cannot take a punch.

Now, let us return to the night of May 3, in Detroit. The day before this second meeting with Agramonte, Louis said, "I am ready to start knocking them out again.

"It is true that in winning my five fights since the engagement with Charles, I have not scored a single knockout. I have followed a program, and now I am ready to swing for the KO again."

Louis swung and swung. He landed what used to be a lethal right and only once did he floor Agramonte. However, sending Omelio to the canvas is no trick, not even if you make a habit of it, let alone restricting yourself to one knockdown.

Louis shuffled and shuffled, and at the finish, got no great margin from judges and referee, against an opponent who, in the heavyweight class of Joe's heyday, would have rated No. 46 7-8.

Before the fight in Detroit, Louis explained, "I did not have it against Charles. I know I hurt that boy several times, but when I tried to follow up those advantages, I could not do it. I got awful sore at myself, and said, 'Joe, you're through. You're just through.'

"The next day I said, 'Joe, you can do better. Try some more. You can't be washed up at 36. The field is made for you.'

"So I started to come back. I figured that I could count on my punch. I felt that as you grow old in this business, your speed leaves you, but the punch sticks.

"So I concentrated on condition, on moving around better, on reducing the slow down. I have kept trying for speed. Now, I think I have the ability to move around the ring faster, and am ready to do some punching."

WELL, Louis did floor Omelio. But he did not knock him out. Joe did show slightly better condition, slightly more speed. But the punch—well, he had been wrong. Joe did not have it. As he landed, time after time, with everything he could command, Joe must have heard the taunting refrain of inexorable Time, "Socko doesn't live here any more."

Although a crude fighter, Agramonte sometimes can punch. But he cannot hit hard enough to harass even a 37-year-old Louis. Omelio seemingly did not hit Joe as hard in Detroit as he had in their February 7 meeting in Miami. Omelio's three straight rights to the jaw in that seventh round in Florida hurt Louis somewhat. But they did not stop him.

In Detroit, as in Miami, Louis was a wide open target. This palpable fact doubtless figures large in the Savold-Daly plan.

In explaining, or trying to explain, Louis' failure to drop Agramonte in Miami, Walker in California, and others since the Charles fight, Harry Mendel, Louis drum thumper, said on the eve of the second Agramonte scrap, "Joe could not floor those guys because they clinched all the time. He will show you this time."

Louis failed to show against a fighter who on March 3, 1950, had been knocked out by the faded Walcott in the seventh round. Jersey Joe had done it, Louis could not duplicate the trick.

So now the Louis-Savold fight, with the final challenge to Joe.

Savold could lose this one—and it is not likely by a knockout—and continue to fight. Not too long. But he could go on.

Louis could not hope to continue his ring career if he were knocked out by Savold.

THE Louis-Savold match, in the works for a long time, with Joe's program predicated on it, came at a time of interesting activity in boxing.

It found Charles in the midst of preparations for his encounter with Joey Maxim.

It found Jake LaMotta through as a middleweight, and pointing for the Maxim light-heavy championship.

It found Charles, a heavyweight champion who has not cleaned up on the title, waiting for things to develop in other directions.

When Louis was the king, he made his own developments. Even if he had to undertake a campaign of "A Bum a Month," he made the game and the gates, and the headlines. Also, he made money.

That Joe's successor would run into a reaction, and would not be the financial success Louis was, was a certainty.

But after Charles had given Louis that thorough shellacking, it was believed that Ezz would be a big drawing card, and would be able to recoup for lean years, for years which he had spent in the Army.

But Charles has not been a spotlighted champion. That is not entirely his fault, because, after the heyday Louis, the fight fans expect too much of Ezzard.

Of course, there are other considerations, like the wretched showing Charles made against Walcott. And the changed box office situation in American professional sport.

Boxing still is wrestling with the television problem which is discussed in another article elsewhere in this issue.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD FIGHTER?

(Continued from page 11)

merely impressed that of the many who have fought Gavilan and of the many more who have watched him closely, this is the only one to find this weakness.

I was not amazed, moreover, when Robinson told me that he knows fear. I have never known a really good creative artist, whether he be a writer, painter or boxer, who has not confessed that he often doubts himself, experiences nervousness when the big project is at hand.

"Accidents happen in a ring," Robinson said. "You can never tell when you're liable to be hit with a good punch."

He remembered the night he fought Artie Levine in Cleveland in November of 1946. Levine had a dozen pounds on him and so Robinson was fighting it the way you should fight it, moving and throwing no more than combinations and piling up the points.

"In the ninth round," he said, "he started a right hand and I reached over to catch it. When I opened my glove it wasn't there and I heard the referee say: 'Four.' I thought to myself: 'Man, he's startin 'awful high.'"

He got up at nine, and in the next round he knocked Levine out. He has never forgotten this, however, but the fear the Robinson knows is the limited fear that inspires a degree of caution and out of this gives birth to inspired performance.

WESTERN NEW ENGLAND

By George Ross

THE Century Sports Club will open up the outdoor season at Riverside Park, Agawam, Mass., June 7, under the promotion and matchmaking of Joe DeMaria. The Valley Arena has closed for the summer but will reopen in the fall. Amateur shows will open up at Thompsonville, Conn., June 7, under Vito Tallarita.

Holyoke, Mass.—Paddy DeMarco, Brooklyn, N. Y., lightweight, won a ten-round decision from Harry LaSane, Houston, Tex. Leon Diogenes, New York, won a split decision over Jesus Compos, Cuba, in six rounds. Chuck Goldsby won a six-round bout from Al Jarrett, Worcester, Mass. Ray Kraft, New York, kayoed Ismael Marin, Cuba, in the first round of a six. Cee Willie Cee, Hartford, won over Bob Weaver in the third of a four-rounder.

Holyoke—Charlie Anglee, Pawtucket, R. I., knocked out Henry Lee, Springfield, Mass., in the third round of a ten. Don Nelson, Hartford, won on a T.K.O. over Pat Mattina, Springfield, Mass., in the sixth round. Alex Fimbres, Phoenix, Ariz., won a six-round semi-final from Castro Calderon, New York. Aime Gauthier, Montreal, won a six-round decision over Al McLennon, Hartford. Marc Begin, Montreal, won a four-round decision over Bill Camp, New York.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By STANLEY WESTON

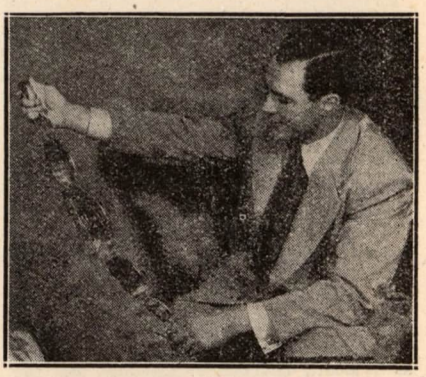
"BAILLARGEON"—that's the name of wrestling's newest sensation. Coming from Quebec, Canada, this fabulous strong man of the backwoods has taken New York mat fans by storm. After a pair of victories over Gene Stanlee, Adrien Baillargeon skyrocketed into the main event class and is enjoying a popularity equal to that of Antonino Rocca.

Unlike other importations, Adrien came to the United States without any advance ballyhoo. Frankly the promoters didn't feel he would rise to the position he now holds and hence did not put any money into a big build-up.

Baillargeon showed in a short time that publicity wasn't necessary. All he needed was the chance to wrestle and display before the American public his bag of tricks and superhuman strength. He throws 250-pound giants around the ring as if they weighed 25 pounds. Some of the grunters are afraid they might be seriously injured by this Canadian who doesn't know his own strength. He can render a man unconscious with his bear hug and in the process is very likely to snap a few ribs or even the backbone.

We don't wish to imply that Adrien Baillargeon can defeat Lou Thez, Frank Sexton, Rocca or Ruffy Silverstein at this stage of his career. He has a great deal to learn about wrestling. However, when one considers that he has been wrestling for only a couple of years and holds victories over some topnotch boys, his future appears as bright as any on the mat horizon.

During our interview with Baillargeon, he said he could lift 3,700 pounds and produced pictures to prove it. The photo showed an automobile on a raised platform. Adrien bent down under the platform and when he raised his body, the platform and car were resting on his back. Truly an amazing feat of strength.

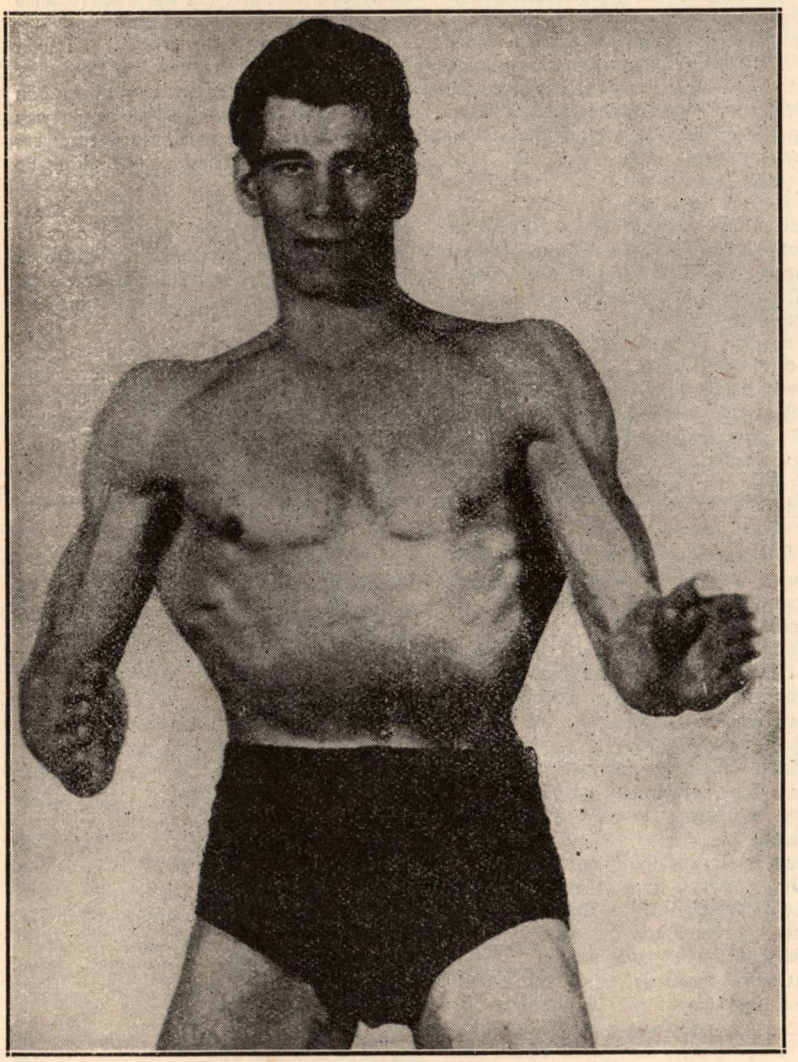


Junior heavyweight champion Vern Gagne proudly displaying the belt presented him by the National Wrestling Association. Gagne has made over fifty successful defenses of his title.

JOHNNY SWINSKI of Knoxville, Ky., has been kicking around the wrestling business for many years. He blew into New York a few weeks ago with the news that he was off for England, France, Germany and any place they care to see him.

Swinski has met every wrestler of note during the past 20 years and has held his own with the best of them. His friends wonder why he keeps wrestling when he has all the money he needs. Johnny struck it rich a few years ago when he found oil on his property. To those who know him it is understood that as long as he can climb into a ring he'll be in there wrestling. Like all the old-timers, it's in his blood. If he ever stopped he might just up and die.

Swinski was very excited about crossing the Atlantic. He planned on making the trip many times in the past, but just couldn't seem to break away. Now it's become a reality and before long the mat fans of Europe will be served a real treat in Mr. Swinski.



Adrien Baillargeon, sensational Canadian importation, who has become an overnight sensation. This strong man of the mat can lift 3,700 pounds with a back lift.

YOUR reporter listened in on a discussion between a couple of wrestlers at a local arena. The boys were talking about various holds and their effectiveness. Some were classified as "show pieces," or holds that simply provide excitement for the fans. The flying tackle, which cannot be called a hold, rates high in this category. Gus Sonnenberg introduced the tackle in 1932 and became an overnight success as a result of the publicity received from it.

The most painful hold, they agreed, was the "Boston Crab." Jimmy Londos liked to use the Crab and developed a mastery of it. Jimmy also favored the Japanese leglock and the Japanese armlock. Both of these are very effective, but difficult to apply.

As the two young grunters continued to talk, the "Headlock" was brought up for discussion. Naturally Strangler Lewis was given credit for being the greatest exponent of that hold. Today the headlock is a lost art. Although a very effective weapon, it provides little action and therefore doesn't fit into the present pattern of the sport. The people who attend matches nowadays roar their disapproval when the excitement slackens off for even a few moments.

Even if Strangler Lewis were in his prime

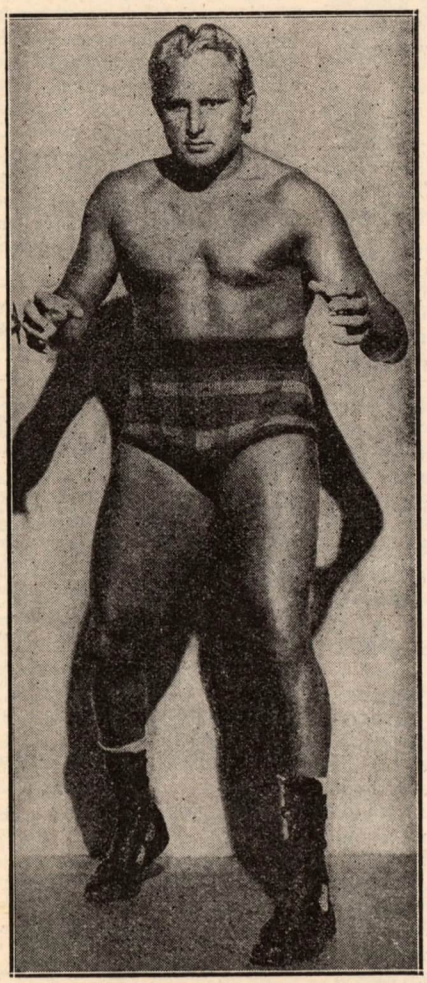
today and used his great hold with all the effectiveness at his command, the fans of this era would not be contented to watch him hang on to his opponent's head for a half hour or longer. Lewis could keep the headlock clamped on his victim as long as he wanted. Usually he would render his man unconscious or force him to quit.

All that was fine 25 years ago, but times have changed and so have the tactics of current wrestlers. Today Buddy Rogers and his spectacular pile-driver, Antonino Rocca and his back-breaker, Great Togo and his judo tricks, and Rudy Kay and his body slam are the rage. No doubt if Strangler Lewis ever caught any of these men in his headlock, they would forget all their new-fangled tricks and wish they had stayed in bed.

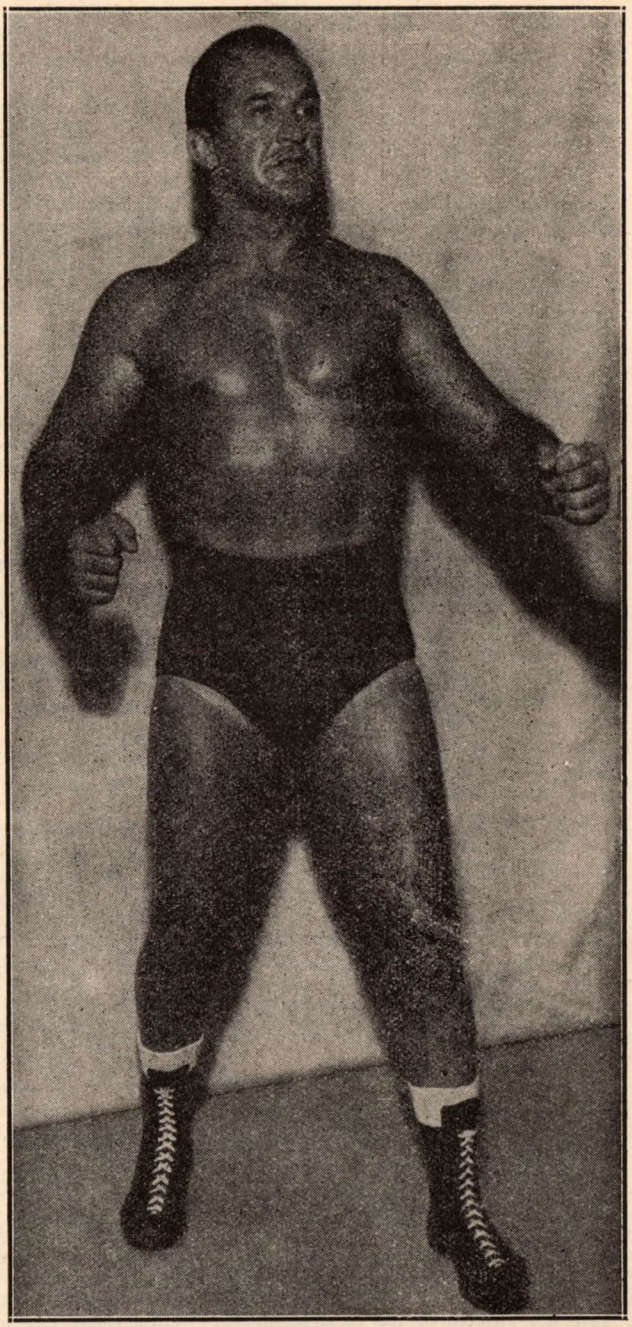
THE Great Scott continues to be the rage wherever he shows his particular brand of dynamite. Currently on the West Coast, Scott, who is really Johnny "Dutch" Schweigert, is packing them in. His matches with Gino Garibaldi and Baron Leone are nothing short of sensational.

Last time we saw Scott in New York he appeared in some thrilling exhibitions with Gene Stanlee. The two men look like twins and are often mistaken for each other.

MAX BAER is on tour with Primo Carnera. Not as a wrestler, but as a referee. Maxie is supposed to become a grappler next month and a big match with Primo is planned for Madison Square Garden this summer. Baer is a wonderful showman and it's a riot when he begins to push big Carnera around the ring telling him to behave himself and not get too rough. The Carnera and Baer combination is the best box-office attraction in wrestling today.



Great Scott, who looks like Gene Stanlee's twin brother, but in reality is a bitter competitor of the popular Gene. Scott is now in California.



Veteran John Swinski, who is off to Europe for an extended engagement. Foreign fans have a real treat in store when they get a look at this brilliant showman.

THE very powerful Yukon Eric took on two of the Dusek brothers at one time in Boston. As was expected, the affair ended in a riot when Eric tossed both Emil and Wally Dusek out of the ring.

Neither brother was able to get back in time to continue and the Mighty Man from Canada was declared the winner. This man Eric seems to be the strongest man in wrestling. Only Wladek Kowalski could dispute that claim

Dangerous Danny McShain is letting his hair grow long before doing a bleach job a la Gorgeous George Danny is a terrific wrestler and we feel sure this will be bad news to his thousands of faithful admirers It would seem that Danny need not resort to such tactics to keep on the top of the list. All he has to do is continue giving the fans the brand of wrestling he has been providing for 15 years.

Some time ago it was reported that Chief Don Eagle was seriously injured in a wrestling match, and that his career was at an end Later it was stated that Eagle would be out of action for about three years due to a back injury. He was returning to his home in New England, *(Continued on page 51)*

WHO SAID THAT?

(Continued from page 30)

He, beyond all other champions, was unalterably convinced that he was the greatest ever. Could be he was. But he was the last to dispute this assertion.

LOUIS himself hasn't been too much concerned with audience reaction. In his veins flows glacial fluid of red hue. Having once seen him turn from a fallen foeman is to have seen an iceberg walking like a man. Yet, in at least one instance, his second bout with Jersey Joe Walcott, he was concerned with the place he would occupy in ring history.

I remember going up to Louis' apartment in Harlem two days after his first fight with Walcott, which the champion had won on two of the three official cards, but not in the minds of numerous experts.

Louis sat quietly in a dim-lit living room, holding his heavy head in hand. The bumps and abrasions imposed by Walcott's snaky fast lefts and rights had left Louis a multi-faceted face.

That evening, sitting alone but for me, Louis first spoke of retirement. "Guess my next one is my last," he said, knowing the next one would be against Walcott. He didn't say it, but somehow the feeling was there that he wanted vindication first and then he wanted "out" second.

It came to pass, on a night in the June ahead, that Louis knocked out Walcott in the 11th round, winning the cheers of the customers he somehow had lost in the first fight with Jersey Joe. He didn't say it in the dressing room, but there was mirrored in his face the satisfaction of knowing that once again the people were for him. Winning had been a measure of self-respect.

ANOTHER former heavyweight champion, Jack Sharkey, was mercurial enough to be affected by the boos and the cheers. Sharkey would sink in the bottom depths of depression on one occasion. He was known to weep in the ring when adversity was his portion. Other times he was a happy man intent only on victory.

In at least two bouts, against Jack Dempsey and Primo Carnera, Sharkey was adversely affected by the vocal censure of the crowd. The fight with Dempsey produced a knockout for the Manassa Mauler just when it seemed Sharkey would get by the ex-champion for a decision triumph.

Instead he permitted the booing to rattle him. Dempsey, taking advantage much as a tiger scenting a morsel, went to work on Sharkey and beat him down with a left to the mid-section and a right to the jaw. It was a knockout in the 11th.

Temperament cost Sharkey his heavyweight championship. The booing of the crowd so nettled the ex-sailor from Boston he fell apart and permitted Carnera, of all people, to outbox him in 15 rounds. Only seeing was believing. They said it couldn't happen but it did, and only because Sharkey submitted to the sense of insecurity that affected him always.

Why the customers boo is something to be answered by sage men who delve into the sub-conscious. Double-domes of this bent may find something interesting in the case of the aforementioned Mr. LaMotta.

He was a fighter who had to lose to gain the cheers. After the Fox debacle, and as a result of Marcel Cerdan's death in a plane crash in the Azores, LaMotta was a target for boos each time he turned up in Madison Square Garden. The night he successfully defended his middleweight crown against Tiberio Mitri in the Garden last July he was jeered by a sellout throng.

Recently, however, LaMotta was introduced at a Garden fight. There were boos, but only once-over-lightly. The cheers drowned out the catcalls. Why? Only because LaMotta had lost his championship to Ray Robinson on a knockout in 13 rounds. If he had whipped Robinson, LaMotta would have been jeered. Something in his bulldog determination, raw courage, and sympathy for the underdog made Jake a popular boy.

IT was the same with Dempsey, who was something less than popular for many years, generally because of his World War I difficulties. But, after losing to Tunney, Dempsey picked up in popularity polls. He became an American folk hero instead of a vocally abused guy who couldn't show his face for fear of setting off a crescendo of censure.

It even has come to pass that Ray Robinson is cheered wherever he goes. Only short nights before he was as unpopular as, say, Jake LaMotta. Robinson pretended he was unmoved by the strictures upon him, both public and private. He knew he was the most competent fist fighter in the ring and, in this assurance, he was happy with himself.

Yet, privately, he and his manager, George Gainford, plotted one campaign after another in quest of public endorsement. Robinson always had said, "When I quit fighting they'll owe me nothing and I'll owe them nothing." In reality, however, he craved popularity.

Why else did he engage in a series of bouts benefiting veterans' funds after World War II? Why else has he contributed his services to more charity bouts than any other champion? Why else did he defend his welterweight title for $1.00 in order to aid the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund? And why has he fought in France for a single sou, or is it a franc, by way of aiding the French Cancer Fund?

Quite obviously Robinson, like most fighters, is altogether human. He wants the cheers above all else, second only to money in the bank. One is a concomintant of the other, it would seem. Without popularity a fighter is dead at the box-office.

Sometimes the customers are perverse enough to turn out to see the object of their scorn drawn and trisected. One such was Al (Bummy) Davis after his drop-kicking disqualification against Fritzie Zivic in Madison Square Garden. To square himself on this rap Davis came north on an Army furlough and, without enough preparation, took on Zivic at the Polo Grounds, just to win back his friends and to influence his future in the ring. Davis took a beating and the more sadistic said it wasn't enough for him. In his case, however, he is remembered as a hero of the ring. He died amid a fusillade of gangster bullets trying to prevent a holdup. In his case, death won him the friends denied him in the living battle of the ring.

Another old-timer who used to pack the New York clubs by virtue of his "popular unpopularity" was Leach Cross, now a dentist operating under his real family name of Wallach. Cross wasn't much of a boxer, but he was colorful, a dangerous puncher, and, whether he won or lost, the fans knew they'd get a run for their money.

Leach himself had no illusions about his drawing power, and the reasons why he invariably jammed the club in which he was fighting. "Half the crowd wants to see me killed," he'd smile, "and the other half is ready to bury me."

Cross was a business man, and in his case being unpopular was *good business.*

GERMANY IS BACK IN INTERNATIONAL SCENE

(Continued from page 10)

Jack Solomons. If you don't belong to either you can't enter, so I predict that Ankarah, good as he is, won't be seen in an American ring.

Roy is a whirlwind, if that's what we can call a fighter. He doesn't seem to possess a heavy wallop, but he exhausts the opposition by a tireless, steady bombardment. Clayton tried everything. He tried to box, to stand up and face his rival, to mix it—he tried everything, but couldn't get set, so fast and furious was the Ankarah attack. He is a reminder of Henry Armstrong. It wasn't a boxing match—just a tear-in, fist-tossing mill in which the little Negro from Africa's Gold Coast came through with flying colors. How Breezy Thomas—remember little Breezy of the African Jungles who always accompanied Tony Canzoneri as a lucky omen—would have enjoyed Ankarah's performance.

RING HIGHLIGHTS FROM TORONTO, CANADA

By Bill Keele

ARMAND SAVOIE of Montreal, who seems to be in top position for the Canadian lightweight championship, pounded out a unanimous decision over Toronto's Alan McFater in eight rounds of heavy punching.

The crowd of 10,000, the best to witness a pro card in Toronto in many, many moons, expected Savoie to repeat his previous win over the local boy. Savoie stopped McFater in their first meeting, and the "Million Dollar Prospect" was hard put many times during the fight to keep his vertical position, as he seemed to tire badly, no doubt due to Savoie's dynamite punching.

In the semi-final, Davy Mitchell of Toronto outpointed Tony Maiorana of Niles, O., in a featherweight go. Maxie Males, Toronto's clever Jewish featherweight star, took a clean-cut decision over Jimmy Steeves of Port Arthur, while Brian Kelly of Niagara Falls stopped Rene Trudeau of Montreal in the fourth. Kelly and Males can always be counted upon to provide action aplenty on any show.

Tommy Corrick of Toronto was handed a decision over Domenic LaRosa of Scranton, with which the fans did not agree.

The Ontario Amateur Boxing Association joined forces with the local branch of the A.A.U. to stage a bang-up benefit boxing show in Hamilton, Ont., for ailing Promoter Bill Jenkins, who has done much to further amateur sport in his city.

When this reaches print, the Bagnato brothers will probably be working hard on their weekly outdoor shows at Oakwood Stadium in Toronto, developing amateur talent for the pro ranks, and at the same time providing a high standard of leather-pushing for the fans to enjoy.

MORE SWEETS FOR SUGAR

(Continued from page 7)

at the E.B.U. meeting in Madrid last year, England and the N.B.A., both members of that organization, agreed to a resolution that a champion winning a title in a higher division must give up the former title within ten days.

Robinson and his manager, George Gainford, stymied the commissioners, but momentarily, with two hypothetical questions. "What would happen if I defeated Joey Maxim for the light-heavyweight title?" asked Robinson. Commissioner Greene was willing to concede him almost anything, including a double-championship, if that should happen.

Queried Sugar Ray again, "If I did give up the welterweight title and then came back, made the weight and defeated the champion of the elimination tournament where would I stand?" Col. Eagan, sensing more confusion, quickly found a way out by forfeiting Robinson's middleweight title in such a case.

Whether the muddle was cleared up is debatable. But the steak was good.

THEY'VE GOT TV

(Continued from page 21)

from New York and Chicago is killing off the clubs in cities all over the country. Fighters are made in those clubs, not in the Garden and the Chicago Stadium."

There are fewer smaller clubs operating in New York than there were last year, and many fewer than there were two years ago. Nevertheless the smaller clubs in the metropolitan area are producing attractions. Artie Diamond and Jimmy Herring came from Ridgewood Grove to fight in the Garden. The same thing happened to Roger Donaghue fighting in the Westchester County Center at White Plains, N. Y. Terry Moore started to attract attention after his TV debut in which he decisively defeated Chuck Hunter at the St. Nicholas Arena.

Jimmy Flood's slam-bang style first attracted attention in the small clubs, and went out from there to the larger television audiences. TV has revived boxing in New Jersey, at Newark and Elizabeth, and a new star has risen in Bill Bossio, the Pittsburgh bantamweight. Bossio is the leading television personality to reach the country from New Jersey.

The conclusion is television has its good points, as well as its bad. Somewhere along the line they will blend to the satisfaction of the boxer and manager on the one hand, and the promoter and sponsor on the other. Definitely it has cut gate receipts, cut them drastically in fact, and at the same time it has made new fans and new fistic heroes.

BRITISH PRESTIGE BOOMS

Continued from page 22)

himself, the Englishman must be a rough customer to handle the rugged heavyweight as easily as he did.

He is obviously a factor to be reckoned with in what the British call the cruiserweight division.

Not in many years have British boxers been held in such high estate. This is remarkable in view of the lower standard of living placed upon the hardy islanders by the austerity program.

Britons are Europe's best in the four most important classes — welter, middle, light-heavy and heavyweight. All these topliners are quite young with their best years ahead of them. Thomas, the oldest, is not yet 25.

Freddie Mills, light-heavyweight champ, was the most recent British world's champion, but fights with men much larger than himself curtailed the career of this dangerous and durable gamester. This taste of possessing a world title holder has whetted the British appetite.

With four live contenders shooting at world titles, at least one of them is a good bet to come through and the British lion with much reason to feel proud, has plenty to roar about.

THEY LOVE TO FIGHT

(Continued from page 27)

Tex., bantamweight, who was a main event fighter on the Rio Grande border for a number of years, is with the U. S. Navy and is now in Japan.

Benny DelGado, Providence, R. I., welterweight, a successful campaigner in New England rings for several years, is in an army camp in North Carolina, as is Tony Araujo. Benny had a paralyzing punch in his day, stopping ten of his first 18 opponents.

One of the most promising youngsters in the game, undefeated Steve Marcello, Providence, R. I., lightweight, is now in the army. Marcello started his professional career on February 9, 1948, and went through 21 consecutive fights without a loss, while scoring 11 knockouts. Among his victims were Tommy Wells, Tony Ducharme, Timothy Hayes, Tony Riccio, Billy Murray and Jesse Underwood.

Tito Valles, 22-year-old New York featherweight, who fought in local rings for six years, during which time he lost only nine of his 67 fights, has been in the army for almost six months. He holds wins over Tony Longo, Jerry Kortright, Jimmy Hegeman, Joe Gamby, Wally Doktor and Pat Marcune, among others.

Ray Barnes, Detroit middleweight, who last year gave Ray Robinson an interesting tussle and recently defeated Chuck Hunter, is the latest professional star to don the khaki.

Many more outstanding professional and amateur fighters are awaiting their call into service and already a number of scheduled shows have had to be revised with substitutes so rapidly are the boys going in.

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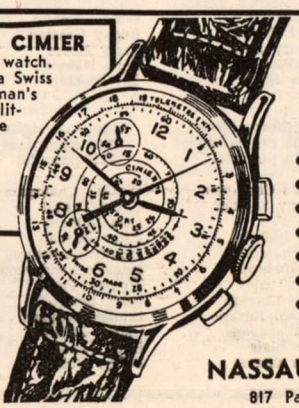

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Carter, Fighter of the Month

By NAT FLEISCHER and STANLEY WESTON

THE knockout of Ike Williams, world lightweight champion, by James Carter in fourteen rounds, stands out as the best performance of the month despite the easy victory of Ezzard Charles in winning a fifteen rounds decision over Joey Maxim, world cruiserweight title holder. Carter, an unknown to all sports critics but this publication's scribes, with the odds strongly against him, came through with a smashing victory over a title holder who had great difficulty in weight making. For more than a year Carter has been rated in THE RING, though at times he had only two or three fights over a long stretch. We noted his ability and recorded the fact that one of these days he would be one of the world's top fighters. He has vindicated THE RING'S ratings by winning the crown, and by a kayo, at that. Carter is our Fighter of the Month.

The triumph of Ezzard Charles over Maxim, was not a surprise but the manner in which he scored his victory was. It was the easiest win for the man who succeeded Joe Louis as head of his division, since he gained the support of the National Boxing Association.

Maxim still is a good fighter, but belongs only in the cruiserweight section. He proved that as a contender for heavyweight honours he is going too far out of his class. For that reason he has been eliminated from the heavyweight contenders and hereafter will be listed only in the division over which he rules.

In his place another foreigner has been honoured, Hein ten Hof of Germany. Though in his recent fights with Piet Wilde and Gene Jones he didn't show any extraordinary ability, he has a good left hand and an equally good right cross and can hold his own with the crop not parading before the public.

The N.B.A. welterweight champion, Johnny Bratton, looked excellent in stopping Don Williams. Willie Pep impressed California fans with a knockout victory over Baby Ortiz and a decision over Eddie Chavez.

Percy Bassett surprised the fistic world by flattening top featherweight contender Charley Riley. Few men have been able to knock out Riley. Roy Ankarah, the flash from the Gold Coast, Africa, whipped Ronnie Clayton to win the British Empire featherweight title in one of the stellar events of the past 30 days. A British title changed hands when Peter Keenan took the bantamweight by stopping Danny O'Sullivan.

Bob Murphy lost on a foul to Joe Rindone, but redeemed himself by scoring knockouts over Cecil Hudson and Danny Nardico. Belting Bob moved up a notch to fifth place in the division headed by Joey Maxim. Rindone then held Gene Hairston to a ten-round draw.

Randolph Turpin has proven his right to be the leading challenger for the middleweight title. The European champion knocked out tough Billy Brown and Jan de Bruin during the current rating period and is headed for a shot at Sugar Ray and the world crown. Ray Barnes of Detroit, a leading 160-pounder of the day, is in the Army. Should he be permitted to box while in the service, he can retain his high ranking, but if kept on the sidelines he must be eliminated to make room for the active members of the division. Barnes is a good middleweight. He will be retained on these pages as long as possible.

Kid Gavilan, the Cuban Hawk, won the American welterweight championship by outpointing Chicago's Johnny Bratton in Madison Square Garden. The Keed must fight Thomas, British champion to settle his claim for the world crown.

The welterweights have a new name in their midst. Classy Gil Turner of Philadelphia, who has had 19 professional fights and has won every one of them, 17 via the kayo route. In his last outing he laced former lightweight champion of the world Beau Jack. Turner is headed up the fistic ladder and proved a good replacement for Johnny Saxton and Joe Miceli, both in the Army.

Luther Rawlings lost a very close decision to No. 1 lightweight contender Freddie Dawson. Luther, by virtue of his fine showing against Dawson, earned a place in the ratings and finds himself ninth. Joe Brown of New Orleans, another of the world's top 135-pounders, jumped to 4th place by beating welterweight Lester Felton and Teddy Davis. Felton had been a high ranking contender for Ray Robinson's welter title.

Roy Ankarah is rated fourth best featherweight in the world after whipping Ronnie Clayton. Roy came from the shadows to gain international fame.

The bantamweights and flyweights remained steady with few changes.

The results of the month follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Joe Louis trounced Omelio Agramonte, 10.

Bob Baker laced Elkins Brothers, 10.

Roland LaStarza stopped Vern Mitchell, 8.

Rocky Marciano won a ten-round decision from Red Applegate.

German champion Hein ten Hoff stopped Piet Wilde, 1, and whipped Gene Jones, 10.

Freddie Beshore lost to Don Cockell, 10, and kayoed Rocky Jones, 4. Pat Comiskey won a decision from Joe Kahut, 10. Willie Bean dropped a ten-round duke to Jimmy Bivins.

Ted Calaman polished off Tommy Giorgio, 3.

Emile Bentz whipped Gino Buonvino, 10. Buonvino came back to draw with Italian champion Giorgio Milan, 10.

Tommy Farr decisioned Gerry McDermott, 10. Charley Eagle defeated Claude Rolfe, 8. Johnny Summerlin, outpointed Richard Hagen, 8.

Jess Hall knocked out Billy Carter, 2.

James J. Parker stopped Haywood Henry, 2. Gunter Nurenberg stopped Hannes Scherbaum, 5. Don Scott flattened George Stern, 3. Jimmy Tendo decisioned Clifton Murphy, 6.

Johnny Arthur outpointed George Hunter, 10. Lou Strydom stopped Freddie Vorster, 6.

Piet Strydom decisioned Tony Liversage, 6. Simon Templar flattened Gordon Day, 1.

Embrall Davidson outpointed Bill Roberts, 10. Robert Eugene, decisioned Frank Bell, 10. Uber Bacilieri won from Giovanni Martin, 8.

Dave Davey flattened Abe Gibson, 3.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Archie Moore stopped Herman Harris, 4.

British and European champion Don Cockell decisioned heavyweight Freddie Beshore, 10.

Joe Rindone won from Bob Murphy on a foul, 6, and then Murphy came back to kayo Cecil Hudson, 5, and Dan Nardico, 4.

Harry Matthews stopped Ron Whittle, 2. Dan Bucceroni trimmed Dick Wagner, 10.

Charley Doc Williams knocked out LeRoy Palmer, 5. Carl Olson flattened Lloyd Marshall, 5.

Robert Villemain stopped Jackie (Kid) Harris, 5. Bill Wood stopped Victor D'Haes, 5.

Richard Vogt drew with Heinz Sachs, 10. Dave Williams outboxed Reg Spring, 8. Wally Diamond flattened Don Campbell, 1.

Lucien Corenthin drew with Leon Nowiasz, 10. Albert Finch whipped Paddy Slavin, 10. Polly Smith nodded Richie Williams, 6. Randall Starkey stopped Harold Sampson, 6. Vincent Smith starched Charley Whorter, 3.

Tony Lord outpointed Ron Crookes, 6. Johnny Barton flattened Wally Diamond, 2.

Dieter Hucks whipped Burl Charity, 8. Charity came back to flatten Herman Vermeulen, 3.

Italian champion Renato Tontini edged out German champion Heinz Sachs, 8. Richard Vogt stopped Rudi Oremek, 4.

Paul Schirrman halted Heinz Schreiber, 5. Ken Rowlands whipped Jock Taylor, 8.

Reg Spring outpointed Gene Fowler, 8.

Lonnie Malone kayoed Dean Hubbard, 8.

Archie Moore stopped Art Henri, 4.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

British and European champion Randolph Turpin knocked out Billy Brown, 2, and Jan de Bruin, 6.

Laurent Dauthuille flattened Claude Ritter, 2, and Bobby Dawson, 1. Gene Hairston flattened Paul Pender, 3.

Jimmy Herring whipped Sonny Horne, 8. Holly Mims starched Pat Byers, 1.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending June 8, 1951

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Ezzard Charles	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Ray Robinson	World's Champion (Title Vacant)
1—Joe Louis	Archie Moore	Randolph Turpin	Kid Gavilan (American Champion)
2—Joe Walcott	Harry Matthews	Laurent Dauthuille	Johnny Bratton
3—Rex Layne	Bob Satterfield	Dave Sands	Charley Fusari
4—Lee Savold	Don Cockell	Ray Barnes	Billy Graham
5—Clarence Henry	Bob Murphy	Robert Villemain	Eddie Thomas (Eruopean Champion)
6—Rocky Marciano	Dan Bucceroni	Walter Cartier	Charley Humez
7—Roland LaStarza	Jake LaMotta	Rocky Graziano	Gil Turner
8—Bob Baker	Wesbury Bascom	Terry Moore	Mickey Tollis
9—Jack Gardner	Carl Olson	Gene Hairston	Maurice Harper
10—Hein ten Hoff	Jimmy Slade	Joe Rindone	Eddie Smith

Lightweights (Not exceeding) 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion James Carter	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—Ike Williams	Willie Pep	Luis Romero	Jean Sneyers
2—Freddie Dawson	Percy Bassett	Peter Keenan	Terry Allen
3—Tommy Campbell	Ray Famechon	Jimmy Carruthers	Vic Herman
4—Art Aragon	Roy Ankarah	Maurice Sandeyron	Teddy Gardner
5—Joe Brown	Charley Riley	Tommy Proffit	Jimmy Laffin
6—Del Flanagan	Ronnie Clayton	Elley Bennett	Louis Skena
7—Calvin Smith	Tirso del Rosario	Emile Chemama	Honore Pratesi
8—Paddy DeMarco	Glen Flanagan	Gianni Zuddas	Nazzareno Gianelli
9—Luther Rawlings	Jackie Blair	Hadi Tijani	Black Pico
10—Rudy Cruz	Fabala Chavez	Bobby Boland	Norman Tennant

Major Jones licked Joe Blackwood, 10. Charley Anglee knocked out Henry Lee, 6. Ronnie Delaney defeated Jimmy Beau, 10. Lee Sala chilled Eddie Jackson, 1.

German champion Peter Muller whipped French champion Kid Marcel, 10, and stopped Henry Hall, 9. Hall previously outpointed Ron Pudney, 8. Bobby Dykes decisioned Billy Kilgore, 10, and Sonny Horne, 10. Anton Raadik lost to Garth Panter, 10.

Sal Belloise shaded Tommy Ramirez, 10. Wes Echols outsped Pedro Jiminez, 10. Joe Plant flattened Aiden Symons, 3.

Sammy Walker won over Chester Slider, 10. Carl Schmidt whipped Sammy Wilde, 6, and Bos Murphy, 8. Murphy outpointed George Roe, 8. Bob Stecher decisioned Jackie Lovatt, 10, and kayoed Hurley Sanders, 6.

Italian champion Gino Campagna whipped Widmer Milandri, 8. Jimmy Davis edged out Wally Beckett, 8.

Bert Sanders whipped Ron Crogan, 8. Michael Stack won over Koffi Kiteman, 8.

Italian champion Gino Campagna whipped Sammy Wilde, 10.

Al Walker drew with Kelly Duncan, 6. Al Mouzon beat Eddie Wallace, 4.

Roger Donohue nodded Jackie O'Brien, 8. George Angelo decisioned Georges Royer, 10, but lost to Duggie Muller, 8. Andy Anderson beat Joe Arthur, 10. Vince Masac whipped Dick Smith, 10.

Marvin Edelman knocked out Tony Wolfe, 1. Norman Hayes stopped Armando Amanini, 6, and decisioned Gus Rubicini, 10. Pete Gill defeated Jim Crowder, 10.

Bobby Morgan chilled Billy Campbell, 1. Young Panther won the West African title by outpointing Billy Wells, 12.

Tommy Armour won over Alex Dobbins, 8. Ralph Jones topped Shelby Langford, 6. Herbie Hayes whipped Zack Hobbs, 6. Johnny Nuttall outpointed John L. Sullivan, 8.

Ron Crookes halted Johnny Nuttall, 6. Don Johnson kayoed Pran Mikus, 8. Dutch champion Luc van Dam outpointed Jackie Marr, 10.

Gilbert Stock stopped Jean-Jacques Invernizzi, 4. Job Roos kayoed Luis Sierra, 7. Serge Barthelemy drew with Luc van Daele, 10.

Albert Heyen retained the Belgian title by edging out Arthur Acha, 12. Acha came back to stop Rene Knockhaert, 6, and Heyen lost his championship to Andre Keersgieter, 12. Ivano Fontana whipped Giovanni Manca, 10. Gilbert Stock won over Gamiero, 10.

Hans Stretz whipped Widmer Milandri, 8. Jacques Royer-Crecy won over Lucien Corenthin, 10. Les Allen outfought Dick Langley, 8.

Gilbert Ussin outpointed Walter Momber, 10. Harry Bos lost to Carl Schmidt, 8.

Jan de Bruin outpointed Werner Dietrich, 8. Gordon Hazell flattened Arthur Raybould, 1.

Joey DeJohn stopped Vinnie Cidone, 2. Bos Murphy edged out Ron Pudney, 8. George Dilkes knocked out Freddie Webb, 8.

Sylvester Perkins won from Dave Green, 6. Joe Tomasello drew with James Suber, 6. Ray Miller stopped Geoff Patterson, 6. Tom Johnston halted Billy Taylor, 5.

Walter Cartier outbanged Gene Hairston, 10. Orlando DePietro nodded Kelly Duncan, 4. Johnny Cerky won over Willie Stewart, 4.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Kid Gavilan won from Aldo Minelli, 10.

N.B.A. champion Johnny Bratton stopped Don Williams, 4 (non-title).

British and European champion Eddie Thomas edged out Spanish title holder Antonio Monzon, 10 (non-title). Monzon previously outpointed Serge van Zandt, 10.

French champion Charley Humetz stopped Leandre Mateos, 5.

Undefeated Gil Turner added Beau Jack to his list by taking a ten-round duke from the former lightweight champion. Gil then stopped Jose Diaz in 6.

Livio Minelli whipped Hans Moltzelt, 10, but suffered a cracked rib and was stopped by Gaston Chambraud, 4.

Lester Felton lost to lightweight Joe Brown, 10. Bernard Docusen tripped Rafael Gutierrez, 10. Jetson Arnold was beaten by George Benton, 8. Wally Thom trounced Alf Danahar, 12.

Charley Salas defeated Lou Joseph, 10. Gene Parker drew with Dave Marsh, 10. Billy Ambrose polished off Johnny McLaren, 1.

Bill Andy won over Kid Pambele, 10, but was stopped by Charley Thompson, 6. Jackie O'Brien bested Joey Atria, 8. Johnny Lombardo decisioned Jimmy Milligan, 8.

Vince Martinez laced Larry Gassa, 6. Carmine Fiore defeated Billy Wyatt, 8. Dutch champion Giel de Roode outpointed Ivor (Kid) Germain, 10.

Chico Vejar laced Billy Murphy, 8. Australian champion Mickey Tollis stopped lightweight title holder Jack Hassen, 12. Gustav Scholz won over Franco Fratalia, 8.

Billy Thompson decisioned Jackie Braddock, 10. Joey Carkido shaded Norman Thompson, 8. George Kapeen stopped Charley Beaton, 6.

Kay Kalio outpointed Eddie Cardew, 8. Kid Eugene decisioned Fritz van Kempen, 10.

Phil Rizzo got the nod from Mario Moreno, 8. Mario Pinero chilled Joey Klein, 3.

Floro Hita defeated George Burrows, 6. Gene Gunther licked Ray Klingmeyer, 8. Nat Campbell beat Claude D'Arcy, 4.

Bobby Lee trimmed Billy Justine, 10. Danie van Graan won the vacant South African title by stopping Peter Galleymore, 8.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight—Bearcat Wright, Omaha, Nebraska
Light-heavyweight—George Roe, England
Middleweight—Don Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
Welterweight—Danie Van Graan, South Africa
Lightweight—Emrys Jones, Wales
Featherweight—Spider Kelly, Ireland
Bantamweight—Cisco Kid, Panama
Flyweight—Young Roberts, Singapore

Joey Klein outmoved Kelly Duncan, 6. Kelly also lost to Orlando DePietro, 6. Leslie McKenzie halted Wally Thompson, 8.

Clarence Harbin stopped Bobby Anderson, 1. Tommy Bazzano lost to Pennington Brown, 6. Phil Modica stiffened Russ Cormier, 2.

Vinnie D'Andrea whipped Claude Hammond, 8. Al Wilson whipped Richie Anderson, 6. Joe Garza nodded Jesse Bradshaw, 8.

Al Robbins beat Whitman Burgess, 4. Herbert Nuernberg stopped Helmut Werfel, 6. Al Mouzon nodded Jimmy Demetrios, 6.

Belgian champion Emile Delmine whipped Kid Dussart, 10 (non-title). Izzy Wallach beat Manny Gonzales, 6. Pierre Langlois whipped Raphael Da Sylva, 10.

Kid Pompey outpointed Eric Billington, 8. Jackie Marshall polished off Frankie Brady, 4. Gerry Hassett whipped Paddy Dowdall, 8, and stopped Ron Price, 4.

Thirty-nine-year-old Michele Palmero kayoed Ernst Walter, 6. Emmanuel (Titi) Clavel decisioned Valere Benedetto, 10. Jeff Tite won over Gwyn Williams, 8, and Danny McKay, 8.

Charley Early bowed to Johnny Cesario, 8. Allie Gronik defeated Tommy Darrough, 8. Ron Price drew with Phil Mellish, 8.

Carlo Mola whipped Antonio Brenci, 8. Jerry Bethea drew with Richie Nogan, 4. Rees Moore outpointed Dave Ward, 8.

Willie Troy decisioned Whitman Burgess, 4. Bunty Adamson flattened Joe White, 3. Terry Ratcliffe stopped Piet van Staden, 3.

Richie Reed outpointed Willis Fox, 4. Leo Starosch edged out Franz Szuzina, 8.

Mandy Leal shaded Billy Hazel, 6. Bobby Rosado chilled Bob Miller, 1.

Gilbert Lavoine trounced Ali Amrane, 10.

Lou Valles laced Sonny Levitt, 8. Billy Ellaway scored his sixth straight knockout and eighth in ten pro bouts by flattening Ken Richardson, 3.

Norman Thompson iced Billy Wyatt, 3. Stonewall Jackson whipped Bobby Lloyd, 10. Carmine Fiore halted Dick Cannady, 4.

Jesse Gethers nodded Jimmy DeCerio, 6. Mario Pinerio drew with Honey Elliott, 6. Gaby Ferlund defeated Rocky Brisbois, 8.

Lloyd Tate won from Billy Whye, 8, Al Mouzon knocked out Pete Arabello, 2.

Joe Greco lost on a disqualification to Joe Lupo, 5. Charley Cotton defeated Floyd Felder, 6.

Richie Reed drew with Whitman Burgess, 4. Chuck Davey stopped Bob Rossi, 3. Al Robbins beat Russ Parilla, 4.

Ernie Roberts stopped Ermano Bonetti, 4.

Fitzie Pruden halted Manny Gonzales, 3.

Nick Moran stopped Alex Amador, 8.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Freddie Dawson took a close ten-rounder from Luther Rawlings.

Tommy Campbell licked Charley Salas, 10.

Joe Brown outpointed Teddy Davis, 10, and Lester Felton, 10.

Art Aragon outpointed Harold Jones, 10, and stopped Mario Trigo, 9

Enrique Bolanos whipped Tote Martinez, 10. Eddie Chavez lost to Willie Pep, 10.

Australian champion Jack Hassen was stopped by welterweight Mickey Tollis, 12. Armand Savoie stopped Pierre Montane, 1. Virgil Akins nodded Bud Smith, 10. Joe Lopes licked Archie Whitewater, 10.

South African champion Gerald Dreyer outpointed Joe Lucy, 10, and Peter Fallon, 8. Frank Flannery outpointed George Barnes, 12.

Mickey McDonald won on a disqualification over Alex Stangacu, 6. Johnny Kamber beat Elmer Lakatos, 8. Vince Marshall decisioned Billy Dixon, 8.

Scottish champion Harry Hughes outpointed Jimmy Ford, 6. Speedy Twitch stopped Armstrong Agbana, 3. Cliff Anderson decisioned Gustave Perrot, 8, and drew with Heinz Sander, 8. Jesse Underwood halted Bob Sandberg, 6.

Tommy Barnham was too clever for Bert Middleton, 8. Ivor (Kid) Germain lost to welterweight Giel de Roode, 10.

Bill Neri outlasted Massimo Sanna, 6. Basil Marie defeated Pete Indaco, 6, and Johnny Johnikin, 8. Indaco then defeated Dick Wilson, 8. Solly Cantor drew with Jesse Underwood, 8.

Andy Viserto lost to Chick Boucher, 8. Proctor Heinold decisioned Elmer Barksdale, 10.

Libby Manzo stopped Jerry Drouin, 2, and defeated Sal DiGuardia, 8. Maurice Mancini drew with Johnny Carrington, 8. Carrington lost to Tony McTigue, 8. Sal DiGuardia beat Bob Barclay, 4. Bobby then lost to Mickey Zezza, 4.

Pat Mallane kayoed Tommy Deangelis, 2. James Sullivan licked Tommy Deangelis, 4.

Jack Nicholson knocked out Charles Venable, 4, but was stopped by Hermie Freeman, 2. Bobby Anderson won over Ralph Moss, 8.

Jackie Weber outscored George Edmunds, 10. Johnny Hazel won over Gordon Goodman, 8. Jimmy Wilde nodded Tommy Dixon, 6.

Auguste Caulet outpointed Hocine Khalfi, 10. Morlay Kamara won over Jean Archambault, 10.

Duilio Loi trounced Leon Bourlet, 10. Kid le Nois decisioned Andre Gonnet, 10.

Allan Tanner outboxed Mickey O'Neill, 10. Neil Phillips edged out Charley Fawcett, 6.

Stan Parkes drew with Dennis Sewell, 8. Aime Gauthier beat Rocky Armando, 8. Joey Brocato drew with Nazzarano Vitale, 8. Herbie McMullin beat Lee James, 4.

Paddy DeMarco halted Jimmy Richmond, 3. Walter Holden stopped Charley Meikle, 2.

Tommy McGovern halted Maurice Mancini, 8. Johnny Hudson stopped Laurie Henry, 2. Duilio Loi outpointed Levin Bourlet, 8. Ray Souply decisioned Jan Nicolaas, 8.

Joe Brown beat Honey Johnson, 10. Chu Chu Jiminez kayoed Babe Escalante, 3.

Jimmy Wilde beat Johnny Moran, 6. Richie Howard edged Phil Morizio, 8.

Jimmy Sullivan decisioned Tommy Dixon, 4.

Del Flanagan stopped Jackie Weber, 8. Freddie Russo decisioned Sonny Luciano, 8.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World champion Sandy Saddler defeated Harry LaSane, 10 (non-title).

Willie Pep halted Baby Ortiz, 5, and outboxed Eddie Chavez, 10.

Roy Ankarah stopped Johnny Molloy, 4, then won the British Empire title by whipping Ronnie Clayton, 15.

Fabala Chavez won from Bobby Bell, 10.

Percy Bassett stopped Charley Riley, 4.

Glen Flanagan whipped Pat Iacobucci, 10. Bill Bossio duked Danny Falcone, 8. Jackie Turpin decisioned Gene Caffrey, 8.

Little Dynamite flattened Leo LeBrun, 7, and Richie Howard, 9. Frankie Sodano outsmarted Charley Titone, 8, and stopped Jesus Compos, 5. Charley McGarrity whipped bantamweight Fernando Gagnon, 10.

Bernie Murray knocked out Johnny O'Brien, 3. Johnny Wheeler halted Noel Delphine, 5. Alex Fimbres chilled Frankie Carrao, 3.

Francis Bonnardel retained the French title by outpointing Bernard Dodin, 15. Gene Robnett bested Charley McGarrity, 6. Charley Slaughter upset Joe Wamsley, 8.

Louis Cabo kayoed Michel Dicky, 2. Mickey Zezza knocked out Joe Nicholas, 1. Italian champion Ernesto Formenti stopped Jose Garcia, 3.

Charley Tucker stopped Jackie Lucraft, 3. Julien Degryse won over Umberto Molinaro, 10. Jean Machterlinck retained the Belgian title by outpointing Louis van Hoeck, 12. Benny (Kid) Chocolate outpointed Teddy Peckham, 8.

Maurice Forni halted Girard Denis, 9.

Zeke Brown scored a sensational upset by kayoing Freddie King, 7. King came back to outpoint Charley Tucker, 8.

Roger Bruneau decisioned Jacques Chartier, 10.

Bobby Mason drew with Tommy Higgins, 8. Higgins lost to Ken Lawrence, 6. Billy (Spider) Kelly stopped Jackie Molloy, 6, and outpointed Nelson Blackburn, 6.

Joey Cam defeated Ray Castillo, 10. George Araujo stopped Jean Richard, 3.

Denny Dawson outpointed Billy Daniels, 8. Mickey Forrester stopped Tommy Jones, 5.

Terry Riley won over Steve Walsh on a disqualification, 8. Al Graziano won over Jesus Compos, 6. Jackie Ryan stopped Sigi Tennebaum, 8.

Teddy Peckham halted Terry Riley, 7. Jock Bonas outpointed bantamweight Tommy Proffitt, 8. Tony Lombard edged out Bert Jackson, 8.

Little Dynamite stopped Jimmy Cooper, 2. Jimmy McKenzie kayoed Willie Davis, 2. Jackie Turpin halted Gene Caffrey, 5.

Eddie Compo shaded Pat Marcune, 8.

Russ Tague kayoed Spider Thomas, 2.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Former world champion Harold Dade lost on a disqualification to Memo Valero, 5.

Peter Keenan won the British title by knocking out Danny O'Sullivan, 6. O'Sullivan had previously stopped featherweight Eddie Magee, 7.

Bobby Boland edged out Ron Johnson, 8. Johnson drew with Freddie Hicks, 10.

Gianni Zuddas decisioned Dante Binet, 10. Tommy Proffitt lost to featherweight Jock Bonas, 8. Gaston Van den Bos kayoed Michel Verhamme in 3.

Mickey King stopped Eddie McNally, 3. Jackie Briers outpointed Len Shaw, 8. Alvaro Nuvoloni won over Tino Cardinale, 8.

Bernard Celestini decisioned Pageot, 10. Giovanni Capobianchi whipped Ennio Luigi Aroldi, 8.

Charles Bohbot won over Ben Maati, 8. Caliostro Etter lost to flyweight Jean Sneyers, 10.

Eric Marsden flattened Sammy Fisher, 1. Laurie McShane scored an upset decision over Peter Fay, 8. Jimmy Carruthers stopped Billy Herbert, 10.

Bob Scrivano outpointed Rod Cutter, 12. Spencer Driven decisioned Jimmy Webster, 12. Billy Taylor stopped Billy Smith, 4.

Willie Myles outfought Mannie (Kid) Francis, 10.

FLYWEIGHTS

World champion Dado Marino lost a six-round overweight decision to Eddie Reyes.

European champion Jean Sneyers outpointed

Louis Skena, 10 (non-title), and narrowly edged out bantamweight Caliostro Etter, 10.

Teddy Gardner whipped Kalla Persson, 10.

British champion Terry Allen easily defeated Jimmy Pearce, 8, and outboxed Henry Carpenter, 10 (both non-title).

Scottish title holder Vic Herman whipped Dutch champion Theo Nolten, 8. Henry Carpenter won on a disqualification over Welsh champion Glyn David, 3.

Bernard Marshall drew with Eric Marsden, 8.

Jimmy Thomson decisioned Sid Charles, 6. Italian champion Nazzareno Gianelli outpointed Bernard Celestini, 10.

Dennis Sale was too clever for Mickey Roche, 8 Roche came back to outpoint Eddie Kay, 8.

Norman Watts outpointed Jimmy Jennings, 6. Frank McCoy outfought Billy Baker, 8. Colin Clitheroe won over Stan Herman, 6.

Vic Herman edged out Dante Bini, 10. Bernard Marshall stopped Mickey McKay, 5.

FROM PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD

By Sandy Parkinson

THE fifteen round lightweight championship contest of Trinidad and the B. W. I., promoted by the Harry Cook Association, provided some of the most hectic moments seen in a local ring for some time. Boswell St. Louis, 133½, the reigning champion, had a difficult time retaining his title. The challenger, Hugh Serville, gave him many an anxious round. The officials surely had a tough time awarding St. Louis the verdict. The boys fought clean throughout, and Luis Barradas, one of the best referees in the Caribbean, and a champ in his day, had scarcely any work to do.

The first round saw St. Louis, the aggressor, trying for an early victory, Serville, backing away, using a left jab with a certain amount of accuracy.

From the fourth stanza the fight took on a see-saw appearance, St. Louis advancing and scoring freely with left hooks and looping right crosses, interspersed with bolos; Serville resorted to back-pedaling and long straight left jabs and an occasional right-cross—this method was fairly successful in gaining points. The tenth was a very exciting and humorous round; St. Louis, a master of strategem, employed the tactics of Jersey Joe Walcott. He stopped his advance, retreated, weaved from side to side, advanced again, landed a left, side stepped, scored with a right. Serville was nonplussed, St. Louis dropped his guard, Serville advanced to be stopped by a jolting left jab—here was boxing displayed to perfection. St. Louis easily won this round.

The thirteenth to the fifteenth saw Serville on the offensive landing lefts and rights often on a tired St. Louis. The final gong found the boys throwing punches with a vengeance.

The semi-final saw Gentle Daniel, 170, gain a disputed points' decision over the Barbados mauler, Kid Ralph. Daniel was not himself, and suffered a severe left-hand injury early in the fight. Kid Ralph used his hands in a rapier like manner. It is believed that had he landed more often he would have certainly got the decision.

Kid John, 171, of British Guiana, apparently has only put on gloves on two occasions—first when he was knocked out by Raoul Ochoa in Aruba some time ago, and second when he was knocked out by Claire Redman, 171. He came out like a bull and Redman just played the butcher and felled him after sending him to the canvas twice.

The debut of Lennox Downes, 128, into the ranks of professionalism was a good and sensational one; he substituted at three days notice, gave away seven pounds and still came out a convincing winner over Ralph Alexander, 135. This boy has the making of a true champ providing he gets enough fights. He emerged Caribbean Amateur Lightweight Champion, 1951, in those championships.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By Tom Ephrem

BOXING lost two of its valued members when Commissioners Lamar Wadsworth of Jacksonville, and Judge Daniel Galan of Miami, passed away recently. Both men contributed much to the sport in Florida and their untiring work will not be forgotten. Wadsworth fathered the plan that presently exists in Florida boxing, the blood and x-ray tests.

Holly Mims, 160½, Washington, D. C., middleweight, was sort of a hero in the eyes of 5,500 fans who watched him battle middleweight champ Ray Robinson, 159¼, in a ten-round topper at Miami Stadium. Not that Mims won, he lost by a comfortable margin. But no one denied his courage, durability and willingness to mix it with the great kingpin after surviving a knockdown in the second. Robinson poked Holly with his best shots, to the head and body to pile his lead but the Capital City boy took them all and kept wading in to make it an interesting evening. The show, a honey all the way, was co-promoted by Major W. H. Peeples, Jr., and the IBC. It drew $17,000.

Snooks Howard bested Pablo Rodriguez in a six-rounder that was replete with action. Another fine bout saw Cyclone Williams climb back in the ring after being knocked out of it by Honeychile Whipple, and stop the latter in round four. Billy Lauderdale T.K.O 'ed George Sanchez in the fifth, while Gene Spangler scored an eight-round decision over Roger Siclare, and Jimmy Morris outpointed Kid Roberts in a four-rounder.

Danny Nardico, 171½, a hard-hitting Tampa light-heavyweight, broke into THE RING Magazine ratings (number 10 spot) with a sensational 10-round technical knockout triumph over ranking Nick Barone, 178½, at Miami Beach. Barone had things his way for the first five rounds. The Tampan got hot from the sixth on and kept up a continuous stream of leather, some landing, others missing their mark. But in the tenth a couple hit pay dirt and after dropping the Syracuse mittster twice, the bout was wisely stopped by Referee Eddie Coachman and awarded to Nardico. The 2,811 fans saw what is said to have been the best fight in the Miami area in many years. Chris Dundee promoted.

Georgie Kaplan, 190, scored an eight-round decision over Big Bill Wilson, 219, Hickory, N. C. Kaplan, a Brooklyn boy under Jimmy Grippo's management, took this semi-final unanimously. In the six-rounder between Tony Gondolfo, 160, and Rudy White, 164, the verdict went to Gondolfo. Another good battle saw Harry Braelow, 164½, earn a sixer from Bobby Ceaser, 159, but the feature in here was the double-knockdown in the opening chapter. That's one for THE RING Record Book. The curtain raiser found Roger Siclare, 137, taking a six-round bout, and a good one also, from Billy Lauderdale, 134. This was a close scrap.

Personalities on hand were former middleweight champion Jake LaMotta, welterweight contender Charley Fusari, and stage, screen and TV star Milton Berle.

Art Davis, Miami scrapper, carted home a 12-round decision over Hal Meredith, 153, in the feature contest at Macon, Ga. The Floridian had to fight hard all the way to keep his small margin over the Macon southpaw. The pair gave the crowd action at the start of the first round and kept up the fast pace until the last chapter. Davis was never too far ahead of Hal. At times it looked as if Hal would catch the Magic City boxer and overhaul him, but Art checked each rally. W. W. Grant promoted.

Henry (Pappy) Gault, 120, classy little Spartanburg boxing master, found Jackie Luke, Jacksonville, an easy though courageous target. Luke could not land on Pappy. The latter would roll with Jackie's shots. This is the fifth time Gault has defeated the Florida fighter. Gene Selman of Macon was hit below the border by Al Lowe, 163, and fell to the canvas. Selman was without a protector. After Referee Bob Feagin gave the fight to Lowe, the decision was reversed and given to Selman on a foul. Cecil Deal, 133, Macon, drew with Freddie Nolan of Atlanta in four. Ray Lancaster, 132, Greenville, S. C., beat Jimmy Wright of Jacksonville in a sixer.

Solly Krieger, former NBA middleweight champion, underwent removal of his left eye at Mount Sinai Hospital in Miami Beach. Solly wanted the eye given to a sightless person, a wonderful thought, but the cornea was infected where it could not be transplanted. Best to you, Champ.

Tom Walsh, veteran sports figure, wants to show his Anton Raadik in Florida, while Sam Porcelli is seeking a bout with Miami's Bobby Dykes for his popular Rochester welterweight Ross Virgo.

Pete Noka, 145, Brockton, Mass., won an eight-round decision over Pablo Rodriguez, 147, in Orlando. Noka had the edge through the main event but Pablo got in his share of wallops to make the fight a pleaser.

Jack Sharkey (not the former heavyweight champion) of Jacksonville, has returned to the States from Korea where he suffered frozen feet during fighting at the Reservoir.

Brains overcame brawn in a battle between Bobby Dykes, 152¾, and Billy Kilgore, 162¾, at Coral Gables. Dykes was the winner as he outthought and out-fought his heavier foe in most of the ten-round main event offered by Promoter W. H. Peeples, Jr., at the Coliseum.

Kilgore made Dykes step, and the latter while doing so, looked good. It was one of the best performances by Bobby in the Miami area. A snappy left jab, left hooks to the body and head, and rights to the same spots were his chief weapons. Kilgore made good use of head blows when he was able to reach the unorthodox Dykes. The crowd saw a fine gesture of sportsmanship by Dykes when the tall ex-Texan had Kilgore on Queer Street in the tenth round but would not press the advantage for a possible knockout.

Jimmy Morris, 155, Miami, displayed a world of finesse for a preliminary fighter and wrapped up a good six-round win over Honeychile Whipple, 157½, in their six-round bout. Morris is a nice boxer-puncher, moves around good and is a heady fighter. Gordon Pouliot, 168, stopped awkward and inferior Bill Harmon, 161, Tampa, in the fourth. Pouliot now calls Miami home. Ray Delgado 144, Tampa, lost a six-round decision to Snooks Howard, 143, Miami. Honeyboy Williams, 135, knocked out Herbie Reid, 141, in the second.

Johnny Wilder, Macon, and Buck DeCordova, Fort Benning, fought to a draw in an eight-rounder at Columbus, Georgia.

Veteran fight figure Leo P. Bradley stopped in Jacksonville on his way up home North, from Miami. . . . Jimmy Morris, Miami middleweight, was found by Coral Gables Athletic Commission's Dr. Alex Toth to have a slight heart murmur. CG commission secretary William B. (Bunny) Lovett, Jr., reports to this column that Morris cannot participate in boxing until a complete heart examination and electro-cardiogram has been secured. . . . Lovett also mentions boxer Billy Kilgore's suspension is up since the Miamian has fulfilled his contract with Promoter W. H. Peeples, Jr.

Sonny Horne looked bad in losing to Bobby Dykes in a Chris Dundee show at Miami Beach, May 2.

Dykes is to be complimented for sparing Horne in the tenth round of their main event at the Auditorium after having Sonny in distress.

The show drew a sellout at 3,077 and a gate of $8,150.75.

Harry Braelow drew with Tony Gondolfo; Chief Crazy Horse beat Mike Santonino in six; Roger Siclare T.K.O.'ed Frankie Leach in four, and Billy Lauderdale beat Bobby Brooks.

Ralph Pearson, 18-year-old Macon boxer, is the chief source of a boxing comeback in the Georgia city, reports Speedy Spear, a referee there. Pearson helped much to draw the crowds in bouts with Art Davis and Chuck Taylor. W. W. Grant is the promoter there.

The writer was Promoter W. H. Peeples' guest at Coral Gables for the Bobby Dykes-Billy Kilgore fight. Many bits of interest were picked up and will be used in our next column.

Please send in all boxing news and results before the fifth of each month for publication in this corner. All Southern news is welcome. Will also appreciate boxing information and news to be used in our Jacksonville *Journal* boxing column "Ringside News." Fighters without managers wishing to show in Florida or where we have contacts can do well by writing Tom Ephrem, Sports Department, Jacksonville *Journal*, or 403 West Ninth Street, Jacksonville, Florida. Phone 6-0182.

NEWS FROM WINNIPEG AND VICINITY

By Al Greenberg

OVER 2,000 fans attended the Crescent Boxing Club's International Amateur Show at the Auditorium this month. The main event saw Winnipeg's Billy Pinkus score a 3-round K.O. over Floyd Ewing, of St. Paul. The semi saw light-heavyweight Addie Schmidt of St. Paul, come from behind to nose out Jock Howard, of Winnipeg.

Norman Thompson, Winnipeg welter who was a mild sensation down Florida way this past winter, is now battling around New York. In his last New York outing Thompson K.O.'ed Billy Wyatt.

Jimmy Jones, manager of Vern Escoe, Canadian Heavyweight Champ, would like to show Vern in a Winnipeg ring.

Tommy Bland, former Canadian Featherweight Champ, was appointed instructor of the Elmwood Boxing Club. Bland, with a world of experience, should produce many a pugilist out of the Elmwood Club.

Billy Pinkus, Winnipeg's hard-punching amateur middleweight, journeyed up to Sudbury, Ont., where he dropped the duke to Bobby Rivers, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Alex Turk and Cyclone McCalpone, Winnipeg wrestling promoters, continue to pack them in. Some of the newer faces to show here are the Zebra Kid, Freddy Atkins, the Midgets.

Pro boxing is drawing big gates in Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton. Winnipeg is still the homefield of the pro game.

Gordie Mackie, of the Madison Club, has two good pupils in Lloyd Sutton and Ray Haddad.

Any good pro club fighters deserving action, contact this writer at 98 Jefferson Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

BROKEN HANDS

(Continued from page 24)

Turpin's case is unusual, though much credit must be given him for his perseverance. It is seldom that a fighter who is strictly a right-hand puncher can switch over and make as efficient, if not better use, of a left. On the overall it has worked out wonderfully for Turpin, for now, with the injured hand in fine shape, two strong, power-laden fists are playing havoc with European and American middleweights and there is little indeed which stands between him and a championship but with Ray Robinson, with Turpin far from a decided underdog should such a match transpire.

Eddie Thomas, the British welterweight champion, who stands in a direct line for a chance at the vacant world crown, has proven to be the direct opposite to Turpin. Bothered by sore hands which are prone to injury, the Welshman has been content to do little slugging, though he has the power to inflict severe damage, and chance victory on his splendid boxing ability. The effect is notable. Easy fights have become difficult wins and Thomas has been seen to be sorely pressed in the late rounds to pull victory out of the fire.

A long layoff at this time to properly attend to his hands might do the trick, but it would certainly count Thomas out of any plans in the elimination to find a welterweight successor to Ray Robinson. He can just continue on, attempting to outpoint whomever his opponent may be, and using his dangerous though damaged right as frugally and effectively as he can.

JOHNNY KILBANE and Benny Leonard, among the old-timers, were a couple of fighters who had trouble with their hands but, being clever ringmen with marvelous boxing abilities, could outclass practically all of their opposition. Moreover, they used their knockout punch sparingly, depending on it only when the occasion demanded.

Phil Delmont in a way was the antithesis of them in that, depending on a punch, damaged hands were a tragedy to his style of fighting. A smash-bang fighter who might have made the top but for the bugaboo which ruined his fists, his was but one of the many cases of a fighter whose career was ended because of hand trouble.

It is very likely that the swing which John L. Sullivan, the Champion of Champions, introduced has been responsible for more ruined knuckles than any other blow. Sullivan often damaged his hands, and he had the very best and hardest a fighter could wish.

The men who have followed Sullivan's system of trying to put their men away by swinging have bad hands to show for it. The very plan of the swing is dangerous. The boxer lets go with the arm at full length. There is no chance to turn the hand so that the knuckles land and the result is the side of the hand, thumb and first knuckle are used.

As there is nothing to back up the bones, the blow being on the side and not the end, as if hitting straight, a bad strain or a break follows.

The hook is an improvement on the swing. Instead of the arm being straight it is bent at the elbow to give the knuckles a chance to land fairly. Theoretically the hook is a perfectly safe blow to use.

The blow which affords the least chance to injure the hand is the one which does the most damage. If the knuckles land fairly, so that the strain is distributed from the first to the last knuckle equally, there is little chance of injury. This is the very blow which does the work and should be the very first a boxer should learn.

It has been demonstrated ever so often that a straight jolt or even a hook gets to the mark faster than does a swing, a simple matter of mathematics—a straight line being the shortest distance from fist to target. Bob Fitzsimmons won three championships by straight punching. Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Jim Corbett, Jack Johnson, and eventually Joe Louis, five of the world's greatest ringmen, all achieved maximum power and inflicted punishing damage because they were straight line drivers.

Kid McCoy, even in the use of his famous corkscrew punch, never damaged his knuckles because he delivered the punch in such a manner that the fist struck the body with the knuckles flat against the body. The full force of the blow was attained by striking with the flat of the fist.

Henry Armstrong, who held three world titles, hit from all angles with a force to rock the most stout-hearted. Yet his brilliant career at the top did not last too long, one of the contributing reasons being the severe damage done to his hands by his all-angle swinging.

TO the beginner and even to the professional who is still learning, the soundest advice that can be given is to take care of your hands. They are the tools of your trade. Many of the greatest prospects have fallen by the wayside because of damaged hands. Fighters with championships in their grasps have been forced to loosen their hold because of a damaged and painful fist.

More attention should be paid in training to learning to hit correctly, with clenched fist and on a direct line, getting the knuckles on the mark instead of the side. No matter how game a man might be, or how willing he is to use a broken hand and to endure pain, the hand will eventually become useless as far as fighting is concerned.

Sooner or later it won't stand the strain of a heavy wallop and the fighter will find that he cannot close his fists properly. It is too late then for a fighter to start taking care of his hands.

Carpenters, bricklayers, draftsmen, office workers, all take care of the tools of their trade, be it a saw, a ruler or a typewriter, so that they can do their jobs better, even though these things can be replaced.

Hands for fighting purposes once ruined seldom can be repaired and never can be replaced.

NEBRASKA BOXING

By Floyd Hayes

KEARNEY, NEBRASKA—In a mixed boxing and wrestling show before 500 fans, Bill Noble, 195, Grand Island, Neb., made his professional debut with a six-round decision over Whitey Peterson, 190, Omaha. Noble won every round of the affair, opening a cut under Peterson's left eye in the initial round with a terrific left hook and continuing to punch well throughout the fracas. Peterson was down for a nine count in the fourth round.

Bill Noble was twice the Mid-West A.A.U. Golden Gloves heavyweight champ and will join the stables of Jack Hurley and become a sparring mate for Harry Matthews in the near future. Hurley should be able to make a top notch heavyweight out of Noble who is a Nebraska University college student.

Another Mid-West Golden Gloves champion, Gil Martinez, 122, Lexington, Neb., made his pro debut on this card with a four-round decision over Jesse Watson, 124, Omaha, Nebraska. Watson floored Martinez in the second round but Martinez won the other three rounds to take home the decision. Max Clayton was matchmaker for the card which had a wrestling match to top off the evening's entertainment.

Short Jabs: Ed (Bearcat) Wright, Jr., 230½, Omaha, son of old Bearcat Wright, ring warrior of yesteryear, made it two straight wins since joining the pro ranks. He traveled to St. Louis to win a four-round decision over Jack Wilson, 185½, St. Louis, in a preliminary to the Wesbury Bascom-Vern Mitchell fight. The young Bearcat has more color than a painter's pallet, 6 feet, 7½ inches in height, 230 pounds, rides a motorcycle in his spare time with a ten gallon cowboy hat parked on his noggin. When he enters the ring he wears a leopard skin robe. He is managed by Bob Cornett and trained by Champ Thomas. The California Athletic Commission, member of the NBA, has suspended Don Lee, Edison, Neb., middleweight. They termed it, "lack of ability". Other Nebraska boxers traveling during the month, at Sioux City, Gale Outhouse, 145, South Sioux City, won an eight-round decision over Gene Jackson, 143, Omaha, in half of a double main event. In the other half of the top billing, Gayus Outhouse, twin brother of Gale, 146½, South Sioux City, won a T.K.O. over Pat O'Grady, 145, Holdredge, Neb., at the end of the fifth round of a scheduled eight-rounder.

Charley Foster, 145, Omaha, won a four-round decision over DeWayne DeCora, 142, Sioux City. Harold Hulit, 158, Macy, Neb., decisioned Leonard Craig, 156, Omaha, in the six-round semi-windup. Eddie Simmons, 173, Sioux City, and George Blackstone, 174, Omaha, fought to a four-round draw.

Remember to get your news in my hands by the second of the month. The writer's address is 2209 Vinton Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Phone ORchard 1165.

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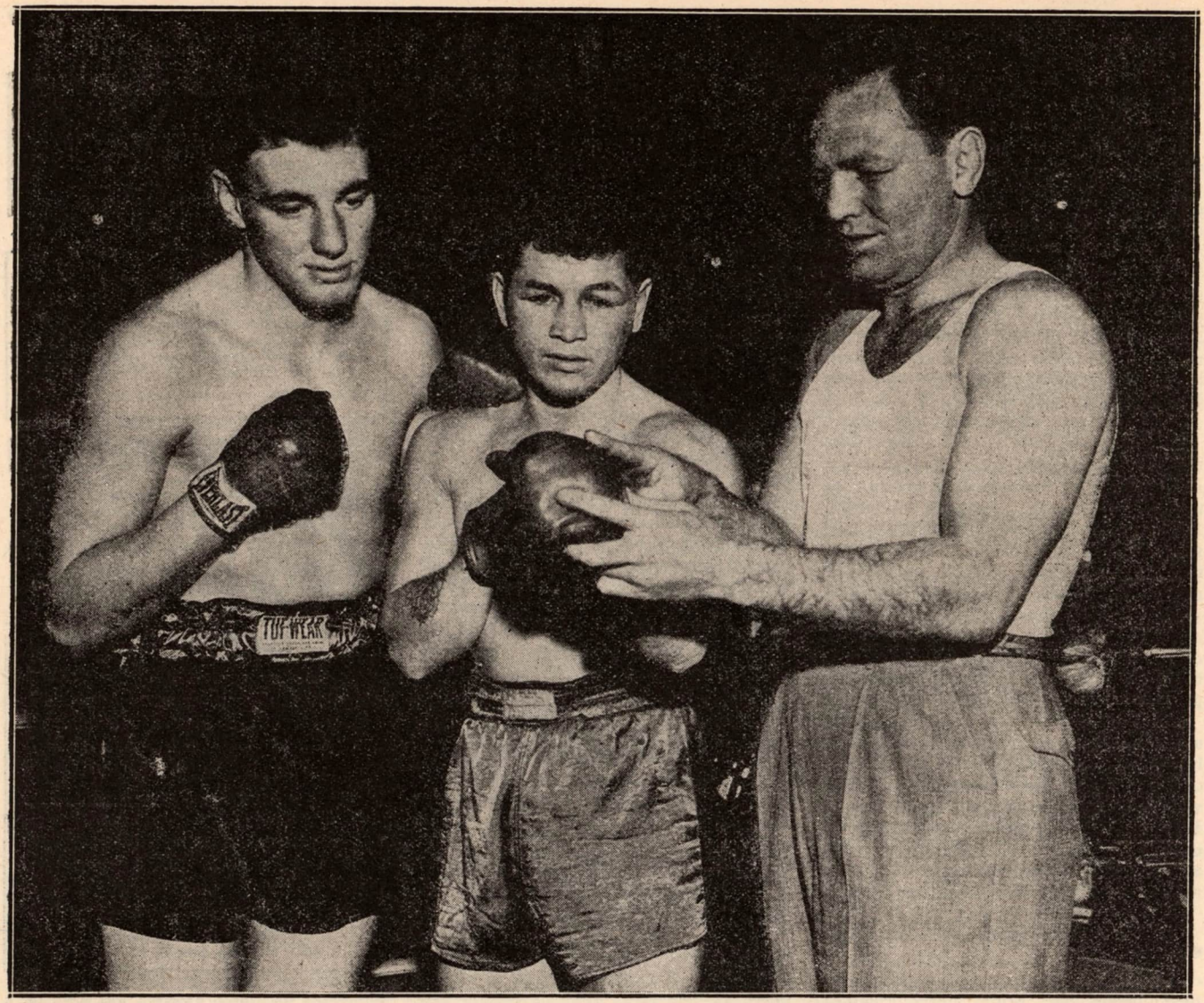


Lee Savold, master of the left jab, instructs stablemate Fitzie Pruden, ranking Canadian welterweight, in the proper method of leading with that deadly weapon. Ray Wilding British heavyweight importation, attentively looks on.

LEFTS are RIGHT

By ROBERT PRESTON

NOSEBREAKERS, INC., the destruction outfit consisting of Lee Savold, Fitzie Pruden and Ray Wilding and directed by Bill Daly and Tex Pelte, are doing a good business these days.

Savold, senior partner and master of the trade with nine broken noses to his credit, has taken the two youngsters under his wing and shown them what a reliable left jab, properly executed, can do for, and to, a man. Pruden, the Canadian welterweight, bounded into the picture when he upset Tony Janiro as a substitute, and Ray Wilding, the British heavyweight importation, got into the swing of things in making his American debut by breaking the nose of the Turkish-blended New Yorker, Nash Karahan.

Daly first saw Wilding in 1949 when the American manager had Lee Savold campaigning in the British Isles. The youngster, still in the preliminary ranks, impressed Daly. He showed promise —was young, a good boxer and had something of a punch. More important, he was willing to learn.

The Americans abroad were convinced of Wilding's possibilities when the lad won one of the novice heavyweight tournaments sponsored by Jack Solomons. On January 3, 1950, at Watford, Wilding stopped Harry Painter in two rounds, won a three round decision from Peter Bell, and then halted Charley Collett in two. Another decision several weeks later and then six straight knockouts completely sold Daly on the boy.

After Savold had defeated Bruce Woodcock to gain the British version of the world heavyweight title and returned home last Fall, Wilding eagerly came along.

Daly was willing to go all out in expense, training and conditioning to make a success of the boy. That in itself is a rarity for few managers, quite logically, are willing to go to the time and expense of polishing and nursing a fighter along who may appear for him only a few times before returning to his homeland. Any number of fighters in recent years who have been brought here had that drawback. They had the ability but were flattened more by improper training and lack of condition than by their opponents.

Quite often what the British boys who campaign in the States lack is the heft, ruggedness and the proper techniques of tossing punches. Many times when Britishers fight in this country our boxing critics, on viewing their abilities as boxing masters, have shaken their collective heads sadly and stated that all the boy needed was some good American training and a few steaks under their belts. The steaks they invariably got.

Wilding, though he had been working out with Savold in England, still had a lot to learn. Little was heard of him for quite a while on his arrival in the States. Daly wanted to make certain that he was properly conditioned and acclimatized, and had put on a little weight in the right places.

Months of constant working out with Savold polished the boy immensely. Crude, rough edges began to disappear and slowly but surely the development and improvement could be seen. Short hooks and neat left jabs took the *(Continued on page 48)*

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(Continued from page 19)

Elbows, thought two bouts, a 25-rounder in New York and a 10-rounder in Denver, resulted in draws, and there was little to choose between the rivals in a pair of six-round no-decision affairs in Philadelphia. Gans won the other two, taking a 25-round verdict in New York, and winding up the series with a three-round victory in San Francisco in 1903.

McFadden put together a remarkable record in 1899, when in five successive 25-round fights, all in New York, he battled the reigning champion, Frank Erne; the former champion, George (Kid) Lavigne, and three times faced the champion to be, Gans. He started the string with his knock-out of Gans; then lost on points to Erne; came back to draw with Gans; followed with a 19-round knockout of Lavigne, and ended the string by dropping a verdict to Gans. And these five historic meetings were staged within a stretch of six months: Fighters didn't believe in mollycoddling themselves in those days.

Boxing was no million-dollar industry half-a-century ago. Purses generally were meager, and fighters had to have regular jobs to keep them in groceries. A native of New York, McFadden worked as a plumber. a bricklayer, a mechanic and a janitor during his ring career.

In his later years, Elbows opened a gymnasium at 51 East 59th Street, where he combined training of fighters with physical culture classes for business men, socialites and actors. One of his special courses was a "height-raising" program. By using a system of weights, pulleys and other apparatus, some of which he invented himself, McFadden made men taller. Much of his business came from young men who wished to meet the height requirements of the Police and Fire Departments.

THE European Boxing Union's Congress, with President J. Onslow Fane, head of the British Board, backed the New York Commission and the N.B.A. by adopting a rule which prevents a world champion from holding more than one title at one time. Only the British Board dissented and still holds that Sugar Ray Robinson is both Welter and Middleweight King but admitted that its reason is because Robinson may face the British Empire Champion, Eddie Thomas, in which case it is hoped Britain may gain the Welter crown. However, President Fane acknowledged that his board will accept the rule at its next quarterly meeting, thus making it universal.

The E.B.U. was represented by 14 countries and as in past years did a fine job in clearing the deck. Challengers for European titles were named—Turkey and Germany were accepted in the union thus bringing into the fold every European nation except those behind the Red curtain. This is the greatest stride made by the organization, a truly fine one whose representatives do a splendid job at their annual meeting. Pity we in America don't carry on in the same sportsmanship spirit as do the E.B.U. officials! This year neither the N.B.A. of America nor the New York Commission had a representative to discuss mutual universal boxing relations. Colonel Eagan who was scheduled to appear, found it more to his liking to go to Korea to show fighting men on the bloody battle fields fight pictures of the LaMotta-Robinson bout, instead! What a help to universal boxing! Fred Saddy who was scheduled to appear as the N.B.A. emissary, became ill in New York and couldn't make the trip. Perhaps it was for the best that neither appeared because their ears would have burned with the words of the E.B.U. member who deeply resented the action of the Americans in ignoring Europe in the welterweight eliminations. "We always hear of accord between the N.B.A. and the E.B.U. and Col. Eagan and the E.B.U., but they are only words. Accord is forgotten when it is in the interest of the N.B.A. or New York to corner the market in championships. We regret this inconsistency," said the administrative secretary, Mr. Robretz, and he was beautifully applauded.

The German delegation pleading successfully for readmission into the Union, remarked: "When people are down in the dumps, as they say in America, a shot in the arm goes a long way to make them feel that the world is not against them. That's why we plead for this shot. We ask that you gentlemen representing European nations, forget the war and give our boys a chance to compete again against your boxers. You gave us that shot in the arm today by admitting us on equal terms in universal boxing and for this Germany—the Germany which the United States, France and England are putting in order, is very happy. You won't regret this action."

The wild celebrations in Berlin attested to the accuracy of the German delegates' statement. The people were elated. Parties were staged and the toast to the E.B.U. was drunk in all sports circles. The Germans have made wonderful strides in boxing and their admission into the E.B.U. should help the sport abroad and in America.

The finest work of the E.B.U. is in the selection of its challengers for European titles. American boxing bodies could well follow their plan. There is no dilly-dallying —no subterfuge as practiced when Bratton and Fusari fought for Robinson's welter title and no desire to put on the side lines legitimate contenders for the purpose of aiding home talent as commission favorites. All deserving contenders get a chance to fight for the title. They don't talk about the E.B.U. not being a matchmaker as does Col. Eagan in New York. Nor do they permit favorite title holders to put a crown in storage for a year or more without engaging in a championship defense. The E.B.U. can teach the N.B.A. and New York how to conduct boxing.

IT was inevitable that, sooner or later, television would get around to emulating the movies and radio in their fantastic tales of boxing—with gangsters and hoodlums running rampant, "fixed" fights the usual theme, and fighters getting shot for their honest intentions. Even if the script writers don't know what they're writing about, it would seem logical to expect somebody connected with productions of this sort to have at least a smattering of common sense.

Recently, on one of television's most popular—and generally well staged—mystery features, a mobster tried to chisel in on a fighter. The manager explained there wasn't anything left of the fighter to sell. The manager himself got 40 percent, the trainer another 40 percent, and somebody else the remaining 20 percent. That, in simple arithmetic, added up to 100 percent, which meant that the fighter received exactly 00 percent for himself. Apparently all he was fighting for was the privilege of getting shot and killed in the ring—and, to make everything come out even, that's exactly what happened.

In all our years in this business, we've never heard of a fighter being shot in the ring—but, then, why bother with such trivia as facts where the movies, radio and now television are concerned?

JIM NORRIS' new "open door" policy in regards to the Boxing Managers' Guild has appeased everyone and averted a serious situation which might have further tightened the noose on the near-strangled game in New York.

Far more reaching than the lavish grants of television money to the fighters was the International Boxing Club's promise to promote an additional 32 shows on Mondays nights at the St. Nicholas Arena for the coming season on top of the heavy schedule which sees the I.B.C. operating on Friday nights at Madison Square Garden and on Wednesday from St. Nick's or one of the outlying districts.

The Monday night shows, if run properly, will serve as an incubator for the development of promising young fighters and will be a step toward rebuilding the future of boxing which was rapidly being torn down by the closing of many small clubs.

The Boxing Managers' Guild and the International Boxing Club must be congratulated for their quick and sensible solution to a rather ticklish situation.

* * *

Elley Bennett, the Australian bantamweight champion, accomplished what his brother aborigine, Jack Hassen, failed to do. Bennett recently knocked out Ray Coleman in the fifteenth round to gain the featherweight crown and become a dual champion. Hassen, holder of the lightweight title, failed in his bid to lift the welterweight honors from Mickey Tollis.

With Dave Sands an uncertain quantity in the international scheme of things because of his reluctance to leave his native land to fight, it seems that for the time Australia will have to leave it up to Bennett and Tollis to make bids for world titles. They, and Sands, are the outstanding fighters Down Under.

* * *

Don Cockell, the British and Empire light-heavyweight champion, by completely outclassing the durable though easy to hit American heavyweight, Freddie Beshore, has served notice that he is a power to be reckoned with and is a worthy challenger for the world cruiserweight title, along with Archie Moore, Harry Matthews and Bob Satterfield.

The division, which has been too long in a deep freeze, may thaw out this hot summer with this British challenger forcing the issue with American competition. Several good bouts, in England or this country, may come of it.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

IF the current plans, and hopes, of the promoters materialize, one of the liveliest outdoor boxing seasons in several years is coming up for the fans in New York City and immediately adjacent precincts.

Topline talent and outstanding attractions may not be too abundant these days, but the producers intend to make the most of the little they have, and there should be some interesting doings in the various baseball parks hereabouts during the next few months.

The Messrs. Babe Culnan, Willie Gilzenberg and Angelo Pucci will start things going June 7 with a determined effort to revive an apathetic clientele in New Jersey. They will offer Charley Fusari and Tony Janiro in Newark's Ruppert Stadium. The bout may not have much national significance, but it figures to do satisfactory business in Newark, with Fusari, a popular local favorite, trying to square accounts with Janiro for an unexpected decision Tony snatched from him in Detroit a year or so ago.

Jim Norris and his International Boxing Club have been lining up a busy program for the New York ball yards. One match, Joe Louis vs. Lee Savold, has already been set for June 13 at the Polo Grounds, and by the time this appears in print Bob Murphy and Jake LaMotta probably will have been paired for June 27 at the Yankee Stadium.

The oft-postponed fourth chapter in the Sandy Saddler-Willie Pep series has been given a tentative August booking by the I.B.C., with the definite date and site still to be decided.

Assuming, of course, that he still is heavyweight champion after his May 30 meeting with Joey Maxim in Chicago, Ezzard Charles will appear in New York in September with the Louis-Savold winner.

Walter Winchell and Abe J. Greene have been huddling about another big Damon Runyon Cancer Research Fund show in Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium, similar to the one topped last year by Ray Robinson and Charley Fusari. They'd like to get Robinson again, when Ray returns from his current European jaunt, but if the middleweight champion isn't available, they have several other possibilities in mind, and seem fairly certain to come up with something for a July or August date.

THE recent passing of 81-year-old Al Woods, noted Broadway producer, recalled the close affinity that once existed between the stage and the ring. (Bill Brady was already a famous personality in the theatre when he managed two heavyweight champions, Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries.)

It seemed the usual thing, back in the Gay '90's, and early years of the century, for headline fighters to appear as featured attractions behind the footlights—some in vaudeville, others in burlesque, and a few in legitimate plays. It is not on record, however, that any of them, with the possible exception of Corbett, was quite as talented on the stage as he had been in the ring. Terry McGovern was no four-alarm riot as an actor, but he was directly responsible for his manager, Sam Harris, getting into show business, and for the advent of Al Woods as a producer.

It was in 1900, and McGovern had reached the peak of his spectacular career by knocking out the great George Dixon at the old Broadway Athletic Club. Offers for theatrical appearances piled into Manager Harris' office. Terry, realizing his limitations, wasn't too keen for the stage. He preferred to keep fighting, and he did. But between fights Harris would squeeze in an occasional lucrative vaudeville engagement. McGovern didn't have to act. He merely went through a training routine—shadow-boxing, rope-skipping, bag-punching, and a couple of rounds of sparring with a hired hand.

McGovern's popularity with the public gave Harris the idea that a legitimate play, with Terry in the starring role, would prove a tremendous box-office success. Sam made certain, of course, that the plot would not be one to over-tax McGovern's limited imagination. A lurid blood-and-thunder melodrama entitled "The Bowery After Dark" was written, and Terry's role was that of the rough-and-ready hero who walloped the villain, manhandled a hoodlum who dared to insult the Stars and Stripes, rescued a fair damsel in distress, and spouted a few shopworn moral platitudes.

Harris didn't know much about producing plays, and somewhere along the way he picked up a partner, Al Woods, who admitted frankly that he didn't know much more about producing than Sam did. For a couple of amateurs, they did all right for themselves. The show was a smash hit. It wowed 'em in New York and played to packed houses on a cross-continental tour.

The success of that venture started Harris and Woods on brilliant careers in show business—but not together. When "The Bowery After Dark" closed down, Sam and Al went their separate ways. Harris later teamed with George M. Cohan to form one of the theatre's most distinguished producing combinations. Woods, going it on his own, built up another great Broadway organization.

SIMULTANEOUS with the news of Woods' passing came a dispatch from the Creedmore Hospital, out on Long Island, that George (Elbows) McFadden had been given the final count. McFadden was 79, and had been in ill health for several years.

Elbows, a contemporary of Terry McGovern's, never was a champion, but he rated with the best of the lightweights back around the turn of the century. From 1894, when he started tossing leather, until 1908, when he hung up the mittens, McFadden was in there with all the good 'uns of the era—Joe Gans, Frank Erne, George (Kid) Lavigne, Martin Flaherty, Patsy Sweeney, Amby McGarry, Kid McPartland, Dal Hawkins, Mike (Twin) Sullivan, Charley Sieger and Jimmy Gardner.

One of our favorite yarns concerning McFadden—who, incidentally, earned his nickname because of unusual skill in blocking opponents' punches with his elbows—is the one told by Frank Graham, gifted sports columnist of the New York *Journal-American*.

Some years ago, when Benny Leonard was at his peak, one of the hottest controversies in boxing concerned the relative merits of Leonard and Gans. Graham, then with the New York *Sun*, thought he'd drop in on McFadden, who was conducting a business men's gymnasium on 59th Street, near Madison Avenue, and get himself a story on Elbow's version of the argument.

McFadden had fought Gans seven times, and in his book there was nothing to compare with the Old Master. A bout between Gans and Leonard, according to Elbows, would have been no contest.

"Gans," he said to Graham, "was a better boxer and a better puncher, he was faster and he could take it better than Leonard."

Graham asked him if he had seen Leonard against Joe Welling.

"No," said McFadden.

"Against Rocky Kansas?"

"No."

"Against Lew Tendler?"

"No."

"Against . . ."
Elbows shook his head.
"I've never seen Leonard," he confessed.

THERE'LL be no "strike" of the New York Boxing Managers' Guild against the International Boxing Club for a larger split of television this year.

The new deal between Jim Norris and the Guild was arranged with practically no fussing and fuming. Main event fighters on the Friday night cards will have their video pay jacked up from $2,250 to $3,000 each, while the Wednesday night headliners have been boosted from $1,000 to $1,250.

It is understood that the I.B.C. also is getting a slight increase in revenue from its two sponsors. Roughly, the organization will collect $700,000 for 35 Friday cards and $315,000 for the same number of Wednesday dates.

Besides the 70 major shows that will go out from New York, Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis, Norris is planning on 32 Monday night "talent cards" at the St. Nick, which probably will be televised locally.

THAT was a unique, though not exactly flattering, record posted by Vern Mitchell during the recent indoor season. The hapless Detroit heavyweight appeared on four I.B.C. televised cards—and lost 'em all. He started the string by getting shellacked by Cesar Brion at the St. Nick here. Then he hopped out to Chicago to grab a pasting from Bob Satterfield. His next stop was St. Louis, where young Wesley Bascom whipped him. He finished his tour back where he started, at the St. Nick, by getting himself knocked out by Roland LaStarza.

Incidentally, it was only luck that averted a probable tragedy in the LaStarza-Mitchell affair. During the fight, the microphone, used for announcing, and raised toward the ceiling while a bout is on, came loose from its moorings and crashed down into the ring, narrowly missing the fighters and Referee Barney Felix. That's a solid hunk of metal, the mike, and we shudder to think what probably would have happened had it landed on somebody's head.

It looks as though boxing, as the old-timers knew it, definitely has become a lost art. Folks can't even recognize it when they see it in this era of slam-bang, roughhouse brawling.

A young English lightweight, Pete Indaco, has been visiting relatives in New York, and while here has been picking up some practical American experience in gymnasium workouts and an occasional preliminary bout in the metropolitan clubs. In one of his outings he decisioned Dickie Wilson in Elizabeth, N. J. We happened to see the bout, so we were interested in the account appearing the following day in the Newark *Evening News:*

"Indaco," it said, "presented a style seldom seen in this country. Wilson was unable to solve the Englishman's peculiar tactics."

The only thing "peculiar" about the visitor's tactics was clever boxing.

California still seems to be Jimmy Bivins' favorite stamping grounds. The veteran Cleveland heavyweight has not lost his knack for whipping the local favorites. His latest victim was the current state champion, Willie Bean, beaten in Hollywood.

Over a nine-year stretch, Bivins has appeared eleven times in California rings, and only once has he finished on the short end. That one defeat, a disputed decision lost to Leonard Morrow in Los Angeles, was squared away in a return meeting in Oakland.

Bivins' other performances out yonder embrace two wins over Watson Jones (a decision in Los Angeles and a knockout in San Francisco); verdicts over Pat Valentino in 'Frisco, Bobby Zander and Turkey Thompson in Los Angeles, and Billy Smith in Oakland, and kayoes of Johnny Haynes and Clarence Henry in L.A.

Despite the announcement from London that Eddie Thomas is willing to come to New York to meet the Kid Gavilan-Johnny Bratton winner in the grand finale for the vacated world welterweight title, this department, like the guy from Missouri, will have to see it to believe it.

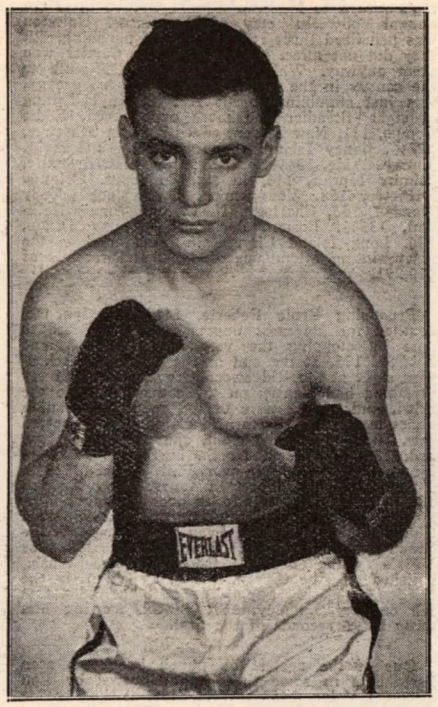
The British fans are hungry for a world championship match, and a meeting between their top welterweight and the Gavilan-Bratton survivor would be a much bigger attraction over there than it would be in New York. In London or Cardiff, it probably would draw $150,000. The gate would be lucky to hit $40,000 here.

The I.B.C. would do well to let the match go to Jack Solomons, since it has a working agreement with Jack and would "cut in" on the promotional profits.

Though boxing is popular in West Africa, and quite a few good fighters have come out of Nigeria and the Gold Coast in recent years, the first native product to hit international headlines is Roy Ankarah, that non-stop buzzsaw, whose spectacular campaign in Britain and on the European continent was recently climaxed by a rousing victory over Ronnie Clayton in London for the British Empire featherweight title.

Ankarah is the lad who created a sensation a year ago by stopping the European bantam champion, Luis Romero, in the latter's backyard—Madrid.

There is a strong possibility that the Gold Coast whizzbang will visit New York this summer,



One of the most promising of New York's youngsters is 19-year-old Lou (Sonny) Volpe, West Side welterweight, handled by veteran Jimmy Ambrose.

with the hope of getting a crack at Sandy Saddler's world title.

The month's results:

With advantages of three inches in height, the same in reach, and 9½ pounds in weight, Roger Donoghue, 155, Yonkers, was too big for Jackie O'Brien, 145½, Meriden, Conn., but he had to hustle all the way to cinch the verdict in a hard-fought ten at White Plains County Center. O'Brien gave a smart, plucky performance against tough odds, and made the going fairly even until the closing rounds, when Donoghue's physical pull finally caught up to him. Jerry Gagnon, 133, Montreal, who also operates as Jerry Drouin, lasted less than two stanzas with hard-hitting Libby Manzo, 132½, Elmhurst, in the semi-final, listed for six. Joey Klein, 146, East Side, won over Kelly Duncan, 151, Charlotte, N. C., in another six. In fours, Sal D'Guardia, 135, Bronx, punched out a decision over Bobby Barclay, 135, Harlem; Jimmy Sullivan, 135½, Boston, whipped Tommy DeAngelis, 136½, Bronx, and Frank Keating, 158½, Meriden, polished off Dino Ascati, 156, Bronx, in the second.

Though he won handily enough, Kid Gavilan, 150¾, Cuba, found the veteran Aldo Minelli, 152½, Italy, an annoying problem in ten at the St. Nick Arena. Minelli's awkward cleverness at long range and his clutching, mauling tactics in close didn't give Gavilan much of a chance to show at his flashy best, but the Cuban scored often enough with left jabs and bolo rights to make certain of the decision. Orlando DePietro, 159½, Youngstown, O., was a winner over Kelly Duncan, 153½, Charlotte, N. C., in the semi-final six. In another six, an all-Puerto Rican affair, Willie Hernandez, 131, had the better of Jesus Compos, 127½. In fours, Johnny Caro, 129½, Bronx, copped the nod over Phil Nolan, 131, Brooklyn; Al Wilson, 146, Agawam, Mass., decisioned Richie Anderson, 147½, Cleveland, and Mickey Zezza, 130½, Bronx, registered the only knockout on the card by stopping Joe Nicholas, 127½, Brooklyn, in the first.

Vinnie D'Andrea, 148, East Side, was a bit too steady for Claude Hammond, 142, North Bergen, N. J., in a roughhouse eight at the Ridgewood Grove. It was Hammond's football and wrestling tactics against D'Andrea's speed and sharper punching, and the latter won. D'Andrea was shoved to the canvas in the second, while in the third Hammond, after falling through the ropes, took another tumble when he lost his balance and flopped to the floor. Al Mouzon, 150, Baltimore, outfought Jimmy Demetrios, 150¾, East Side, in a rugged semi-final six. Irving (Itzie) Wallach, 142¾, East Side, won over Manuel Gonzales, 145, Rochester, N. Y., in another six. In fours, Jimmy McKenzie, 127, Halifax, N. S., outpointed Ray Miranda, 128½, Tampa, Fla.; Jimmy Childs, 160, Brooklyn, decisioned Ed George, 157½, Washington Heights, and Bobby Barclay, 135, Harlem, whipped Frank Freese, 131, East Side.

A strong finish carried aggressive young Tony Allegro, 137, Bronx, to a split decision over the veteran Roman Alvarez, 141, West Side, in a lively eight topping the final card of the season at the White Plains County Center. Alvarez, with smarter boxing, held the lead until the closing rounds, when Allegro scored with jolting rights to the head. Showing for the first time in an American ring, Pete Indaco, 139, England, displayed fine boxing form but not enough aggressiveness, and permitted Basil Marie, 136½, Philadelphia, to hustle his way to a decision over him in six. In another six, Ralph Jones, 153½, Yonkers, was awarded a disputed verdict over Shelly Langford, 157, Philadelphia. With Allegro's win in the wind-up, and decisions in all three of the fours, the Bronx clouted a perfect score for the night. In the fours, Tommy DeAngelis, 135, won over Lee James, 140, East Side; Lester Jackson, 160¾, punched out a verdict over Dom Zimbardo, 158¾, Newark, and Eugene Llanis, 149, had the better of Willis Fox, 147½, Harlem.

Unbeaten 19-year-old Chico Vejar, 142½, Stamford, Conn., ran his winning streak to 28 straight by boxing and punching his way to a unanimous decision over Billy Murphy, 138½, Brooklyn, in a busy but one-sided eight at the St. Nick Arena. Murphy was the aggressor throughout, but couldn't compete with the speed and sharpshooting of the Nutmeg State youngster, whose flashing fists ripped cuts under and over both of the Brooklynite's eyes and drew a steady stream of claret from his nose and mouth. Charley Slaughter, 129¼, Newark, outpointed Joe Wamsley, 129¾, West Side, in a dull semi-final eight. In sixes, Jimmy Wilde, 134, Bronx, won over Tommy Dixon, 135¾, Long Island City, and Bobby Morgan, 160, Elmhurst, stopped Billy Campbell, 155½, West Side, in the first. In fours, Willie Troy, 147¾, Harlem, decisioned Whitman Burress, 144½, Philadelphia, and Jimmy Bethea, 150, Harlem, drew with Richie Nogan, 147½, Brooklyn.

A free-swinging brawl between Randall (Skeets) Starkey, 168½, Cumberland, Md., and Harold Sampson, 165½, Secaucus, N. J., at the Eastern Parkway Arena, wound up at 1:51 of the sixth when Sampson's badly lacerated upper lip prompted Referee Abe Simon to call a halt. It was a lusty belting affair while it lasted, with Starkey down in the second, Sampson in the third, and Starkey again in the fourth. Sampson was already nursing a deep gash over his left eye when his lip was ripped during a furious exchange early in the sixth. The semi-final also was abbreviated when Johnny Noel, 157, Brooklyn, stopped Sammy Thompson, 160½, Long Island City, with one second to go in the third. Jimmy Edwards, 165, Washington Heights, outpointed Eddie Godbold, 161½, Bronx, in six. In fours, Willie Stewart, 148, Newark, won over Manuel Gonzales, 145½, Rochester, N. J., and Joe Hanley, 165½, Philadelphia, had the better of Vincent Smith, 170½, Boston.

Squaring accounts for one of the two defeats suffered in 32 professional starts, Dan Bucceroni, 178, Philadelphia, tossed a vicious pasting into Dick Wagner, 172, Toppenish, Wash., in a gruelling ten at the St. Nick Arena. Though bothered by an ugly rip over his left eye, suffered early in the second, Bucceroni held the upper hand all the way, dropping Wagner for counts in the second, fifth and sixth. The semi-final was over in a hurry, Bobby Rosado, 145, Puerto Rico, stopping Bobby Miller, 147, Bronx, in 1:53 of the first. In sixes, Mandy Leal, 142, Philadelphia, decisioned Bill Hazel, 136, Harlem, and Johnny Lemons, 134, Baltimore, outpointed Connie Ferguson, 136, Harlem. In fours, Richie Reed, 147, White Plains, won over Willis Fox, 147, Harlem; Jesse Gethers, 143, Philadelphia, kayoed Nat Campbell, 138¾, Bronx, in the first, and Jimmy Childs, 156¼, Bronx, flattened Al Niang, 151¼, Brooklyn, also in the first.

Accounting for the most important win of his brief professional career, young Phil Rizzo, 152½, Brooklyn, edged out a split decision over the more experienced Mario Moreno, 150½, Ozone Park Cuban, in a hard-fought but not too exciting eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Moreno, who substituted for Roger Donoghue, didn't seem to have his usual speed, and his occasional flashes of aggressiveness weren't enough to wipe out the points piled up by Rizzo's steady plugging. Herbie Hayes, 165, East Side, punched out a verdict over rangy Hurley Sanders, 160½, Newark, in the semi-final six. Mario Pinero, 144¾, Bronx, polished off Joey Klein, 145, East Side, in the third of another scheduled six. In a pair of fours, Al Robbins, 144, Bronx, grabbed the decision over Whitman Burress, 146, Philadelphia, and Bobby Barclay, 132½, Harlem, was a winner over Joey Worth, 136, Ozone Park.

With the White Plains County Center closed down to boxing, Matchmaker Joe McKenna stretched his season by shifting to Sunnyside Garden for four dates. Topping the first one, Jackie O'Brien, 146, Meriden, Conn., was a winner over Joey Atria, 147½, Harlem, in a scrambling eight marred by too much tugging and hauling. O'Brien scored often enough with his left to cinch the decision. In the semi-final, also over eight rounds, Libby Manzo, 134½, Elmhurst, edged out Sal D'Guardia, 134¾, Bronx, in a gruelling slugfest. Ralph Jacobs, 135, Newark, whipped Johnny Moran, 138, Bronx, in six. In two of the fours, a couple of Connecticut

neighbors of O'Brien helped to give the Nutmeg State a perfect score for the night. Pat Mallane, 132, Waterbury, kayoed Tommy DeAngelis, 137, Bronx, in the second, and Frank Keating, 158½, Meriden, whipped Jimmy Johnson, 156, Corona. In another four, Lester Jackson, 160½, gave the Bronx its only winner in four starts by decisioning Jimmy Lee, 164, Washington Heights.

A knockdown for six in the third represented the winning margin of Johnny Kamber, 138, Millburn, N. J., over Elmer Lakatos, 133½, Youngstown, O., in a fast-moving eight at the Eastern Parkway Arena. Lakatos recovered from that trip to the canvas to make things rugged for Kamber in the closing sessions. All three officials voted for a draw in rounds, and one also had it even in points, but the point totals of the other two gave Kamber the edge. In another eight, Henry Jordan, 149½, veteran Philadelphia journeyman, did a quick job on Henry Burroughs, 154, Harlem, polishing him off in 2:33 of round one. Tommy Pennino, 128, Brooklyn, outpointed Rafael Laboi, 125, Puerto Rico, in six. In fours, Richie Reed, 146½, White Plains, decisioned Richie Coleman, 145, Bronx; Lem Harvey, 133½, Washington Heights, outfought Phil Nolan, 134, Brooklyn, and Walter Zimick, 127¾, Jersey City, finished ahead of Jimmy McKenzie, 126½, Halifax, N. S.

Showing in a hometown ring for the first time in more than six months, Roland LaStarza, 189, roly-poly Bronxite, celebrated the occasion by battering out a kayo over hapless Vern Mitchell, 191½, Detroit, in 1:36 of the eighth at the St. Nick Arena. Referee Barney Felix humanely called a halt after Mitchell had gone down for the second time in the round. LaStarza was entirely too fast, clever and accurate a puncher for the game but clumsy Detroiter. In the semi-final, listed for eight but cut to six because of television and radio time, Bill Neri, 139, Bridgeport, Conn., had too much speed and left hand for Massimo Sanna, 139, Italy. Herbie Hayes, 164½, East Side, won over Zack Hobbs, 165½, Philadelphia, in a regular six. In fours, Mickey Zezza, 131, Bronx, decisioned Bobby Barclay, 135½, Harlem, and Earl Hilton, 128½, Philadelphia, whipped Johnny Caro, 130½, Bronx.

Forcing the action all the way, and not giving his opponent much room to move around, the veteran Lou Valles, 148½, won handily over his younger East Side rival, Sonny Levitt, 155¾, in a busy eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Levitt was the better boxer and sharper puncher, but was kept chiefly on the defensive by Valles' bustling aggressiveness. In the semi-final, Eddie Smith, 178½, a new arrival from Bermuda, shaped up well in punching out a decision over Richie Williams, 176, Washington, D. C. In fours, Henry Winchman, 137, East Side, was a winner over Jimmy Carabella, 139½, Bronx; Phil Madica, 144, East Side, had the better of Barry Zemmel, 141, Brooklyn; Santos Santiago, 149, Puerto Rico, decisioned Johnny Rubino, 150½, Bronx, and Orlando DePietro, 154¾, Youngstown, O., chalked up the only knockout on the card by stowing away Eddie Young, 161, Brooklyn, in the third.

A lusty-thumping brawl at Sunnyside Garden wound up at the end of the third with Norman Thompson, 147½, Dauphin, Man., a winner over Billy Wyatt, 153, Trenton. An ugly gash over Wyatt's left eye prompted the club physician to call a halt. Thompson was ahead as far as the sockfest went, his busy, two-handed assaults to Wyatt's head and body frequently having the Trentonian in trouble. Returning to the ring after an absence of nearly two years, Joey Brocato, 134½, East Side, drew with Nazzarano Vitale, 135, New Haven, in a co-featured eight. Gene Robnett, 130¼, France, outpointed Charley McGarrity, 127½, Brooklyn, in six. In fours, Herbie McMullen, 138, Halifax, N. S., won over Lee James, 138½, East Side; Vincent Smith, 168¾, Jamaica, knocked out Charley Whorter, 164, Cedarhurst, in the third, and Al Mouzon, 150, Baltimore, stopped Pete Arabello, 153, Brooklyn, in the second.

Entirely too much for his comparatively inexperienced opponent, Paddy DeMarco, 137¾, Brooklyn, was a kayo winner over Jimmy Richmond, 140, Baltimore, when their bout at the Eastern Parkway Arena was halted at the end of the third round because of Richmond's badly lacerated lip. Richmond fought stubbornly, but was overmatched. He was dropped for nine in the second, and shaken up repeatedly by DeMarco's left hooks. Jimmy Tomasello, 152, Matawan, N. J., came up off the floor in the second to earn a draw with John Suber, 155, Bronx, in the semi-final six. Joey Greco, 151, Jersey City, was disqualified for holding in the fifth of another six with Joe Lupo, 141, Lodi, N. J. In fours, Richie Reed, 143, White Plains, drew with Whitman Burress, 142, Philadelphia; Al Robbins, 142, Bronx, outpointed Russ Parilla, 147, Harlem, and Jimmy McKenzie, 122, Halifax, N. S., stopped Willie Davis, 118, Brooklyn, in the second.

Down for nine in the first, another nine in the second, and with his features a gory mess, Walter Cartier, 160, Greenwich Village, came on from behind to outlast Gene (Silent) Hairston, 161, Bronx, in a savage-punching ten featuring boxing's return to Madison Square Garden after the annual six-weeks' stay of the circus. Hairston was penalized three rounds for low punching, but they did not affect the result, since Cartier won them anyway. Walter slugged the deaf-mute to the canvas in the final round, and Gene, groggy, was just stumbling to his feet as the bell rang at eight. Steadier and more experienced, Eddie Compo, 131, New Haven, edged out Pat Marcune, 127½, Coney Island, in a busy semi-final eight. Jimmy Wilde, 134½, outpointed a fellow-Bronxite, Johnny Moran, 136, in six. In fours, Orlando DiPietro, 158, Youngstown, O., whipped Kelly Duncan, 153, Charlotte, N. C., and Jimmy Sullivan, 135½, Boston, decisioned Tommy Dixon, 136, Long Island City. Rain contributed to the disappointing attendance of 4,693 and receipts of $13,291.

Promising Ernie Roberts, 141, Brooklyn, accounted for his most impressive performance to date by stopping the veteran Italian, Ermano Bonetti, 135, at the end of the third of a scheduled eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Roberts' lusty punching had Bonetti on the canvas twice in the third, and at the close of the round the Italian announced his "retirement," claiming a dislocated jaw. In a co-featured eight, chunky Richie Howard, 135½, Halifax, N. S., hustled and bustled his way to a decision over Phil Morizio, 133¾, Yorkville. In a quartet of fours, Tony Esperti, 186¾, Bronx, was a winner over Johnny Dilley, 203¾, Brooklyn; Johnny Cerky, 152½, West Side, stepped along on even terms with Willie Stewart, 149, Harlem; Dave Davey, 209, Joe Villa's young hopeful from Tacoma, Wash., polished off Abe Gibson, 204½, Brooklyn, in the third, and Johnny Lay, 158, Brooklyn, did a fast job on Roy Langley, 157, Bronx, stowing him away in 26 seconds of the first.

One of the neatest one-punch knockouts seen hereabouts in some time was delivered by Lou (Sonny) Volpe, 145½, West Side, at the expense of the veteran Johnny Marino, 137½, Brooklyn, at Sunnyside Garden. Just beyond the half-way mark in the first round of a scheduled eight, Volpe crowded Marino toward the latter's corner and during a furious exchange nailed Johnny with a right to the chin. The Brooklynite fell flat on his back. He was completely out and it was several minutes before his handlers were able to to revive him. Time of bout: 2:04. Joe Wamsley, 129¾, West Side, was a bit too shifty for aggressive Sal D'Guardia, 134½, Bronx, in another eight. Mickey Zezza, 131½, Bronx, outfought Jerry Gagnon, 134½, Montreal, in six. In fours, Jimmy Bethea, 148, Harlem, won over Eugene Llanos, 148½, Bronx; Willie Fox, 151, Harlem, won over Frank Cosgrove, 155, Bronx, and Frank Grillo, 128, decisioned a Brooklyn rival, Angel Garcia, 123½.

Addenda . . . Eddie Walker, who has been rather quiet along the fight beat since Steve Belloise called it a career, is being heard from again. Eddie is back in circulation with the veteran Puerto Rican middleweight, Jose Basora. . . . Steve Ellis must have done a terrific job of broadcasting protege Chico Vejar's win over Billy Murphy at the St. Nick. If and when Vejar finally is beaten, we trust the Fates will spare Steve the torture of having to report it to his radio public. . . . It may be television, it may be the attractions, or it may be a combination of both, but Madison Square Garden's boxing receipts have taken a rough tumble in the last year. For the first 12 cards staged in 1951 the total box-office take was $282,069 against 1950's corresponding figures of $504,198. . . . A Ray Robinson-Terry Moore middleweight title match, with a war veterans' organization behind the promotion, is a possibility for Baltimore's Municipal Stadium later in the summer. . . . Proving that he still is a legitimate feather, and would have no difficulty making the weight if he had to, Percy Bassett scaled in at 126½ for Charley Riley in Philadelphia—and flattened the St. Louisan in the fourth. . . . A "Johnny Addie Night" was tossed recently at Laurel Gardens, Newark, for the likable little fellow who started his fight announcing there ten years ago.

The International Front . . . Word from London has Georgie Daly finally hanging up the mittens. Though 37, and with nearly 22 years of busy campaigning behind him, Daly still was good enough to be rated Britain's fourth or fifth best lightweight. Fans of New York's metropolitan area recall Georgie as far back as 1937, when he came over with Tommy Farr, and did well for himself at the various clubs hereabouts. Daly was one lad who learned the art of boxing, which accounted for his long, successful career. . . . Gilbert Brown, representing Wembley Stadium in Johannesburg, is visiting New York and looking over fighters for possible dates in South Africa. . . . When he knocked out Mannie Gonzales in St. Catharines, Ont., recently, Fitzie Pruden was showing before the home folks for the first time as a professional. In fact, Fitzie, though a Canadian, has made only one other appearance as a pro in the Dominion. That was a year and a half ago when he lost to the more experienced Johnny Greco in Montreal. . . . A pair of South Africans, lightweight Gerald Dreyer and featherweight Tony Lombardo, currently campaigning in Britain, may visit the United States shortly.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By Max Yeargain

PFC. LARRY FRUITS, *Topeka State Journal's* novice champion in the featherweight division prior to his enlistment in the Air Force, is one of the most promising youngsters to come out of the Heart of America in a long time. Now stationed with the Air Force at San Angelo, Tex., Fruits defeated Eddie Ricker, Odessa, Tex., featherweight Golden Gloves champion, and beat Frank Corpus of Austin, Tex., in the semi-finals. Then with only six amateur scraps under his belt, Fruits fought Herb Wilson, the Air Force's featherweight champion, a veteran of over 60 scraps, and lost a split decision to the title holder. Fruits, now home on furlough, has clippings to prove his accomplishments.

Rafael Garcia, 19-year-old Marine and Kansas City's 1948 lightweight Golden Gloves champion, also is home on furlough from Korea for 30 days under the Marine Corps rotation plan.

Pfc. Bobby Bickle, the red-headed Irish youth, Golden Gloves lightweight champion, is now back at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Here and There—Chief Alvin Williams, the Mid-West's foremost ranking middleweight, is the proud father of a seven-and-one-half-pound baby girl, named "Shirley." Bobby Spaeth, Kansas' heavyweight champion, continues to rake in the money with his fleet of dump-trucks. The ex-footballer, who starred for Kansas State before he turned to a boxing career, will not fight until fall, then Spaeth will return for a Chicago appearance.

Your correspondent may be contacted by writing Max Yeargain, 2101 Potomac Drive, or calling him at 2-4188 day or night.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By Billy Colbert

BOXING has been very dull around the Twin Cities for the last month. Both clubs could not secure dates at the Auditoriums in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Tony Stecher is planning a big fight card featuring Del Flanagan, the lightweight contender.

Glen Flanagan is nursing a bad ear, hurt in a fight with Dave Shade at Duluth, Minn., last month.

Eddie Lacy, Minneapolis featherweight, has started a comeback. He won over Oliver Breton at Duluth in his first bout and looked very good. Breton gave Glen Flanagan a good fight on a recent St. Paul card.

The State Athletic Commission reduced the franchise fee for the amateur promoters in the Twin Cities from $750 to $350 and in Duluth from $500 to $200.

Spike McCarthy's new middleweight, Johnny Murphy, is winning all his fights around the Northwest. He is a big card in La Crosse and Eau Claire, Wis., where he scored a couple of knockouts.

Dave Garfinkle, the Minneapolis Barber, has applied for a boxing franchise in Minneapolis. Andy Skaff of the Ringside Gymnasium in Minneapolis is also interested in being a promoter in Minneapolis.

Sunny Sundal, an amateur champion before entering the service, is now back from San Diego. He has issued a challenge to all the middleweights around the Middle West. He won every Navy championship on the West Coast and will be managed by Don Buchan from Everly, Ia.

Emmet Weller, proprietor of Weller's Gym in St. Paul, has the largest stable of boxers, amateur or professional, and all the promoters contact him for boxers as Weller's fighters always put up a great fight. His amateurs won the team title at the Northwest Golden Gloves this year, the first time in the history of the Northwest event that a St. Paul team won the championship.

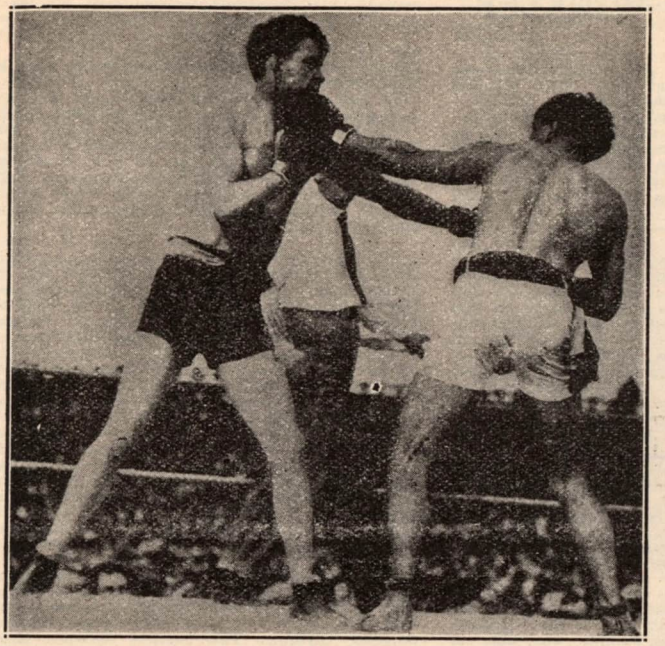
Humphries Norman Chessen, Duluth, is the manager of Bob Daniels of Duluth, a very good middleweight, who has been winning all his fights.

Lee Savold, St. Paul heavyweight, is getting his big chance when he meets Joe Louis in the Polo Grounds. All Lee's friends around the Twin Cities will be pulling for a quick knockout. Lee started his boxing career in St. Paul under the old master, Jock Malone.

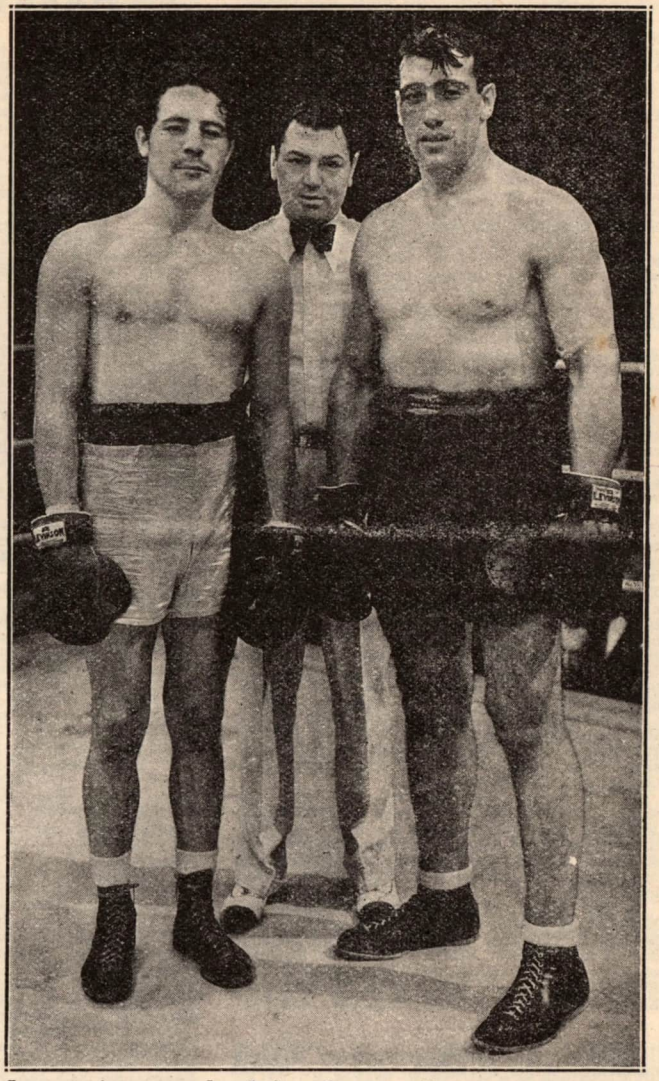
Stan Savold, a brother of Lee, is in St. Paul, and is manager of Bob Gallivan's Cafe on Wabasha Street. Stan, also a fighter, boxed all the best heavyweights, including Johnny Paychek, Gunnar Barlund, Johnny Cosgrove, and gave everybody a good fight.

Sam Savold, Lee's father, is in the oil business down in Texas. He originally came from Canby, Minn.

OLD TIMERS' ALBUM



In the last of the "marathon" brawls for the lightweight title, the youthful challenger, Ad Wolgast (right), outlasted the veteran champion, Battling Nelson, and stopped him in the 40th round at Point Richmond, Calif., February 22, 1910.



In a movie get-together before they actually met for the heavyweight title several months later, Challenger Max Baer (left), shapes up alongside Champion Primo Carnera, with Jack Dempsey as referee.

Great fighter, teacher and trainer, Middleweight Champion Tommy Ryan (right), played important role in development of Jim Jeffries. Here Jeff is seen practicing one of Ryan's lessons—to feint for body, draw down opponent's guard, then step in fast with right to jaw.

In his first fight after losing featherweight title, Abe Attell (right), was outpointed by lightweight Tommy Murphy in 20 rounds at Daly City, Calif., March 9, 1912.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

"IT doesn't pay to be careless, even in the last minute of a fight," said Willie Pep, after his bout with Eddie Chavez at San Francisco's Cow Palace. The featherweight king (in my book) was referring to the final round, in which Chavez hurt him with a left to the solar plexus and followed through with a two-fisted attack that kept Willie in trouble and won the round for Eddie. It was the only round won by Chavez, 134, although one of the judges favored the San Jose pride in two other heats.

Pep, 128, put on a masterful display of boxing, which, however, was not appreciated by a large part of the crowd, for brilliant boxing consists mainly of maneuvering and defensive tactics, which execution was making the local pride look very amateurish.

In seven of the rounds Pep made Chavez look like a rank beginner. He darted in and out, feinted his outclassed foe into openings and scored repeatedly, without return. Willie kept Chavez off balance with a fast left, crossed over rights to the head and dug left hooks into the body. Pep staggered Eddie several times with rights to the jaw, but only once—in the eighth—had Chavez hurt with them. Eddie didn't land a clean blow in any of these seven rounds and sometimes missed by as much as a foot.

Chavez scored with a couple of left hooks to the body in the 3rd, and landed a hard right to the head in the 4th, but didn't land another solid blow until the middle of the 10th round, when he put Pep into the ropes with a right. Then, as Pep came off the ropes Chavez shot a left into the pit of Willie's stomach that caused him to wince. Hurt by the blow, Pep backed off to recover his wind, but Chavez was on him like a tiger, trying desperately for a finishing punch. Eddie landed several head blows in the last minute of the fight and the crowd went wild.

A crowd of 10,386 paid in $42,608 to witness the Pep-Chavez go, which just about enabled Promoter Bill Kyne to break even on the show. Pep received a $15,000 guarantee and Chavez got 25% of the gate.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Felix Ramirez, 133, San Jose, proved too clever for Rudy Vasquez, 132, Glendale. It was a hard-fought go, the rugged, hard-hitting Vasquez making Felix step fast all the way, in spite of Ramirez winning 7 of the 8 rounds with his straight punching.

In the three prelims, Tommy Bazzano, 147, Middletown, Conn., won by T.K.O. from Bobby Saunders, 143, San Francisco, in the second, due to an eye cut; Buddy J (it could be Johnson), 151, Oakland, copped a close decision over Rudy Martinez, 148, Los Angeles, in six; Doug Kirby, 135, nodded Tommy Allen, 135, in a four.

Showing a will to win not displayed in previous bouts, Willie Bean, 203, climbed up off the floor and came on to cop a close decision over Pat Comiskey, 225, in a hard-fought 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Comiskey whipped over a left hook to Bean's chin late in the first round that dropped Willie as though he had been shot. Bean arose at count of seven and Comiskey went all out to finish him, but the giant Negro weathered the storm.

Comiskey belted Bean lustily in the second, but Willie can absorb terrific punishment. Bean took the offensive in the third and won the next five rounds with punches to Pat's stomach. Comiskey rallied in the 8th to win two of the last three heats and kept the other round even, which wound it up very close in the opinion of everyone except Referee Charlie Randolph.

In the semi, Bobby Brewer, 141, Pasadena, pulled an upset in rocking Joe Fisher, 138, Pueblo, to sleep in the opening round. Brewer, a terrific puncher, nailed Fisher on the chin with that overhand right.

Tommy Harrison, 170, beat Al Timmons, 178, in four; Juan Zavala, 141, disposed of A. J. Cox, 140, in the fourth; Chuck Edwards, 135, and Joey Perez, 138, had to settle for a technical draw in the third; Armando Felix, 117, decisioned Nick Ramos, 119, in four.

Although, for some reason, not the fighter he was a while back, it will take a bigger man, not a smaller one, to defeat Cecil Schoonmaker who successfully defended his state bantamweight title by winning every one of the twelve rounds in a contest with Johnny Ortega at Sacramento.

The courageous little Ortega, 110, tried all the way, but Cecil had too much ring savvy for him and this, along with an advantage in weight, reach and height, was too much of a handicap for Johnny. Schoonmaker, 115, closed Ortega's left eye and had him bleeding from the nose most of the way.

Bobby Geer, 116, decisioned Jimmy Espiritu, 117, in six; Bob Ward, 159, and Sonny Boy Harris, 162, had their bout declared a technical draw in the fourth because of a cut eye; Tommy Allen, 137, nodded Frankie Carter, 141, in four; Leroy Jones, 118, and Rosey Caballero, 120, drew in four.

When a man becomes a father he has added responsibilities and must bear down on the job he has to do. Even southpaws must not be a problem any more. Realizing this, Papa Aragon (Mrs. Aragon presented Art with a son the day before) knuckled down so hard on the job at hand—the shellacking of Harold ("Babyface") Jones—that Harold must have wondered what a Golden Boy was doing with brass knuckles.

Aragon handed Jones a terrific beating. He stalked Jones from the opening bell and although he missed often, due to his over-anxiousness to score a kayo, he had the Detroiter down as early as the second round and as late as the ninth. It was a right to the stomach that put Jones down in the 2nd, a jolt on the jaw that floored him in the 9th.

Aragon repeatedly staggered Harold with both lefts and rights, but the square-jawed Irishman is a real toughie and was still around at the final bell, albeit a badly pummeled warrior.

Joe Gurrola, 138, put Al Arenas, 135, down for the full count in the opening round of the semi with a left to the pit of the stomach; Tommy Umeda, 123, and Manuel Hernandez, 123, battled to another six-round draw, and were again showered with coins for their all-out effort; Keeny Teran, 118, disposed of Nick Ramos, 116, in the first round; Al Galindo, 142, stopped Joe Davis, 142, in the fourth.

It isn't every soldier who can add both to his prestige and his purse while on his furlough, but that is what Pct. Johnny Efhan, Stockton Filipino featherweight, was able to do. Efhan surprised in defeating Tony Espinoza, 130, Los Angeles Mexican, in an action-packed ten-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Espinoza started fast, but the stocky Filipino took over in the sixth round and had compiled the most points at the finish. There were many hot exchanges in the late rounds.

In supporting bouts, all four-rounders, Tommy Harrison, 171, again whipped Al Timmons, 176; Russ Gillam, 152, decisioned Loren Pro, 157; Juan Zavala, 144, beat Joe Davis, 144; Eddie Beltran, 134, defeated Johnny Richards, 133; Armando Felix, 117, nodded Nick Ramos, 119.

Although he won but two of the rounds, Emil Barao, 136, Hayward, chalked up as many points as El Conscripto, 144, Mexico, did in the six heats that he garnered, in their 10-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium. For, Barao came close to ending hostilities in those two rounds, the 5th and 9th, in which he floored the Mexican invader with terrific left hooks to the jaw. The other two heats were even and that adds up to a draw—which it was voted.

Conscripto (Tommy Lopez) did the faster and sharper punching, and scored repeatedly with short hooks and uppercuts at close quarters. Lopez also had the rugged Barao hurt in the 7th. It was a bruising battle all the way, but the smallest Oakland fight crowd in ten years witnessed it.

In the six-round semi-final, Baby Leroy, 131, Cincinnati, bested Felix Coleman, 132, Oakland.

A strong rally in the final round earned Georges Parmentier, Eureka behemoth, the decision over Frank Buford, Oakland heavy, in a 10-rounder at the Eureka Auditorium. It was their third meeting. Buford won the other two. Parmentier's aggressiveness and damaging body blows offset the Oaklander's superior boxing. Buford concentrated on counter-punching and scored more often than Georges, but his blows had little effect on the giant Frenchman.

The bout set an attendance record for Eureka, grossing $6,040, which just about makes it the "biggest little fight town on the Coast."

The semi-windup, in which Rusty Payne K.O.'ed Bert Mendoza in the second round, was one for the books!

In two four-rounders, Jimmy Smith, 148, Eureka, pounded out a close win over Bobby Saunders, 142, San Francisco; Irish Jimmy McCoy, 142, Portland, outpunched Bob Osborn, 150, Arcata.

That scheduled eight-rounder between Rusty Payne, Negro heavyweight of San Diego, and Bert Mindoza, a heavy middleweight of Cucamonga, is something that should be elaborated upon. Mendoza was down five times in the first round. Then, Referee Jack Rice halted the mismatch and declared it "no contest." This was a humane gesture, as well as a conscientious one and in the best interests of the sport. But a representative of the Athletic Commission overruled the referee and the slaughter continued. Mendoza was knocked out with a terrific blow to the stomach in the next round.

Enrique Bolanos again won a split decision in a 10-rounder with Tote Martinez at the Hollywood Stadium, but he did not impress.

Martinez has slipped much in recent months. The contest wasn't a thrilling one, but the pro-Bolanos crowd kept the interest tense. Martinez had piled up a lead with hit-and-run tactics, going into the 8th, but he faded in the stretch and Bolanos put on steam to win the final three rounds.

In the six-round semi, Irish Jimmy McCann, 147, punched out a win over Clifton Lester, 149.

In the four-rounders; Charlie Green, 158, whipped Tony Renteria, 159; Loren Pro, 159, bested Adrian Linares, 161, in a slugfest that brought on a shower of coins from the audience; Reuben Salazar, 133, won over Aaron Junior, 138; Butch Martinez, 145, nodded Silent Benjamin, 142.

The first professional boxing show staged in Richmond (a few miles north of Oakland) in many years, was a novel one, it being a free show, yet not open to the public. That's right, there was no admission charged, but the local boxing fans could not take advantage of it. And for good reason. The Richmond city officials paid the cost of the program, which was staged in the new Municipal Auditorium, and the spectators were wounded servicemen and veterans from the Korean front.

The feature bout of this opening card was a ten-rounder between Wes Echols, 159, Atwater, and Pedro Jiminez, 161, Vallejo. No one should be surprised to hear that Echols won handily. Wes decked the veteran trial-horse for a 6-count in the fourth.

Jimmy Savala, 138, Madera, decisioned Juan Zavala, 138, Mexico, in the six-round semi.

Showing much improvement and appearing ready for our more highly rated lightweights, Manuel Madrid punched out an easy win over Chu Chu Jiminez in a ten-rounder at the Los Angeles Olympic. This contest between these promising youngsters figured to be a highly exciting and closely fought contest, but it lacked thrills and turned out to be a rather one-sided affair. Madrid proved the better fighter at both long range and in-close milling. Each weighed 137.

In the semi, Manuel Hernandez, 124, and Tommy Umeda, 121, fought another lively six-round draw. Umeda was leading at end of fourth, but Hernandez rushed him all over the ring in the final two heats, to even it.

In three prelims, Lavert Smith, 130, decisioned Tony Olivas, 128, in a six; Aaron Junior, 140, nodded Dino Burns, in four; Edgar Flowers, 144, beat Silent Benjamin, 144, in the opener.

Suffering his fourth consecutive defeat, Reuben Smith, 124, former state flyweight champion and one of the best in the country at that time, no longer seems to be a member of the "promising" group. Bobby Why, 126, hard-punching Mexican of Los Angeles, handed Smith the setback.

Why was punishing Smith so severely in their clash at the Ocean Park Arena, that the bout was halted in the 7th and awarded to Bobby by T.K.O. Why had been in command throughout.

In supporting bouts, all four-rounders, Iish Jimmy McCann, 141, knocked Baby Ike, 143, out of the local picture by chilling him in the first round of the semi; Loren Pro, 156, and Russ Gillam, 150, fought a draw; Tello Cruz, 136, whipped Angel Arrega, 136; Butch Martinez, 146, bested Tommy Blevins, 136; Edgar Flowers, 143, nodded Zelito Juarez, 137.

Promoter Mike Hirsch has rung down the curtain on boxing at his Ocean Park Arena for an indefinite period. Hirsch has been in a tough spot ever since interest in boxing took a nose-dive several months ago. For years, through influential matchmaking, Mike was able to book first-class fighters at his little club, but when the attendance dropped, he could no longer secure top-flight boxers to fight on a percentage basis, and his patrons, accustomed to witnessing first-class attractions, wouldn't turn out for the "small club" performers.

Closing of the Ocean Park Arena is a serious blow to boxing in the Los Angeles area, which now has but two clubs operating, whereas, at one time there were as many as eight clubs running weekly. However, there are hopes of the beach arena re-opening before many weeks, as the talent situation seems to be improving, and Mike Hirsch, although doing well with wrestling, is a boxing man at heart.

As George Main, sports scribe of a Los Angeles paper said, "At least it's a restful fight," aptly described the 10-rounder between Tommy Campbell, 138, and Charlie Salas, 147, at the Hollywood Stadium. Not that it was a painful bout to watch for the principals were active and did some clever boxing, but there were no exciting exchanges, no determined spurts, and seemingly no desire to knock the foe out, down—or somewhere.

So, as Main mentioned, the spectators could just sit back and relax which, however, is what a fight fan does not enjoy doing. A good crowd ($6,488) turned out for the clash, figuring that Salas would furnish the spark to start off a lot of fistic fireworks. Charlie was content to make a boxing contest of it, in which he played second-fiddle most of the way.

Campbell was best at long range with a fast

left jab and had the better of the infighting by hooking short lefts to both head and body. The decision to Campbell was unanimous.

In the semi, Rafael Gutierrez, 149, Mexico, won over Jimmy Hays, 146, in an exciting, closely fought six-rounder.

In the four-rounders, Charlie Green, 158, decisioned Tony Renteria, 159; Oscar Reyes, 148, and Edgar Flowers, 144, drew; Tello Cruz, 137, beat Aaron Junior, 139; Eddie Beltran, 132, stopped Pete Aguirre, 128, in the fourth round.

Aggressiveness and solid punches to the body earned Rusty Payne, San Diego veteran, a split decision over Eddie Cotton, Seattle middleweight, in a 10-rounder at the Eureka Auditorium. The weights were announced as Payne, 175, Cotton, 166. It was an action fight, with both men tossing heavy punches.

The setto was about even at the end of the 7th, then Cotton tired and Payne won both the 8th and 9th heats. Eddie rallied to punch out an edge in the 10th, but he still was a round behind on the tabs of Referee Al Camilli and one of the judges. The house grossed $3,170.

Joe Gonzales, 160, San Francisco, K.O.'ed Chuck Donahue, 164, Arcata, 4; Irish Jimmy McCoy, 142, Portland, iced Crawford Mullins, 146, Seattle, 4; Bob Osborn, 150, Arcata, and Frank Skidmore, 148, San Francisco, fought to a draw, 5; Gene Campbell, 158, Eureka, stopped Jack West, 165, of the Coast Guard, 1.

In one of the above-mentioned preliminary bouts, Referee Jack Rice penalized a boxer eight points for fouling, after warning the fighter four times for using "rabbit" punches and hitting low. Here is a referee who believes that rules were made to be enforced and dishes out penalties to fit the offenses, an action little practiced by most of our referees. From where I sit, Eureka has a referee who rates a medal.

After dropping the first three rounds to Dick Wolfe, of Portland, in their 10-rounder at the San Francisco Winterland, Alex Amador took over in the 4th, and from then on to the end of the 8th, the 'Frisco fighter handed the Indian a lacing. The Portlander came out with added warpaint in the 9th and they slugged it out all during the round, and repeated the swapfest in the final round, neither having an advantage.

The three early rounds in which Wolfe's weaving style confused the 'Frisco fighter, were the only heats credited to the bushy-haired Indian. Amador's five winning rounds earned him the unanimous decision.

In ther bouts, Jose Ochea, 194, Idaho, K.O.'ed Mel Modesti, 187, in the sixth and final round of the semi; Buddy J (it could be Jensen), 150, iced Edgar Jones, 151, in the fifth; Bobby Geer, 116, bested Sammy Garcia, 116, in a six.

Two welterweights from below the Border, Nick Moran, Mexico's champion, and El Conscripto (Tomas Lopez) persistent challenger, continued their fistic feud at the Los Angeles Olympic. And there is no need of them mixing it again when they get back home, for Moran, in winning this one, has now defeated Conscripto three times. It was a dandy scrap, but witnessed by a small crowd.

Moran was much the better boxer, but Conscripto's aggressiveness and heavier punching kept the contest on even terms for seven rounds. Conscripto rocked Moran several times with hard blows, but was too slow in following up his advantages, and when he tired in the 8th, Nick came on fast to punch out an edge in the final three rounds.

In the six-round semi, Tommy Umeda, 122, Seattle, proved too cute for Johnny Malloy, 124, Marine southpaw.

In the four-rounders, Joe Fisher, 137, Pueblo, laced Tello Cruz, 137; Oscar Reyes, 149, whipped Joe Davis, 144; Jimmy Ingram, 173, won over Walter Landry, 169; Rocky Finnegan, 152, defeated Silent Benjamin, 142.

In winning handily over Bobby Bell, 126, Youngstown, in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium, Fabala Chavez, 127, chalked up his third straight win since returning to Los Angeles. And it was his best performance of the three.

Chavez was the faster and sharper of the two, and was credited with 7 of the rounds. Bell copped two heats, the 5th and 9th, when he forced Fabala around the ring with a two-fisted attack, and he swapped it out on even terms with Chavez in the 8th, but those were the only three heats that Bobby took the offensive. However, Fabala's solid rights to the body may have had something to do with the Ohioan's reluctance to lead more often.

In the semi, Dean Hubbard, 173, Reno, pounded out a six-round decision over Paul Pargo, 173.

In the prelims, Keeny Teran, 116, laced Armando Felix, 118, in a four; Leroy Richards, 126, decisioned Johnny Malloy, 125, in four; Loren Pro, 158, beat Russ Gillam, 151, in four; Juan Zavala, 146, and Edgar Flowers, 145, fought a draw.

A left hook to the pit of the stomach in the 8th round put a sudden end to a conflict between Joe Lopez, 133, Sacramento, and Augustine Vega, 135, Mexico City, being waged at the Oakland Auditorium. It was Lopez who plant-ed the punch, Vega who had his wind knocked out. Lopez was slightly ahead at the time, but it had been a close, sizzling setto. Vega rocked Joe with a solid right to the jaw just before Lopez doubled him up with that left to the midsection.

Joe Gonzalez, 162, and Lepp Webster, 157, fought six rounds to a draw in the feature prelim.

Jim Jeffries, greatest of all the heavyweight champions, celebrated his 76th birthday during the month. This year the party for him was confined to his close friends, for those big public affairs are becoming too tiring for the Champ, who is not enjoying good health. Jeff, a dear old fellow to all who know him, always appreciates greetings from his old acquaintances and followers, so I am giving his address to those of you who might like to extend such greetings to this great fighter.

But, I beg that none of you bother him for his photograph, as I assure you that he has none to give out. (Such photos can be purchased from THE RING.) And do not expect an answer to your letters, as Jeff is not up to it at this time. The address is Jas. J. Jeffries, 2422 W. Victory Blvd., Burbank, Calif.

Russ Newland, San Francisco Sports Editor for the Associated Press, after witnessing the Pacific Coast Inter-Collegiate Championships, reported: "The college people have outdistanced the professionals in making boxing faster, safer and more interesting. College boxing is refreshingly different. It is filled with action and replete with sportsmanship. Illegal blows are a mark of shame. There are no sneak punches. Repeated clinching is non-existent."

There you have it. And this is what I have had in mind when harping on foul fighting. It is distasteful to the spectators.

LEST I FORGET—California boxing fans were more than a little shocked to hear of John L. Davis' retirement, due to an eye ailment. There was no suspicion of Davis having trouble with his eyesight, and Harry Fine is to be highly complimented for his insistence that John stop boxing immediately Fine has been more than a manager to Davis. . . . With Davis now out of the picture, the scramble is on for John's state lightweight title, as well as for recognition as a contender for the Ike Williams' crown. For we do have a number of the good lightweights here in California. . . . Bobby O'Dowd, one of the swellest little guys in the boxing game, has returned to Chicago with his pretty wife. And with apologies to Winchell, I predict that he will soon be handing out cigars to the gang in the Windy City.

Bakersfield is to have professional boxing for the first time in several years. Promoter Steve Strelich, who has been staging amateur boxing and wrestling, puts on his first pro show this month. . . . Hap Navarro, assistant to Cal Working at Hollywood Stadium, is to be matchmaker for the Bakersfield club. . . . Chu Chu Jiminez, the young boxer with the fine tenor voice, has made a couple of discs for Globe Records. . . . The colorful Los Angeles featherweight, Irish Jackie McCoy, has been on the sick list for the past three months. . . . Mrs. Aragon presented the Golden Boy with a little gold nugget, and if you know Art, you know the little newcomer's name. Yeah, Arthur, Jr. . . . Amateur boxing is now being staged at the Valley Arena in North Hollywood. Eddie Stanton is putting on the shows. This arena and South Gate are the only two amateur clubs in the Los Angeles area, whereas, at one time there were twelve of them operating every week.

The talent shortage out here has been somewhat relieved in recent weeks and this writer is pleased to know that he has had a part in it. A few out-of-state boxers with whom I have corresponded are already here and I am receiving letters every day from others requesting information on the situation. Anyone making inquiry should give all possible information on themselves, such as experience, age, weight, nationality, dependents and record, if any.

For a prompt reply, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address—Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

DENVER AND VICINITY

W. G. (Bill) Thomas, Jr.

DENVER—Denver amateur boxers won over Cleveland in an intercity match here at City Auditorium. Denver fighters won five of the eight bouts before 2,000 cheering fans.

Here are the results: 112 pounds—Junior Trujillo, Denver, decisioned Leon Parker, Cleveland; 118 pounds—Rudy Ankele, Denver, decisioned William Cherry, Cleveland; 126 pounds—Joe Mareno, Denver, won over Al Phillips, Cleveland; 135 pounds—Billy Sanchez, Denver, copped the nod over Ray Jefferson, Cleveland; 147 pounds—Rudy Gwinn, Cleveland, K.O.'ed Bob Johnson, Denver, in two; 160 pounds—Willie Finney, Cleveland, won by a T.K.O. over Pete Suminas, Denver, in the second round; 175 pounds—Bobby Jackson, Cleveland, decisioned Jasper Colson, Denver; heavyweight—Edwin Horsechief, Denver, knocked out Billy Swansinger, Cleveland, in the first round.

The show was held under the auspices of the Denver Elks and the proceeds went to their charity fund.

The writer's address is 4313 Sheridan Boulevard, Denver, Colo.

ADDITIONAL BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

CARL "BOBO" OLSON, 167, fighting as a full-fledged light-heavyweight, drew notice that he'll be a national contender in that division before long by knocking out veteran Lloyd Marshall, 168, of Sacramento, Calif., in 1:03 of the fifth of a scheduled tenner at the Civic Auditorium.

The end came unexpectedly. After exploding a stiff right, Olson followed up with a hard left and another right. Marshall sank to the floor and was counted out.

In the earlier rounds Marshall more than held his own and appeared for a while as if he would prove too tough and ringwise for Olson. Taking the offensive from the start he scored with telling left hooks to the body and several hard rights to the jaw.

The second was a most torrid round. Midway in this canto Marshall connected with a terrific right to Olson's jaw. The blow was a bit high but it was hard enough to send Olson sprawling to the floor. Olson took a nine-count.

When Olson came up, Marshall, trying for the finisher, waded in almost defenseless. Olson needed but a few seconds to recover completely and suddenly caught Marshall with a solid left to the jaw. Only the bell saved him from being knocked out in this round.

The third and the first half of the fourth rounds were fought on even terms. Late in the fourth Olson started connecting regularly and had Marshall in distress on a couple of occasions.

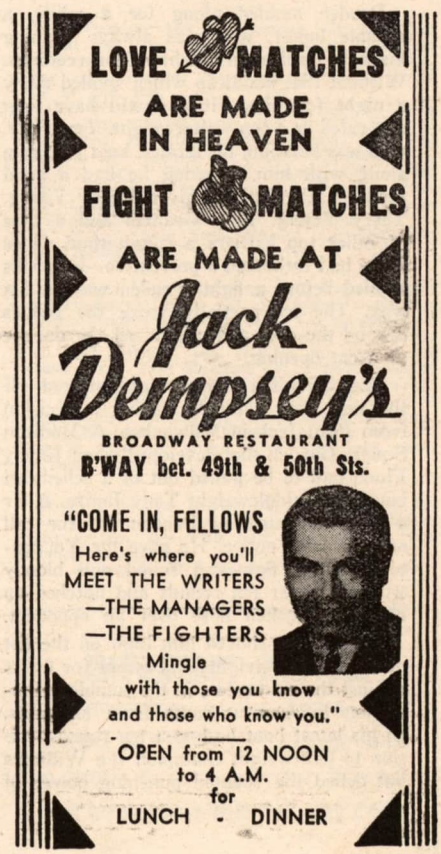
The fight drew 2,210 fans for a gross gate of $4,025.30.

Henry Davis, 133½, knocked out Placido Torres, 127¼, in the fifth round. While the fight lasted, unknown Torres put up a good fight.

Davis, after connecting with several good lefts in the fifth round, followed up a hard right with a barrage of lefts and rights and never let up until Torres sagged to the floor to be counted out.

Leo Tolentino, 134½, unable to continue fighting because of a cut eye, was awarded the decision over Peter Rosado, 134¾, in the third round. He was leading on points when the bout was stopped.

Masa Goda, 135, T.K.O.'ed Danny Hanakahi, 134¼, in the third of four. Toki Tengan, 133, decisioned Dalino Matias, 133, in a four.



LEFTS ARE RIGHT

(Continued from page 40)

place of awkwardly thrown punches. He was coming along nicely and had filled out his gangling six foot, three and a half inch frame. Daly was silently pleased with the results. Now if he could only fight!

Wilding made his American debut in a scheduled six rounder at Madison Square Garden on March 2, his opponent being Nash Karahan, billed as being from Istanbul, Turkey.

The fight did not go beyond a round for the British boy, showing well the schooling he had received from Savold, kept sticking a left into his opponent's face so effectively that Karahan's nose was bashed in and he couldn't come out for the second round. The performance was too short to pass judgment on what Wilding's capabilities might be and the opponent was much too inept to offer any serious opposition. But the Liverpudlian did everything asked of him and you can't win a fight in much less than three minutes. Several weeks later, again at the Garden, Wilding halted Clyde Williams in three rounds, and in his latest effort halted Bill Browning in one round in Chicago.

Wilding had twenty-four professional bouts before coming to the States. He began his career—very inauspiciously—on December 22, 1947, by being stopped in three rounds by one Ron Warren. Since that time he has scored 16 knockouts, been halted twice (back in 1948), fought three draws and won five decisions. Wilding has been undefeated in his last nineteen bouts.

A railway clerk, it looks as if Wilding might have punched his own ticket for a fast express on the heavyweight line.

The combination of Daly, Pelte and Savold can also take credit for the sudden emergence of Wilfred (Fitzie) Pruden as a contender in the welterweight scramble.

Pruden ambled along for a while, a capable boxer, who was always winning his fight until a cut eye halted proceedings. Without that handicap which spoiled many a night for him, Fitzie would have long ago rated as a top welterweight. Tex Pelte, who was handling his affairs, kept plugging along with him, knowing he had a good prospect. Pruden had given Paddy Young, Terry Young, Billy Graham and a host of other top battlers a rough time. Once Pelte had fathomed a preventive—ice packs applied before a fight, Pruden was on his way. The ice partially froze the tissues around the eyes and minimized the danger of a cut opening.

The Canadian welterweight started off the new year right by taking a decision from Beau Jack in Milwaukee. A Madison Square Garden shot developed when Jimmy Flood had to be pulled out of a scheduled bout with middleweight Tony Janiro. After a little maneuvering Pruden got the call on two days' notice. He gave the Youngstown, Ohio, fighter a sound and bloody trouncing over ten rounds and notched up his sixth broken nose over an opponent.

The victory shoved him high on the list of rated welterweights and offers for fights against the contenders in the jumbled elimination tournament came from all parts. In his latest bout he lost a ten round decision to lightweight champion Ike Williams but defied the vaunted punching power of his opponent and kept intact his record of not having been floored in four years.

Pruden, twenty-three years old and hailing from St. Catharine's, Canada, started fighting professionally in 1947 in the small clubs around New York. To date he has scored twenty-five knockouts, won twenty-one decisions, lost six on points and been halted in five bouts.

His style now shows a marked resemblance to that of Savold's. It is getting to be a regular habit to see a Savold-trained fighter keep shooting out his left at his opponent in a dizzying and disconcerting manner. Few fighters today have a good left jab but it is one of the primary and essential weapons of boxing.

The success of the Daly and Pelte stable might be the start of a trend toward more clever boxing for their fighters are showing what a little more proper training and conditioning can do for a fighter.

Savold, Pruden and Wilding—three of a kind—their lefts are right.

CONNECTICUT RING NEWS
By Don Hamill

WATERBURY Sports Center—Charley Eagle, 191, veteran Waterbury battler, racked up his second win in his comeback by taking an eight-round decision from Claude Rolfe, 188, New York. The 36-year-old Eagle won handily despite a first-round knockdown. Rolfe was on the floor himself from a right-hand smash to the belly in the fifth round.

Irish Pat Mallane, 136, Union City, left hooked his way to a six-round decision over Lem Harvey, 136, New York, in the semi-final. Jamie Edwards, 168, New York, scored four knockdowns in stopping Beach Jones, 167, Naugatuck, in a four-rounder.

Waterbury Sports Center—Johnny Cesario, 147, Hartford, outpunched Charley Earley, 146, San Francisco, Calif., in the eight-round feature. Cesario used a stiff left jab and continually beat Earley to the punch to build up a lead in the first six rounds before he tired. He then tied up Earley, preventing him from opening up any kind of an offensive to keep the final two heats even.

Irish Pat Mallane, 134, Union City, continued his winning ways by belting out Moses Coleman, 132, Paterson, N. J., in 30 seconds of the first round. Frank Keating, 150, Wallingford, also scored a quickie by putting Arthur Lynch, 147, Clifton, N. J., out of commission in the first round with a left hook.

Bill Conway, retired referee from East Hartford, was honored by the Connecticut Boxing Guild, April 19, at Club Ferdinando in Hartford. The occasion was the third annual dinner for the Guild and like the others it was well attended. Art McGinley, sports editor of the Hartford *Times*, was toastmaster. Speakers were: Ruby Goldstein, noted battler of an earlier era and currently one of New York's better referees; State Athletic Commissioner Frank Cerlanek; Rev. George Donahue of Norwich; Billy Prince, former state athletic commissioner; Charley Blossfield, president of the Hartford Chiefs; Bill Lee, sports editor of the Hartford *Courant;* Sam Cohen, sports editor of the Bridgeport *Herald;* Pete Perrone, president of the Guild, and sportscasters Bob Steele of WTIC and Jack Smith of WDRC. Conway was presented a trophy awarded annually to the Guild's selection of boxing's man of the year and a television set.

Frank Cerlanek, recently appointed boxing commissioner, although a newcomer to boxing, has a few ideas that are worth considering. Scoring of fights in the past has been a maximum of five points given to the winner of the round and accordingly to the loser or if the round is a draw, five points are given to each contestant. Regardless of the margin one fighter would have over another, the rounds, in most cases, were scored 5-4. The commissioner is anxious to get away from this method and feels that although a fighter is the winner of a round, if he is not aggressive and putting forth his best efforts, he should not be given the full five points. The idea should serve as an incentive for more action.

He has another move to add incentive to the bouts. The referee's scoring is announced at the end of each round. The referee is the only one who renders a decision in Connecticut as there are no judges. These plans, on trial at the present time, were tested at the two shows held during the month.

Here and There Around the State—Promoter Nate Podoloff of New Haven announces the resumption of fistic activity in the New Haven Arena with Charley Brown as matchmaker. . . . Frank Keating, Wallingford welterweight, turned pro during the month in White Plains by scoring a kayo over Dino Ascatigno. . . . Ed Jackwyn, Hartford amateur lightweight, is now in the Navy. He won the A.A.U. tournament held in San Diego and is to fight for the West Coast title. . . . Eddie Oliver, bright looking Windsor Locks welterweight prospect, whipped Red Perkins, Ken Parsley (twice) and stopped Walter Gomes, to keep his record intact. . . . This writer's address is 367 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

IOWA, SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By Bill Hawkins

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Mildred Burke successfully defended her women's wrestling crown by scoring consecutive falls over Mae Young in a hair-pulling melee at the Sioux City Auditorium. Miss Burke, 138, put her opponent, who weighed 142, away with a judo drop in 12 minutes and 57 seconds to gain the first fall. Miss Burke took the second fall in 8 minutes and 11 seconds with a series of body slams. Although defeated, Miss Young displayed excellent ability on the mat with her complete knowledge of various armlocks and half nelsons.

In the semi-windup, Verne Gagne, junior heavyweight champion of the world, met his match when he locked horns with Mike DiBiase, Nebraska heavyweight, and the match ended in a draw. Gagne won the first fall with a series of dropkicks in 15 minutes and 8 seconds but he suffered a deep gash on his head when he was belted out of the ring. DiBiase took the second fall with a rolling leg split in 25 minutes and 19 seconds. Gagne was content to backpedal throughout the rubber fall, and the result was a draw when time ran out.

In the opening bout, Barney Bernard, 265, Kansas City, scored a victory over Cowboy Eddie Meeker, 240, Great Falls, Mont., with a series of body slams in 8 minutes and 36 seconds in a one-fall match.

Sioux City, Ia.—Leo Mahon and Don Emmick, South Sioux City, Nebr., boxing promoters, staged a slashing boxing card at the Sioux City Auditorium. A total of 2,600 fans turned out for the card. Gayus Outhouse, battling an unorthodox youngster by the name of Irish Pat O'Grady of Omaha, scored a T.K.O. in the fifth round of a billed eight-rounder. The Omaha welterweight received a sound licking before Referee Bob Morley stopped the match. The clever Outhouse's jabs opened a deep cut on O'Grady's forehead.

Twin brother Gale Outhouse, loser here in March by the kayo route to hard-punching Nelson Levering, returned to excellent form with a decision over Gene Jackson, Omaha welter, in the other half of the double main event. Very clever but a very light puncher, Jackson lost every one of the eight rounds.

Charlie Foster, Omaha lightweight and brother of the late Vince Foster, put DeWayne DeCora, Sioux City, on the deck twice in the first round and punched the Sioux Cityan at will to gain a four-round decision. Harold Hulit, Macy, Neb., middleweight and conqueror of Gus Kempf, the South Dakota sensation, added another victim to his record when he punched out a six-round decision over Leonard Craig of Omaha. Hulit, a perpetual motion battler with the old Harry Greb style, scored with punches from every angle. George Blackstone, Omaha welter, and Eddie Simmons, Sioux City, battled to a four-round draw.

Last Minute Sparks—Pinkie George of Des Moines, one of Iowa's leading boxing and wrestling promoters, paid Sioux City a visit and had a big day meeting old friends. . . . Max Clayton, Omaha promoter, was another recent caller in Sioux City. . . . With both wrestling and boxing getting a strong foothold here, backers of the fistic and mat sports are keeping a close eye on both sports. . . . Russell Tague of Eldrige, Ia., coming 22-year-old featherweight, scored his 27th kayo in 28 consecutive bouts by stopping Al Roberts of Chicago recently at Chicago. . . . Tague, who scales in at 127, carries a terrific straight right-hand punch that is curtains when it lands. . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, director of promotions for the Sioux City Auditorium Activities, Inc., reports he is trying to line up a big-name boxing card for the summer months. . . . A spot check shows that boxing and wrestling fans drive 75 to 100 miles to attend the cards in Sioux City.

The Mail Bag—To G. L., Woonsocket, S. D.: Suggest you read over THE RING Book Shop ad. . . . To K. H. at St. Louis, Mo.: Mike DeBiase is a former Big "7" college conference wrestling champion. . . . To J. K. at New York: Miss Georgia Steen is a very good lady wrestler. I think she will be rated as one of the best. Last reports that I have, she was booking under Scotty Sullivan and Henry Kolln of Sioux Falls. . . . To J. L. at Portland, Ore.: Get one of the record books from THE RING and you will find the records of the heavyweight champions.

Mail will reach this writer at 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia. . . . Our phone number is 8-6849.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By Lewis Eskin

RAMBLING Around: The big news of the month is the fact that Lee Savold, veteran Patersonite who holds European recognition as heavyweight champion, will meet former champ, Joe Louis, on June 13 in New York's Polo Grounds in a battle which will net the winner a shot at Ezzard Charles' world title in September. Lee has a very good chance of winning as there is no doubt that Louis is a long way down hill and in Savold he will be facing a cute fighter who can still punch hard with both hands.

Commissioner Abe Greene hopes to stir up interest in Jersey boxing by sponsoring eliminations in every class to crown state champions. In the first of these bouts, Ralph Giordano upset Sonny Luciano in a welter scrap. I think that this is a very good idea and if run right will give a lot of good youngsters a real chance to show their ability. Some of these youngsters who should be given a chance are Murray Levine, Ernie Koutnick, Norman Thompson, Archie McBride, Tony Cimmino, Vince Martinez, Johnny Kamber, Gene Jones, Charley Slaughter, Johnny Breeze, Al Wilson, Leslie Petteway, Claude Hammond, Jimmy Cerrello, Tony Amato and a lot more.

Gene Jones lost a close bout to German Heavyweight King Hein Ten Hoff in Germany, but scored an eight count knockdown over the big Hein, and that is something that Jersey Joe Walcott couldn't do. I hope that when Gene comes back home he will be given a chance to show his ability, which I think rates him near the top.

Results of the month—Laurel Garden, Newark: Jimmy Cerello, 161, Hoboken, ran his unbeaten streak to 26, but just about edged out Tough Tony Amato, 157, Guttenberg, after eight torrid rounds. Cerello's rally in the last two rounds pulled him through. Tex Gonzales, 149, East Orange, looked very classy in outpointing Joey Greco, 150, Jersey City, in six.

Chuck Davis, 145½, N.Y.C., KO'ed Al Capers, 148, Phila., in 1:41 of the third. Leroy Allen, 158, Paterson, outpunched Willie Stewart, 151, Newark, four; Gene Tackash, 137, Trenton, defeated Jimmy Stamford, 140, Newark, four, and Ernie Rivers, 136, Montclair, defeated Jack Nicholsen, 139, Garfield, four.

Carmine Fiore, 143½, Brooklyn left hook artist, made an impressive Newark debut by punching out a hard fought win over Billy Wyatt, 151, Trenton, at the end of eight rounds. Fiore who has scored over some of the better welters began to tire in the late rounds under the eight pounds weight pull of Wyatt's and Billy closed fast.

Chuck Goldsby, 166, Washington, D.C., scored his 10th KO in 11 fights when he stopped Van Butler, 161, Trenton, due to a cut eye in the second. Jimmy Milligan, 159, Paterson, rallied to outpunch Cass Sugalski, 160, Newark, in a wild punching duel, six; Andy McClintock, 201, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., halted George Mavrtick, 192, Elizabeth, in three, and Sonny Bishop, 122, Trenton, won from Al Pompino, 128, Little Falls, four.

Chic Boucher, 138, New York, held off a late surge by Andy Viserto, 140, also from New York, to win a decision at the end of eight quick moving rounds. Chic who sustained a cut eye in the sixth piled up an early lead and then hung on to win.

Gene Tackash, 136, Trenton, stopped Jimmy Stamford, 139½, Newark, in five rounds. Gene looked very good. Clifton Murphy, 187, Paterson, and Percy Allen, 194, Jackson Heights, N. Y., went six slow rounds to a draw. Leroy Allen, 158, Paterson, outpunched Ross Johnson, 164, Newark, four. Ernie Rivers, 136, Montclair, outpointed Mike DeStefano, 132, Trenton, four. Jack Nicholsen, 140, Garfield, stopped Charley Venable, 137, Newark, in the fourth. Venable was taken to the hospital and detained overnight for observation.

Ralph Giordano, 138, Newark, used roughhouse bulling tactics and a swinging left hook to score a big upset over Johnny (Sonny) Luciano, 140, Paterson, in an action filled eight rounder. Ralph making his first eight round start surprised by getting stronger in the late rounds. It was his 26th win in 32 bouts, while Luciano lost his third in 50 fights. Tex Gonzales, 149, East Orange, scored his second straight win as a pro by halting Lou Romano, 149½, Montreal, in 1:20 of the first. Tex scored two knockouts, both with a solid left hook. Arnold Curry, 143, New York, outpointed Ernie Knight, 137½, Trenton, in six rounds. Willie Troy, 147½, N.Y.C., stopped Whitman Burrea, 142, Philadelphia, two. Sonny Bishop, 120, Trenton, scored another good win by KO'ing Freddy Littlejohn, 118, Paterson, 1:39 of the first. Ray Griffith, 145, Summit, KO'ed Jerry Westbrook, 141, Paterson, in only 29 seconds of the first.

Carmine Fiore, 143½, Brooklyn left hooker, scored his second straight win in Newark rings when he stopped game Richie Cannady, 148½, Newark, in 0:57 of the fourth round. Richie was saved by the bell ending the third round, and was soon in trouble at the start of the fourth. It was a close slugging match for the first two rounds with Cannady holding a slight edge.

In a fast moving six rounder Jimmy Milligan, 154, Pompton Lakes, won another close punching duel from Cass Sugalski, 159½, Newark. George Johnson, 154½, Trenton comer, scored his best win to date when he stopped Henry Burroghs, 154, Brooklyn, in 2:11 of the fifth round. Andy McClintock, 201, Poughkeepsie, and Cesar Bolin, 199, Trenton, went four rounds to a draw. Ray Griffith, 148, Summit, outpointed Johnny LaSane, 150, Paterson, in a fast four. Kid Hatcher, 138, Miami, Fla., won over Ernie Rivers, 137, Montclair, in a good four rounder.

These great bouts are televised each week over Channel 13 starting at 8:30 p.m. with Fred Salves doing a real bang up job with the chit chat.

The winners of the Hensler Watch awards on the first four above shows were, Tex Gonzales, Cass Sugalski, Gene Tackash and Ray Griffith.

Elizabeth, N. J., Hungarian Hall: Ernie Koutnick, 140, Paterson, held off a late rally by Murray Levine, 135, Bayonne, to win a close eight round decision over the scrappy Bayonne boy who had beaten Ernie last month in a Florida ring. It was a good fight and despite a badly cut left eye Ernie won out.

Charley Slaughter, 130, Westfield, was upset by fast punching Bobby Barclay, 133, N.Y.C., in six action packed rounds. Hal Johnson, 144, Passaic, KO'ed Maurice Jenkins, 144, Newark, 1:54 of round one. Fred Massina, 132, Paterson, decisioned John Piccini, 138, Newark, four. Al Pompino, 130, Little Falls, KO'ed Jim Witherspoon, 132, N.Y.C., one, and Norman Thatch, 150, Summit, KO'ed Bobby O'Hara, 152, Brooklyn, one.

Billy Bossio, 121, Pittsburgh, hammered his way to a onesided eight round win over game Danny Falcone, 121, Hartford. Falcone was outclassed all the way and failed to win a round. Bossio was just too fast a puncher for Danny to cope with. Joe Tomasello, 153, Matawan, scored another KO when he stopped Jay Orr, 154, Brooklyn, in 1:41 of the fourth. Leroy Allen outslugged Dom Zimbardo in four fast rounds. Allen, 158, Paterson, and Zimbardo, 162, Union, turned in the best seen here in a long time. Artie Gilman, 124, N.Y.C., halted Charley Woodard, 124, N.Y.C., two. Jimmy Johnson, 160, L.I.C., scored over Duke Koerkle, 156, Bayonne, four, and Fred Massina, 134, Paterson, drew with Claude D'Arcy, 140, Glendale, N. Y., four.

Joey Carkido, 148, Youngstown, O., vet, took a close and very unpopular decision over fast rising young Norman Thompson, 147, Paterson, after eight rounds. Joey, boxing cutely, closed fast to just win.

Dick Wilson, 149, Waldwick, KO'ed highly rated comer Itzy Wallach, 145, N.Y.C., in 1:03 of the first. Hal Johnson, 143, Passaic, remained unbeaten by outclassing Sonny Coleman, 144, N.Y.C., four. Jimmy McKenzie, 125, Nova Scotia, KO'ed Bobby Urbin, 119, Paterson, two. Ray Griffiths, 148, Summit, defeated George McGlick, 156, Passaic, four, and Lem Harvey, 138, N.Y.C., won from Russell Cormier, 137, Nova Scotia, four.

Elizabeth: Vince Martinez, 150, Paterson, outpunched Larry Gassa, 153, Brooklyn, in six fast rounds. Vince was just too classy for his game foe.

Phil Modica, 145, N.Y.C., came off the deck to stop Cliff Dobbins, 149, N.Y.C., in 2:54 of the second round. Fred Massina, 135, Paterson, KO'ed George Jackson, 138, also from Paterson, 1:15 of the first. Frankie Perrotta, 138, N.Y.C., won from Rudy McPherson, 140, Brooklyn, four. Lorry Edwards, 148, Elizabeth, made his pro bow by drawing with Jackie Nicholsen, 144, Garfield, four.

Prospect of the Month, George Johnson, 19-year-old Trenton welterweight, who is undefeated since turning pro with four knockouts in five winning bouts.

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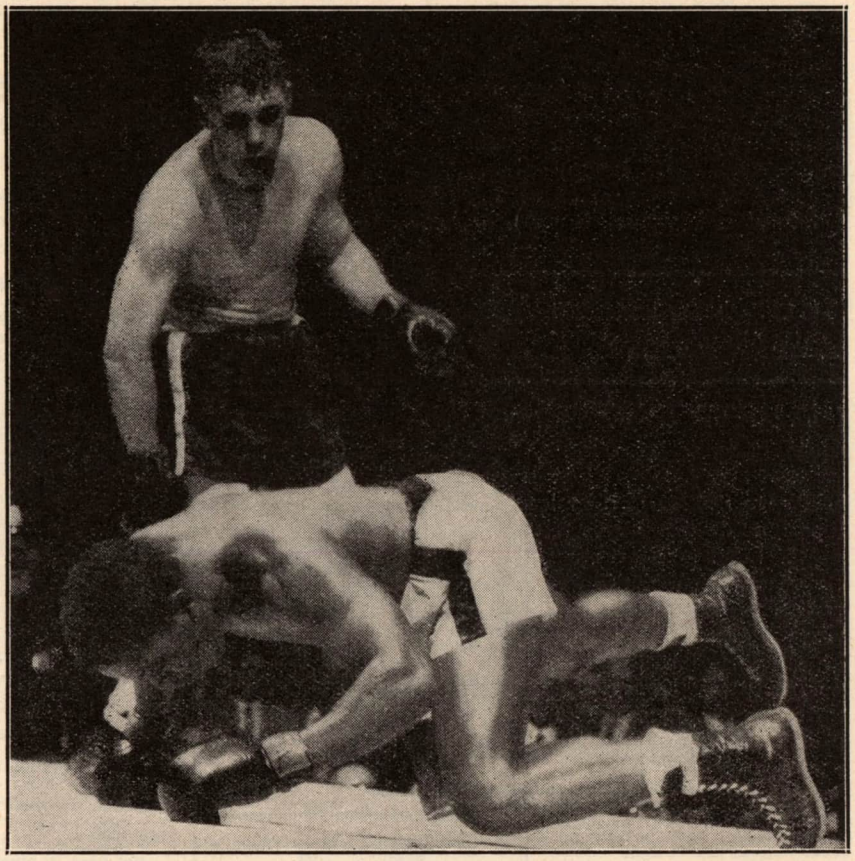

Walter Cartier, New York middleweight, staged a spine-tingling comeback in defeating Gene (Silent) Hairston over ten rounds at Madison Square Garden. Down for counts in the first two rounds, and seemingly outclassed, Cartier staged an uphill struggle and had Hairston all but down and out at the finish. The bell sounded ending the fight as this photo was taken.

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NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD

(Continued from page 33)

where a complete rest was planned. These stories were printed in newspapers throughout the land as well as in this magazine. The mat world was stunned at the news, for Don Eagle was rated tops in popularity. His name was famous the world over as a most beloved athlete and a real sportsman.

On April 25 a news dispatch from Pittsburgh reported that Don Eagle defeated Frankie Talaber. We were amazed and very pleasantly surprised to learn of this quick recovery. A check was made to see if this was the real Don Eagle or some imposter cashing in on his great reputation. We learned that there was no imposter, but that the real Indian star had appeared in the Smokey City.

The whole Don Eagle case is nothing short of amazing to our minds and a complete investigation into the matter is in order. The situation is indeed strange when a man is reported so disabled that his career is ended and then changed to read that he will be inactive for three years at least. Then we find him back wrestling within three months. Wonder what really happened? If this story comes to the attention of Don Eagle, let it be known that we would appreciate an explanation and so would the thousands of fans who have always supported Don.

WHO says, "Wrestlers never get hurt"? Young Johnny Valentine of Chicago was rushed to Edgewater Hospital in the Windy City after he cracked his handsome head against the iron turn-buckle in a corner of the ring. Johnny was wrestling Antonino Rocca and missed a flying tackle. Instead of hitting Rocca he hit the turnbuckle.

For those readers who asked about Dick Shikat and what he is doing these days, the former heavyweight champion of the world owns and operates a bar and grill in Argentina. He does not wrestle at all so far as we know.

Frank Sexton expects to return to the United States shortly after his great success in Europe. Frank is this country's ambassador of good will. He is undefeated over there and has enjoyed all the hospitality those sport loving people could give.

Lou Thez breeds dogs as a sideline. John Pesek, the ex-mat great, also breeds dogs and has made a pile of dough while doing so.

Ray Shier, the wrestling professor, has developed a new routine. And when a wrestler creates something new, that's news. Ray, a good looking youngster, walks into the ring dressed in cap and gown as if in the process of graduating from college. It's a new twist and the people get a big kick out of it. When the cap and gown come off, Ray becomes quite a clever wrestler. He knows his holds, is very fast, and above all has loads of color.

Latest of the boxer-turned-wrestler fraternity is Buffalo's Phil Muscato. Phil was a pretty good heavyweight in his day, having boxed Lee Oma, Arturo Godoy, Joey Maxim, Lee Savold, Archie Moore and Rocky Marciano. At one time he was rated the fifth best heavyweight in the world. He had his last fistic encounter in June of 1950 when he was knocked out by the current light-heavyweight sensation, Harry Matthews.

After quitting the boxing business, Phil met up with Ed Don George, Buffalo promoter, who decided to give him a chance as a wrestler. He made good in his debut, and says he likes wrestling better than he ever liked boxing.

Okay, Phil. Let's see what you can do.

Is the U. S. losing its supremacy as the world's leading fight center?

Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine, has left New York for an extended tour of the British Isles and Europe, to answer that question for our readers. Interest in the fight game has come ahead by leaps and bounds in the last few years over there. There are foreign fighters now listed as leading challengers in all eight divisions and a crop of youngsters rapidly forging to the front. The Editor intends visiting both the small clubs and the big arenas of England, France, Germany and other countries in order to present the complete boxing picture to our readers.

Nat Fleischer may, at the conclusion of his European jaunt, fly to South Africa to cover the world bantamweight title bout between Vic Toweel and Luis Romero for THE RING.

Upon his return THE RING Editor and chief will present all the facts of world boxing.

GERMAN BOXING DIARY

By J. A. Tree

MORE than 30,000 Berlin fight enthusiasts packed the Waldbuhne Stadium to witness the long awaited Hein Ten Hoff-Gene "Tiger" Jones battle. It resulted in a points win for the German champion after he had visited the canvas in round four.

This was the first open air show of the season and was promoted by Joachim Gottert, and though the weather was poor it did not hurt the gate.

Werner Handke defeated Robert Gaffron over four rounds, both from Berlin.

Two German champions, Walter Schneider (Celle), welter, and Walter Demke (Berlin), feather title holder, put on a grand bout, during which a great exhibition of boxing was given by both men. The referee decided to share the points.

The Ken Stribling (U.S.A.)-Herbert Kleinwachter (Bad Sachsa) bout followed, and the American appeared a little unlucky not to receive the verdict. The referee gave a draw and it seemed to be appreciated by the crowd. The contest was a light-heavy affair over six rounds.

Hein Ten Hoff came out full of fight and produced a beautiful left hand lead which he put in Gene Jones' face once or twice followed by a right.

Hoff was fighting like a champion keeping his man at a distance, but there were times when the German missed and Jones got home with left and right hooks to the body. Hoff took this round by a mile and seemed confident.

The second and third rounds appeared even, for the American came more into the picture, and although Hoff was working hard with his left lead his right was not being used quite so frequently. Jones, when catching Hoff about the ribs and kidneys, showed the German was being hurt.

In round four the boxers were in a clinch when Referee Nispel stepped between them to break it up, and Jones landed a terrific short but hard right hook which caught Hoff on the chin. Down went the German champion and lay on the canvas as the referee held Jones back with one hand and counted over Hoff with the other. At eight he was on his feet and led with a straight left, keeping the American away until he had recovered.

In the next round it was the American who was still on top and those wicked blows to the body were wearing the champion down.

The American was warned for a blow that landed on Hoff's neck in round six and the blows to the kidneys looked once again very dangerous. Hoff looked tired and his foot work which had been so brilliant in the opening rounds was now negligible. At the close of the heat the referee gave the American a "Verwarnung." (This is a warning given to a boxer for delivering a foul or unfair blow, and he loses points for that particular round.)

This seemed the turning point of the fight and it was now in favor of Hoff for he gave a repeated performance of his work in the opening heat and so took the final three rounds. His left was perfect, hardly ever missing the American and his long right landed frequently on his opponent's chin.

Jones still penetrated Hoff's defence and scored, although not quite so often, with hooks to the body, ribs and kidneys, but Hoff won the fight.

The show was concluded with a fight between Albert Yvel, champion of France, and Gerhard Hecht (Berlin), and this proved a grand affair, full of action.

The Frenchman retired in round four and looked a sorry sight bleeding from an eye wound, from the nose and mouth. It is hard to believe he was ready for this fight after his hard and strenuous bout with Don Cockell recently.

Nat Fleischer and Lew Burston were at the ringside and received a huge ovation from the crowd when introduced from the ring.

I asked both their opinion of Hein Ten Hoff to which Fleischer said, "Hoff is an average heavy but I don't think he would figure too well against leading heavies in America."

Burston remarked, "The German won a good fight."

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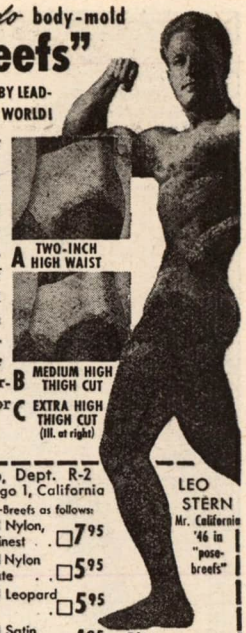

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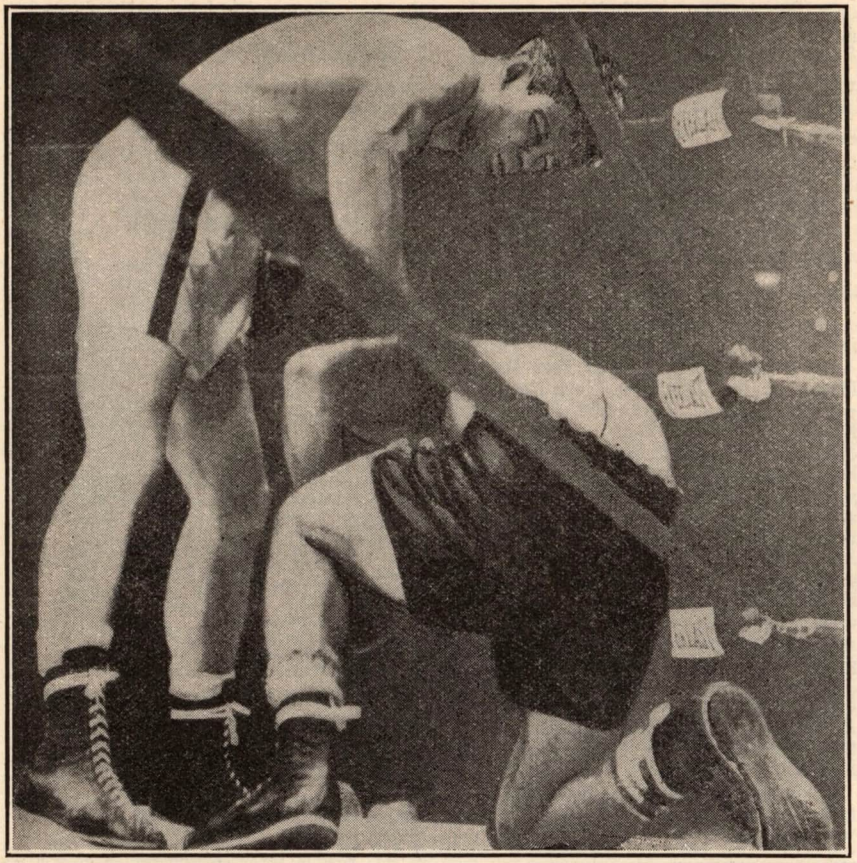


Buzzsaw Bob Murphy, San Diego light-heavyweight, is at it again. Hammering a terrific left to the head and a sledgehammer punch to the solar plexus, he sends Danny Nardico down on one knee for a count of nine in the fourth round of their bout at Chicago Stadium. The referee halted the bout shortly after.

TV OR NOT TV?

(Continued from page 5)

CON . . . Then how would you explain Sandy Saddler and Willie Pep outdrawing Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis three weeks later at the Yankee Stadium last summer? A heavyweight championship bout certainly figures to be a much bigger attraction than a featherweight title affair, yet Saddler and Pep drew 38,751 customers and a $262,150 gate against the Charles-Louis figures of 13,562 and $205,-370. The answer, of course, was that the featherweight bout was not televised, while the heavyweight match was.

And Louis' present comeback campaign offers more convincing proof that television *does* cut deeply into the box-office. Of Joe's five bouts so far, three were televised, two were not. The two that were not far outdrew the three that were. The TV'd matches—with Cesar Brion in Chicago, Freddie Beshore in Detroit, and Omelio Agramonte in Detroit—drew a total of 28,976 fans and receipts of $110,512. The two bouts that were not televised—with Agramonte in Miami and Andy Walker in San Francisco—attracted 31,440 customers and a gross of $145,529.

PRO . . . Television revenue has enabled many a small club to stay alive—and it's the small clubs that the big-timers need to produce future talent for them. Take the case of Laurel Gardens in Newark. One of the oldest clubs in the East, it had functioned steadily for more than thirty years. But, like any other community, Newark must have good local talent to keep its boxing-minded citizens interested. That talent became scarcer and scarcer, and business naturally fell off—so much so that, after a couple of losing seasons, the club finally had to close down two years ago.

Last season Laurel Gardens reopened with a local television tieup. The shows were inexpensive, but the promoters concentrated on well-balanced cards, featuring promising kids. They probably didn't show much profit at the end of the season—in fact, they were lucky if they came out even—but their cards did produce some lively action, developed a few likely-looking prospects, and helped to revive interest among the hometown fans. The promoters were sufficiently encouraged by results to move outdoors and continue operations during the summer at Meadowbrook Bowl.

CON . . . For every Laurel Gardens there probably are three or four other small clubs which, even with television revenue to carry some of the load, haven't been able to meet expenses and have called it quits. Older and more historic than Laurel Gardens was the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn, but TV finally put it out of business, just as it has done with a dozen other clubs in New York's metropolitan area during the last few years.

AND so the controversy continues apace. The Pros and Cons of this television squabble can continue indefinitely. There is, indeed, much that can be said for all sides of the argument. Only Time will be able to gauge, with any degree of accuracy, the full impact of video on professional boxing, and whether history will record it as a boon or a bane to the leather-pushing industry.

IN INDIANA RINGS
By Anthony Coppi

BOXING news in Indiana centers around two Indianapolis youths, both under 21 years of age, who are rapidly making their way toward the top. They are Andy (Candy) Anderson, who recently held highly-touted Joe Miceli to a draw, and Joltin' Gene Parker.

The sensational climb of Gene Parker was temporarily halted when he dropped a ten-round decision to more experienced Del Flanagan of St. Paul in Louisville in a fight that drew more than 10,000 fans. Parker then came back to win over Anderson in a bout for the welterweight championship of Indiana.

William "Tex" Nunnaly is back in harness as promoter in Michigan City. In an eight-round co-headliner, Russell Tague, 130, Eldridge, Ia., decisioned Oliver Brenton, 128, Toronto, Canada. In the companion feature, Tommy Baker, 128, Newark, N. J., won a split decision over Dick Armstrong, 127, Dayton, O., in eight. Len Salvo, 147, and Sonny Harris, 142, both of Chicago, mixed in a four-round bout with Salvo winning by a split decision. Richard Hammond, 172, Chicago, won over Jimmy Sheets, 177, Hammond, in four, and Don Ward, 131, Gary, won over Curtis Orr, 131, Chicago, also in four.

Andy (Candy) Anderson, Indianapolis, moved nearer the top by holding Joe Miceli, New York, to a draw in ten fast rounds in the Armory in Indianapolis. Miceli, who has been in the Army for the past two months, serving with the infantry at Camp Atterbury, holds two victories over lightweight champ Ike Williams. Miceli carried the early rounds of the fight with a stiff flicking left that drew blood from Anderson's nose but Joe began to tire midway in the bout. Anderson then took charge with effective counter-punching to gain a draw with the highly-regarded welterweight.

In another ten-round bout, Joltin' Gene Parker showed his pleasing style in the semi-final as he knocked out Sonny Harris of Chicago in three.

Eddie (Nature Boy) Smith, 154, Chicago, won a six-round split decision over Indianapolis James Cousins, 152. Gordon Ferrer, 136, Chicago, knocked out George Morris, 130, Louisville, in 2.

In a middleweight bout for the championship of Indiana, Andy Anderson defeated Joe Arthur in ten rounds in Indianapolis.

Terry Wagner, Milwaukee light-heavy, now stationed at Camp Atterbury, fought to a draw with Robert Cotton, 167, Indianapolis, in the semi-final of six rounds. Rusty Cleek, 152, New Castle policeman, won over Al Cowen, 147, South Bend, in six. Bob Singleton, 142, Mishawaka, decisioned Howard Lewis, 145, in six, and James Cousins, 152, Indianapolis, won over James Thompson, 149, Indianapolis, in a four-round preliminary.

Dave Marsh, 142, Akron, O., and Gene Parker, 141, Indianapolis, battled ten sizzling rounds to a draw in a main event bout in the Armory, Indianapolis. Parker, who was slow to get started in this bout, found the range in the fifth round and began landing his favorite left jab and scoring with both hands in the in-fighting to earn the draw. It was a third meeting for Parker and Marsh with the Ohio welter winning the first, Parker the second and this one ending in a stalemate.

In the preliminaries, George Morris, 127, Louisville, decisioned Tommy Tibbs, 124, Akron, in four; Dallas Hill, 150, Indianapolis, won by a T.K.O. over Bobby Anderson, 152, Louisville, in the second.

James Cousins, 150, Indianapolis, won a six-round decision over Bill Harrington, 152, Akron, in four, and Rusty Cleek, 154, knocked out Bob Oskie, 156, Columbus, O., in four.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By Hugh Shannon

MIKE SCANLON is looking ahead for an active season for Joey Giambra, promising young 150-pounder. Mike expects to start Joey in a main event here soon.

Wrestling is still packing 'em in every Friday night. Promoter Ed Don George has developed some great favorites.

Jimmy Duffy of Lockport, once a contender for the lightweight and welterweight titles, is ill in Buffalo Veterans' Hospital, where old friends may write him.

ACTION AT ALBUQUERQUE
By Johnny Seubert

WITH a heartening turn-out of well over a thousand cash-paying customers who witnessed a rousing show, boxing bounced back here with a vengeance under the astute guidance of Jim Hill who promoted his first local boxing card here at the Armory. Action throughout sprinkled Promoter Hill's initial venture with stardust from the opening bell right down through the twelve rousing bouts to the sensational kayo by Billy Sanchez in the finale.

The card was composed mainly of two crack championship outfits, the Colorado State Reformatory team from Buena Vista representing the Rocky Mountain regional champions swapping punches with the Southwestern champions, the Army Ordnance Depot squad from Pueblo. These bouts comprised seven of the twelve making up the card, the contestants in the others being local boys meeting other boys from the Pueblo and Buena Vista squads. The results of all contests are as follows:

Jimmy Trujillo, Buena Vista, 106 lbs., decisioned Johnny Bodial, 106 lbs., Pueblo.

Jim Compos, 115 lbs., Buena Vista, unanimously decisioned Joe Baca, 110 lbs., Pueblo.

Simon Banuelos, 134 lbs., Buena Vista, T.K.O.'ed Jake Trujillo, 138 lbs., Pueblo, in 1:47 of the second.

Ralph Peterson, 147, Kirtland Field, kayoed Salvi Gonzales, 147, Pueblo, in 1:55 of the second.

Ben Maynes, 124, Buena Vista, decisioned Ray Quintana, 124, Buena Vista.

Junior Trujillo, 114 lbs., Pueblo, decisioned Manny Moreno, 115 lbs., Buena Vista.

Manuel Maestas, 135 lbs., Buena Vista, decisioned Joe Moreno, 131 lbs., Pueblo.

Freddie Sanchez, 125 lbs., Buena Vista, decisioned Larry Chavez, 124 lbs., Albuquerque.

Bob Abeyta, 137 lbs., Buena Vista, decisioned Garcia Gallegos, 135 lbs., Buena Vista.

Bob Johnson, 147 lbs., Buena Vista, split-decisioned Nelson Sandoval, 147 lbs., Pueblo.

Joe Kainz, 160 lbs., Albuquerque, T.K.O.'ed Jim Lieken, 160 lbs., Denver, in 1:11 of the third.

Billy Sanchez, 135 lbs., Pueblo, kayoed Ruben Santestevan, 137 lbs., Buena Vista, in 0:29 of the second.

For information on boxing in this section contact the writer at 712 North Wellesley.

NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH
By "Broadway" Johnny Cox

BERNARD DOCUSEN returned to the ring here, making his first start after a six months' layoff opposing Rafael Gutteriz, Mexico City welterweight, in the feature ten-round bout staged by Promoter Heard Ragas at the Coliseum Arena. Docusen was awarded a unanimous decision over Gutteriz who made a game losing fight, trying at all times to drop Docusen.

Bernard's timing was bad due to the long layoff and he lacked the speed which brought him up to the No. 1 welterweight contender's spot. It will take at least a half dozen fights against opponents of the Gutteriz type for Bernard to get back into real form. The 2,897 fans who paid a gross gate of $5,500 to witness Bernard back in action gave Docusen a big hand at the finish. Co-managers Bonnie Geigerman and Otis Guichet were well pleased with Docusen's win over Gutteriz.

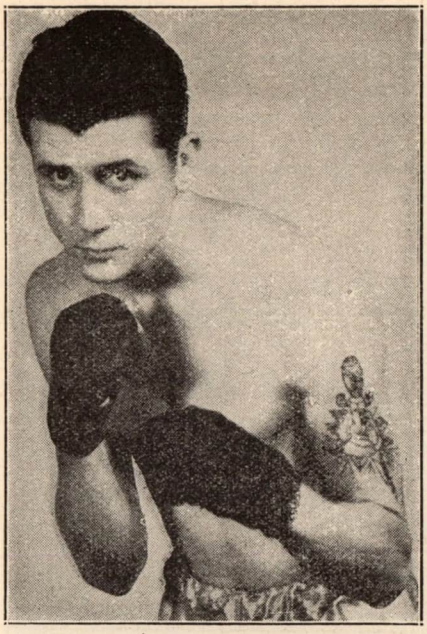
Kid Centella, Managua, Nicaragua, 132¼, continued his winning streak here when he was awarded a five-round T.K.O. over Billy Scholes, Tampa, 131¼. Centella nailed Scholes on the nose in the fourth round winning the round handily, the punch breaking Scholes' nose. Commission physician N. K. Edrington examined the nose and requested Referee Ashton Donze to halt the battle. The punch which broke Scholes' nose got Charley Rodriguez's fighter out of a hot seat. Joe Hartegen decisioned Ray Delgado, Havana, in a sixer which was a war. They are welterweights. Al Pellegrini, New Orleans, decisioned Ray "Jitterbug" Smith in a four-rounder easily.

In one of the best battles staged here in years Jolting Joe Brown, 136, New Orleans lightweight, won a split ten-round decision over Lester Felton, 141, Detroit, in the feature ten-round bout of a fistic card staged by Promoter Heard Ragas.

Brown gained the jump on Eddie Futch's classy welterweight by dropping Felton in the opening round with a right cross for a count of nine. Felton had a bad second round and made a game and courageous uphill fight to give Brown plenty of trouble in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth heats. Joe came on to win the seventh handily with the next three rounds being closely contested.

Two thousand eight hundred six fans paid a gross gate of $4,500.00 to witness the action-packed battle.

Undefeated Charley Joseph, 144¼, one of the best prospects to show here in years, defeated Cyril Kelly, both of New Orleans, by a unanimous decision in the six-round semi-final. Joseph



JACKIE BLAIR

Jackie Blair, the Texas Terror, a featherweight with a punch, likes to fight and travel, and has been doing a lot of both lately. After a long campaign in California rings, Blair went down to Florida, where he won four out of four. He is now back in his native Texas and in his last fight stopped Jesus Alonzo in six rounds.

Blair is managed by former Southern lightweight star Mickey Riley. Twenty years old, he is a switch fighter which makes him ever dangerous to an opponent.

punches to the midsection and jaw and should develop into a main bouter in 1952. Melvin Bartholomew, local welterweight, pounded out a six-round decision over Robert Battiste, New Orleans, in another sixer. It was a gruelling brawl with Battiste having five pounds weight edge on Melvin. Andrew Brown scored a five-round kayo over Leroy King, in a junior lightweight bout slated for six sessions.

Joe Brown, 133¼, Baton Rouge, La., lightweight, making his first local fistic start in two years, displayed marked improvement since his tour of Australia in 1950 by winning a unanimous ten-round decision over Teddy (Redtop) Davis, 128½, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the feature bout of Promoter Heard Ragas' fistic card at the Coliseum Arena.

Despite the fact that Brown was awarded the unanimous decision, Davis made a fine showing, conceding weight, height and reach to Brown who last year stopped the Australian lightweight champion, Jack Hassen, in eight rounds at Sydney. Brown's six pounds pull in the weights and Joe's snappy left hand piled up the victory for Brown while Davis was aggressive from start to finish and can play return engagements here for his fine losing showing.

Lester MaJoue and Louis Chattard, pilots of Brown, were elated at his performance and feel confident that he is ready for any lightweight in the game.

They drew a gross gate of $2,700.00.

Melvin Bartholomew, New Orleans welterweight, making his first start in over one year, scored a sensational and unique one-round kayo over Leonard Ceasar, local welterweight rival. Ceasar was knocked out of the ring to the floor in 1:50 seconds of the opening round with a volley of body and jaw punches and counted out on the floor. Undefeated Charley Joseph, 145, regarded as a fine prospect, won a unanimous six-round decision over durable ironman, Coffee Kid, 143. Tommy Hayes, a local junior lightweight, stopped Joe Green, New Orleans, in the third of a sixer and Dave Cheatum, 135, local lightweight, scored a one-round kayo over local Lawrence McGee.

Henry Hall, 173½, New Orleans light-heavyweight, and Jimmy Slade, 172, New York, battled to a ten-round draw at the Coliseum Arena, topping Promoter Allen LaCombe's fistic card. Slade, rated the No. 7 light-heavyweight contender in the May issue of THE RING Magazine, tired in the final rounds and Hall was in front on this writer's score card. Henry was too strong and experienced for Slade who is a ring cutey.

"Killer" Jackson, New Orleans, 129, idol of the gallery gods and ringside fans, scored the best win of his career when he won a unanimous six-round decision over Pat Flowers, 125, in an interesting six-round semi-final.

The "Killer" outboxed and outfought the game and willing Flowers who is handicapped by his short stature. Leroy King and Cyril Kelly, local 142-pounders, battled to a four-round draw. Roosevelt Holmes, local heavyweight, scored a two-round kayo over Ray Banks, 176-pounder, in another four.

They drew a gross gate of $1,918.00.

Fistic Pot Shots . . . Bernard Docusen signed a new contract with managers Bonnie Geigerman and Otis Guichet. Lew Raymond, dean of fistic matchmakers, plans on staging professional shows at Baton Rouge, La., and will open with Joe Brown, who now holds the Southern lightweight and Australian lightweight titles. Lenny Alvarez, local lightweight, has been hurling challenges at Maxie Docusen. It is a local lightweight natural as Alvarez is managed by Whitey Esneault who developed the two Docusen brothers. Unattached fighters desiring work in this locality can contact the writer at the DeSoto Hotel, New Orleans, La.

RIGHT FROM MEXICO CITY
By Selsso Tiborro

APRIL'S ring activity in Mexico City was very good considering that we could see imported talent such as Rudy Cruz, Mario Trigo and Harold Dade. Results were as follows:

Choforo Martinez, 147, stopped Memo Garmendia, 146, in nine. Jorge Castro, 146, outpointed Vicente Iglesias, 145, in ten.

Rudy Cruz, 136, outpointed Mario Trigo, 135, in ten. Raul Solis, 112, stopped Babe Rivera, 112, in two.

Fili Nava, 117, stopped Uruguayan Kid, 118, in nine. Luis Villa, 112, drew with Babe Cruz, 116, in ten.

Gabriel Diaz, 127, outpointed Luis Castillo, 123, in ten. Beto Couary, 115, outpointed Monito Flores, 114, in ten.

Ramon Tiscareno, 136, stopped Pancho Velasco, 132, in three. Heriberto Ugalde, 138, outpointed Noe Terranova, 132, in ten.

Memo Valero, 126, national featherweight champion, won by disqualification over Harold Dade, 123, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten chapter bout. The match was stopped in that round because of Dade's fouling Memo. Saul Torres, 134, stopped Kid Filipino, 136, in two. Lino Botello, 116, drew with Beto Couary, 116, in ten. This match was an extra to compensate the public for the main event.

Fili Nava, 117, outpointed Angel Iglesias, 116, in ten. Memo Sanchez, 112, stopped Mike Cruz, 112, in six.

Manuel Rivera, 135, drew with Rudy Cruz, 136, in ten. Choforo Martinez, 147, outpointed Lalo Gallardo, 145, in ten.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By C. Steele

LITTLE DYNAMITE lived up to his monicker when the Washington featherweight punched out a ninth-round T.K.O. over Dick Howard, Maritime lightweight champion, who was stopped for the first time since entering the punch-for-pay ranks in 1945.

The New Waterford branch of the Army and Navy will provide the gym and equipment for the amateur fighters with Tommy Spencer being appointed coach.

Stevie (Kid) McDonald and Mickie McMullin have teamed up training the amateurs, and are staging Saturday night shows to develop fistic talent at the L.O.C. Hall, Dominion, C.B.

The Bucky Sampson coached team which captured eight of the ten titles at the Annual Kiwanis Golden Glove Championships has a splendid prospect in Carl Campbell, of Baddeck, a cool tough middleweight who can belt out the opposition with one punch. Other members include Buddy Greer, the flashy amateur featherweight champion, and light-heavy Mike Krswaka, dubbed "Tony Galento" by the local sports writers.

Thanks to Percy Medidones, Alberta lightweight, for regular Western Canada boxing results. Glace Bay's solid citizen and business man, Joe Smith, a former tough middleweight, is a big booster of the amateur boxing, first in line to donate a trophy and a popular judge at the amateur shows.

Pordena Smith, former Maritime Middleweight champion, now a competent referee, who works the amateur contests, one of the best in the business. Smith should be considered by the local boxing commission.

We would like Bobby Collins, of New Brunswick, and Don Baxton, of Australia, to write this corner.

Yours Truly would appreciate boxing posters or newspapers from anywhere.

Address, 197 Charlotte Street, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

FROM BUENOS AIRES
By Alfredo Porzio

HERE are the results of the principal fights in Argentina:

Bahia Blanca. Dante Nolasco, 152, K.O.'ed the Venezuelan champ, Jack Claver, 150, in the 3rd round.

Luna Park. In a rough battle Enrique Jover, 170, beat Francisco Pagola, 174, on points in 12 rounds. Rafael Amaya, 130, knocked out Luis Sanchez, 137, in the 7th round. Amaya demonstrated excellent boxing ability and speed.

Luna Park. Angel Olivieri, 135, beat Pedro Ganio on points in a 12-round fight. Olivieri has challenged Alfredo Prada on various occasions and it is now possible that the fight may be staged in the near future. In the semi-final match Alberto Ochoa, 146, beat E. Pellegrini, 142, on points.

Bahia Blanca. Lalo Landoni K.O.'ed Isaias Martinez, 155, in the 3rd round.

Luna Park. The Spaniard Domingo Lorente, 162, beat A. Igriega, 160, on points. Lorente pleased the multitude.

Luna Park. A full house on hand to see the ex-champion, Amelio Piceda, re-appear after 3 years of inactivity and retirement from the ring. His opponent was the Spaniard, Alamo, 167. While Piceda, 172, had not regained his old form, nevertheless he put up a very good fight and decisively beat Alamo on points, including two knockdowns. Piceda will continue his campaign with the view of meeting topnotchers like Senatore, Mario Diaz, Kid Cachetada, Cobas, Callichio and the local crack Merentino.

Luna Park. Before a large crowd and in a most dramatic fight, Enrique Jover, 166, knocked out Hector Garcia, 163, in the 7th round. Both fighters suffered knockdowns but Jover had greater recuperating power. Garcia was undefeated as a professional until this contest. He is the boy that put up memorable fights against the amateur champion here, Ubaldo Pereyra, who recently won the middleweight Pan-American amateur title.

San Juan. The Belgium champion, Carlos Sys, 195, beat Alfredo Lagay, 200.

Catamarca. The champion, Ricardo Callichio, 165. beat Alfredo Giglio, 170, on points.

Luna Park. F. Meneses, 133, K.O.'ed Jose Rizzo, 134. Rafael Amaya, 131, beat Blas Conde on points. Alberto Lange, 144, knocked out A. Colado, 147.

Luna Park. In a tough fight, Dante Nolasco K.O.'ed Cecilio Niz. Niz went to the mat in the 3rd and 4th rounds and in the 9th round was put out. In the other final bout Martin Perez knocked out C. Gonzales in the 2nd round.

Luna Park. A large crowd came to see Enrique Jover meet O. Rizzo. They had fought previously and Jover knocked out his rival. The same again occurred. This time in the 4th round. Jover coould take the best Rizzo had whereas Rizzo could not absorb Jover's punches. In the other stellar match, the oldtimer Francisco Pagola beat A. Giglio on points.

Mendoza. The excellent boxer Luis Rosares, 162, easily beat Guillermo Torres, Chilian, by K.O. in the 2nd round. Rosales impressed very favorably as an amateur a few years ago and, as he is very young, should be heard from in the future.

The best man during the past month was undoubtedly Enrique Jover in his fights against O. Rizzo and Hector Garcia. Jover should give his future opponents some very hard work.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By Bill Davee

AT Houston: Roy Vale, 120, decisioned Robert Alaniz, 116, four rounds. Billy Trero, 160, Tkayoed Ben C. Gann, 151, one round. Don Glenn, 132, decisioned J. W. Henry, 136, four rounds. Herbert Crocker, 150, Tkayoed George Reyna, 147, three rounds. Rudy De Hoyos, 133, decisioned Henry Luera, 130, six rounds. Jackie Blair, 130, kayoed Gilberto Muniz, 130, four rounds.

At San Antonio: Joe Felan, 126, decisioned Clyde Mayberry, 129, four rounds, Jesse De Hoyos, 119, Tkayoed Brantley Reese, 121, three rounds. Johnny Guebara, 134, Tkayoed Al Juergens, 136, three rounds. Jackie Blair, 128, decisioned Rudy De Hoyos, eight rounds. Bobby Dykes decisioned Nick Moran, ten rounds.

At Houston: Robert Martinez, 144, decisioned J. W. Henry, 140, four rounds. Billy Trero, 159, decisioned Ray Jiron, 165, four rounds. Alexander Vargas, 140, kayoed Glenn Rossman, 141, one round. Vince Mazac, 156, Tkayoed Alex Cedillo, 150, one round. Eddie Bertolino, 138, kayoed Raul Reyna, 139, four rounds.

At Houston: Jerry Ford, 132, Tkayoed Ernest Walker, 140, four rounds. J. W. Henry, 142, decisioned Benny Fusarez, 145, four rounds. Joe Felan, 133, decisioned Herman Lauhoff, 134, four rounds. Robert Martinez, 149, decisioned Tony Medina, 143, four rounds. Alexander Vargas, 138, decisioned Dennis Woodbury, 142, six rounds. Pete Gil 157, decisioned Jim Crowder, 157, ten rounds.

At Houston: John Victor Penn, 163, decisioned Johnny Lee Ward, 158, four rounds. Manuel Garcia, 112, and Roy Vale, 111, drew, four rounds. Gilbert Abrego, 130, decisioned Pat Patterson, 126, four rounds. Eddie Bertolino, 134½, Tkayoed Jose Alvarez, 135, eight rounds. Salvatore Belloise, 158, decisioned Thomas H. Ramirez, 162, ten rounds.

At Houston: Jerry Ford, 126, kayoed Robert Garrett, 128, three rounds. Armando Chavez, 144, decisioned Harry Silverberg, 138, four rounds. Roy Vale, 110, decisioned Robert Alaniz, 112, four rounds. J. W. Henry, 138, kayoed Herman Lauhoff, 134, three rounds. Johnny Capitano, 134, decisioned Henry Luera, 129, eight rounds. Ralph Dupas, 136, decisioned Alexander Vargas, 136½, eight rounds.

The writer's address: 927 Navarro St., San Antonio, Texas.

IN AND AROUND CHICAGO
By Lenny Myers

AT Rainbo Arena—In a slambang affair, Joe Garza, 152, Detroit, pounded out an eight-round decision over Jesse Bradshaw, 153, Toledo. Garza won this bout with his ability to take it on the chin, coming back strong in the late rounds to earn the verdict.

In fours, Bob Singleton, 132, Chicago, stopped Curtis Orr, 132, in the third round. Bobby Yore, 175, South Side, Johnny Coulon's protege, won over Charley Hilliard, 175, West Side. Carl Stafford, 144, South Side, beat James Johnson, 150, South Side. George Abrams, 160, South Side, beat Tom Sotalo, 160. Stan Mylinski, 175, stopped David James, 175.

The Illinois State Managers' Guild held an informal meeting at the Mid-West Hotel and many important things were discussed. President Jack (Doc) Kearns, the old master mind, gave a good talk on matters of importance to all fight managers.

Al DeRose, who just returned from Orlando, after promoting boxing shows there all winter, is now setting up plans to promote in Hammond, Ind. Yours truly will be doing the publicity. Weekly shows will be held with name fighters heading the show at Hammond's State Arena.

At the Rainbo Arena, Russ Tague, 128, Eldridge, Ia., stopped Al Roberts, 124, South Side, in the fourth round. Tague, who is a former Golden Gloves champion, was too clever and punched with too much authority for the South Side boy. Roberts was down in the second and third rounds and Referee Norm McGarrity stopped the uneven bout midway in the fourth heat.

The five-round semi-final provided many thrills, with Carl Stafford, 140, winning a close decision over Joe Kelly, 140, both from Chicago. Len Salvo, 150, and Jesse Gray, 150, went to a good draw in four rounds. Flynn Griffith, 160, Davenport, beat Tom Satello, 158, in the four-round opener.

Ralph Schneider, Nessie Blumenthal's heavy-punching heavyweight, is back in training.

At nearby Milwaukee, at the new arena, Promoter Phil Valli put on a great show featuring Irish Bob Murphy, 170½, and Cecil Hudson, 171, and, as usual, the fighting Irishman came out the winner with his two-fisted attack that put the Milwaukee lad in dreamland. Hudson gave Murphy a battle in the early rounds, especially in the second.

Murphy was clearly outboxed and the crowd cheered Hudson as he punished his foe with jabs and hooks. The advantage changed quickly as Murphy dropped Hudson twice in the fourth heat. He sent him to the canvas with a right to the body for a nine-count and Hudson went down again from a series of punches later in the round. As Hudson started to get up he fell over backwards and the referee stopped the bout after 1:30 of the fifth heat.

There were 9,604 fans present who paid a net of $26,749.

In another ten spot, Major Jones, Kansas City, won a split decision over Joe Blackwood. Washington, D. C., amid many boos from the crowd. They are middleweights. Jones was down for a nine-count in the fourth frame, but came back strong in the late rounds.

At Rainbo Arena, Promoter Glickman brought in Jesse Underwood to box Bob Sandberg in the main event scheduled for eight rounds. Underwood, who also fights under the name of Dave Shade, scored an upset and knocked out the Milwaukee boy in the sixth round. They are lightweights. Sandberg, who has been a consistent winner around Milwaukee, was caught with hard right-hand punches right at the start and never got a chance to show his stuff.

In fours, Madison Morgan, 134, beat Bobby Brown, 140; Milt Newman, 193, won over Earl Sudduth, 200, Rockford; Stan Mylinski, 172, beat George Warren, 165; Rusty Cleek, 156, Indianapolis, and Tom Sotallo, 160, went to a draw. Don Ward, 133½, beat Bob Henry, 135, in the opener.

The show did a net of $1,300.

For those who would like to contact Promoter Al DeRose, his address is 1429 N. Clark St., Delaware 7-5100, Chicago, Ill. Continue to contact the writer at 845 Eastwood Ave., Chicago, Ill. Tel. Uptown 8-5911.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By Lawson Bampton

ARMAND SAVOIE, 136, young Montreal lightweight sensation, scored one of his most important victories when his lashing fists gashed the eye-brows of Pierre Montane, 133½, highly touted champion of Europe and France, in the first round of their scheduled ten-round battle at the Montreal Forum. The shortlived main event of the Canadian Athletic Promotion's offering was halted at the end of the first round when Dr. Emile Thomas, in response to Referee Tommy Sullivan's signal, examined the gory cuts. Montane's face was crimson smeared particularly from a two-inch diagonal gash running up from the corner of the right eye-brow, and his left eye-brow also bore an inch-long gash.

After a feeling-out minute and a half of sporadic sparring, Savoie suddenly fired a blazing right that jarred Montane, then cut loose with a furious barrage that caught Montane "cold". The Frenchman couldn't get started against the lightning leather storm and was penned in his corner when the round ended.

Montane is managed by the now bald Eugene Huat, heavy-hitting French bantam star of two decades ago, who fought Panama Al Brown for the world's title at the Forum, also Pete Sanstol and others.

The gate was over the $10,000 mark, which was good considering that the Frenchman was practically unknown here. It was another upward step for Savoie, who is also the sensation of Toronto rings where he whipped Solly Cantor and Alan McFater. He is likely to hook up with Arthur King in Toronto soon for the Canadian lightweight title.

Gaby (Tiger) Ferland won over Rocky Brisebois in the eight-round semi-final. Brisebois wore Ferland down rapidly in the early rounds with a number of smashing body barrages and piled up a big lead in the first six rounds. Both were arm weary in the last two rounds, Brisebois from his punching pace, and Ferland from the punishment he had absorbed. They traded steamless punches in the final two frames on almost even terms but Ferland was a bit the better infighter.

Stray Shots . . . the Rene Chauvin-Willie Ketchum combine had the satisfaction of seeing their three charges, Rocky Brisebois, Rocky Armando and Keith Paris, practically steal the show but the decisions went the other way . . . they've decided to campaign the boys in New York. . . . Rollie Renaud and yours truly are anxious to hear from that footloose wanderer of land and sea, Doug (Mac) Macandrew. . . . If anybody sees him, probably in some distant port, please give him the message. . . . Thanks. . . . Cheerio for now.

AIKEN, S. C., NEWS
By J. R. Lybrand

IN a thrill-packed main go held at the City Auditorium in Augusta, Ga., Eddie Greene, 166, Kanapolis, N. C., won a very close decision over Fred Krueger, Fort Jackson, S. C. Greene won the decision, but only after taking a terrific shellacking from Krueger in the closing rounds.

Krueger, the South Carolina soldier, had Greene hanging on in the 9th and 10th rounds. Greene won the decision by piling up enough points in the 1st and 4th rounds.

The shift was made from the Aiken, S. C., auditorium, which will seat 800, to the City Auditorium in Augusta, Ga., which is only seventeen miles away, and will seat around 6,000.

There were around 2,500 paid admissions.

In the semi-final, Bill Upson, young Aiken welter, pounded out a decision over young Joe Wolcott, Augusta, Ga. In the other semi-final, Gerald Hester, Spartanburg, S. C., got a T.K.O. over Bennie Johnson of Macon, Ga. Both are welters.

RING NEWS FROM FAR-OFF NEW ZEALAND

By Brian F. O'Brien

IF early signs are true criterion, 1951 will go down in New Zealand boxing history as a newcomers' year. Although, as these lines were on the typewriter, the season was merely in its infancy, fresh talent had already made a marked advance, with many of the old stagers having faded from the scene.

Possibly the brightest first appearance in the early months—the New Zealand boxing season usually extends from April to November, to the exclusion of the summer months—was young Wellington light-heavyweight, Charlie ("Chubb") Keith. Keith, as an amateur, had the unenviable reputation of being a training-dodger despite occasional flashes of first-class form. He lost decisions to fellows he should have taken without trouble had he been fit.

The rejuvenation seemed to come about at the national amateur championships last September, when Keith was the victim of a particularly raw decision against the man who eventually won the New Zealand 175-lb. title, Bill Rice. After this reverse, he entered into his training with a will, and was selected as chief sparring partner for British Empire champion Dave Sands, who had flown across from Australia last December to meet the New Zealand heavyweight leader, Don Mullett.

Chosen to represent New Zealand in the Canterbury Centennial Games boxing tournament against Australia's amateurs at Christchurch in January, Keith knocked out Australia's Jack Mitchell in two rounds, and won the championship of his division by outpointing the reigning N.Z. champ, Bill Rice, who had taken the lucky verdict against him at the N.Z. championships some months earlier.

After considering offers from Tom Maguire, Dave Sands' manager, to make his professional bow in Australia, "Chubb" Keith decided to first earn his salt in his own country. His first opponent was Barry Litt, a strong Taupiri fighter.

Litt, despite his star-studded record, was never in the hunt. Clipped with a vicious left hook early in round one, he was twice dropped with the same punch in the second session and saved by the bell. In the third round, wary of that damaging left, Litt left his starboard defences open, and was dropped twice with rights to the head.

Another likely gain from amateur boxing, where nine out of ten New Zealand boxers serve their fistic apprenticeship, is Ken Anderson, amateur lightweight king in 1949. Anderson, now a tall, slim and wiry welterweight, stopped Colin Kerr (Dunedin) in nine rounds in his first pro engagement, at Invercargill, his new home town.

Anderson won every round bar the fifth when, careless, he was dropped with a hard right cross from Kerr. Fighting back calmly, Anderson soon regained the ascendancy, and put Kerr himself on the boards. In the ninth round, a lightning left rip to the stomach knocked the Dunedin boy out of the ring and out of the fight.

Bob Poole, Ambrose Palmer's Melbourne middleweight, keeping intact his unbeaten New Zealand record, began on his first trip here last year, by scoring another twelve-round points decision over Billy Gleeson, a former Australian now living in Dunedin, venue of the bout.

Poole, shorter and more nuggetty, was troubled by the longer reach of the tall Gleeson, but his harder punching and more effective work in close eventually earned him sufficient points to take a narrow but correct decision.

Oddly enough, the Maori race, which has produced many of New Zealand's greatest rugby footballers and some useful wrestlers, seldom finds itself represented in the ranks of the pugilists. Now and again a Maori amateur will make himself in some way prominent, but the writer can recall only five Maori professionals in the entire annals of the sport here.

Consequently, when Auckland's tough young Maori amateur welter, Tommy Rudolph, was matched in his first cash fight, interest ran high. He delighted local enthusiasts by stopping Bobby Elley, one of the Dominion's most useful amateurs since the war, in five rounds at Auckland. Rudolph clipped him hard in the first round with a heavy right cross to the head, and Elley failed to recover. His demise in round five was inevitable after that first wit-scatterer.

Rudolph is potentially a first-rate attraction up north.

Two years ago, the best prospect among New Zealand boxers, with much to spare, was another Auckland welterweight, Doug Godward. Doug was unbeaten in fights with New Zealand opponents, so he was matched with two tough Australian importations, George Kapeen and Clem Sands, eldest of the five fighting Sands brothers.

Godward was overmatched, and although ahead on points in the Sands fight, was stopped in the last round. Kapeen, young and fit, a terrific puncher even among his own countrymen, gave Doug his second successive reverse via the short route, and the Aucklander decided to hang up the gloves.

But the lure of the ring has been too great, and Godward has decided that two setbacks so early in his career can be surmounted.

His first comeback fight saw him take the closest of decisions from rangy Ash Whittle, Air Force middleweight, at Auckland. Although the decision was by no means a popular one, it at least showed that Godward has not a great deal of progress to make before he regains his leading spot among the Dominion's welterweight contenders.

Bruce Cahill, Hutt Valley welter, who lost only one fight in seven in Australia last year, is back here. In his first two outings for the new season, in Brisbane, Bruce knocked out Morry Tait in one and Al Lawrence in six.

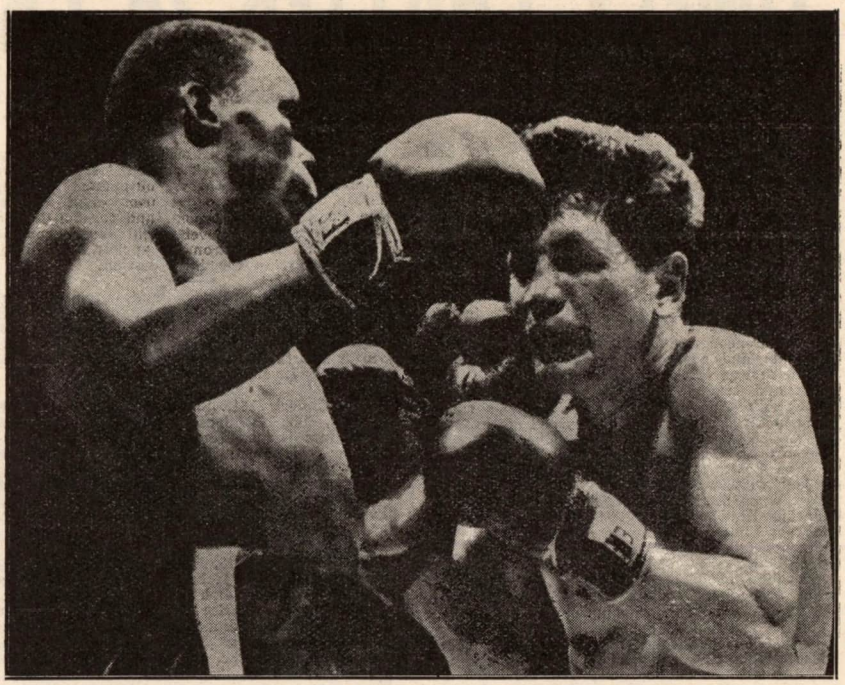
Another New Zealander doing well across the Tasman in Australia is Charlie Smith, former Auckland junior welter. Now fighting as "Clarrie Gordon" (the same name as the New Zealand 147-lb. champion), Charlie has had over 20 fights in six months' campaigning in Australian rings (mostly at Newcastle and Leichhardt), with very few losses. Recent bouts saw the Auckland youngster beat Bill Delhuntley, Alan Shepherd, Alan Mitchell, Keith Robinson and Jimmy Kelly, but go down to hard hitting Darby Brown in his first main event.

The 1951 wrestling season is now under way here, but, like last year, the dollar exchange situation is going to preclude the importation to these parts of real world class talent.

The early arrivals this season are Al Costello, the singing Australian, Jack Claybourne, who claims the "world Negro championship," George Pencheff, 45-year-old Bulgarian-born, Australian-adopted veteran, Joe Benincasa and Fred Bozie, two Americans who are total strangers to New Zealand wrestling enthusiasts.

In view of the comparatively few men comprising this team, and the absence of New Zealand champion, Ken Kenneth, who is still in South Africa, and of Empire champion Earl McCready, due in July, only Auckland and Wellington have so far staged wrestling contests.

This correspondent may still be reached at 27 Taft St., Brooklyn, Wellington, New Zealand.



Ike Williams, world lightweight champion, lands a short, jarring left to the head of Fitzie Pruden in the seventh round of their Chicago battle. Fought at a fast and furious pace, Williams won the ten round slugfest.

BRITISH COLUMBIA NEWS

By Chester Norton

GEORGIE DUNN, Hartford, 132½, making his first local appearance, demonstrated to the fans why he is one of the top lightweights in the world. He outboxed rugged Frank Muche, Los Angeles, 134½, over ten rounds and proved himself to be the most skilled performer since Dado Marino fought here. Muche tried all the way, but he was unable to cope with Dunn's unorthodox style.

Jerry Strutz, Portland, 124¾, was too strong for Tony Alvarez, Seattle, 122¼, in the semi, and Alvarez was stopped at 2:00 of the fifth after being down twice.

The three opening bouts ended in draws. Jimmy LaChance, Vancouver, 170, and Chuck Ross, Portland, 181¾, in six; Louis Lawrence, Vancouver, 151¼, and Davie Ball, Portland, 157½, in six; Leo Logan, Vancouver, and Bull Mutay, Honolulu, in four.

In a real thriller, Frank Almond, Vancouver, 127½, took revenge for his only professional loss to Nick Smith, Los Angeles, 127½, with a split ten-round decision over the tall L.A. boy. Almond, concentrating almost exclusively on a vicious body attack, had a few of his shots go low and lost the third and fourth rounds on fouls. Frank was sent out with instructions to keep on top of Smith, and he did so most of the way. On the occasions when Nick was able to fire from long range, Almond found himself in a little trouble. This bout, for solid action, was the best this writer has seen in a long, long time.

Henry Bray, Suva, Fiji, 185½, hacked and chopped at ponderous Ponce De Leon, Spokane, 200½, for five rounds and finally found the range in the sixth. De Leon was dropped solidly for three nine counts and managed to finish the fight on guts alone.

Billy Carter, Vancouver, 176½, decisioned Jimmy LaChance, Vancouver, 170½, in a dull six. Walter Gehrke, Vancouver, 155, cooled Jack O'Brien, Ellice Island, 161¼, in two. Little Pappa Brown, Dallas, 142¾, won a four-rounder from Indian Joe Pete, Tonopah, 147¼.

Len Walters proved how far he has come in the amateur ranks by journeying to Boston and winning the National A.A.U. featherweight championship. His stablemates, Len Kupchak and Bobby Shires, didn't fare as well, although both managed to get to the quarter finals. All three are under the tutelage of capable Dave Brown.

In Tacoma, Earl Cook of Vancouver won a four-round decision over Wayne Parker.

BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

By Ted Yamachika

WORLD FLYWEIGHT CHAMPION, Dado Marino, bloated to a heavy 124½ pounds, fought one of the poorest fights of his career in losing to unknown Eddie Reyes, 121, in a six-round overweight fight held at the Civic Auditorium. With all that excess weight the champion was unable to move around at his usual speed and was nailed for an eight count knockdown in the first round. Marino wasn't really hurt by the blow but partly due to the knockdown and mostly because he was out of condition he wasn't able to get going for the rest of the fight.

In a companion six-rounder, James Perry, 141, finished Chuck Cureton, 142½, in the fifth round. This proved to be the best fight of the evening.

The card was promoted by newly licensed David Heath and drew 1,196 fans for a gross gate of $1,530.20.

Other results: Bobby Sanders, 123, won over Bobby Acusta, 129, six rounds. Blaine Manley, 133, knocked out Linford Chung, 137, in the second of four. Salvador Torres, 118½, decisioned Solomon Dela Cruz, 118½, four rounds. John Amaral, 139, knocked out Puna Titcomb, 139½, in the first round of the opener.

TIMELY CHATTER *in* GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

HARRINGAY ARENA, London, played host to Don Cockell, British and European light-heavy champion, who decisively defeated Freddie Beshore of Harrisburg, Pa., in a non-title ten-rounder before a crowd of 10,400.

Freddie, at 185, to Cockell's 181, took a complete shellacking from the Londoner and was never in the running from the opening bell.

Cockell drew blood from Freddie's nose early in the first stanza and opened up an old cut over the 27-year-old American's eye in the eighth round.

The Londoner mainly used left jabs, right uppercuts and a devastating body attack, while Beshore was ineffective with his bobbing, weaving and two-handed wild swinging.

Freddie lost $420 as a forfeiture for weighing in three pounds over the agreed limit of 182.

The Associated Press scored the fight eight rounds for Cockell and two rounds even.

Bob Frost, 147½, West Ham, up and coming young welterweight, turned in his best victory to date when he easily outpointed the highly touted Jackie Braddock, 151¼, Manchester, over ten always interesting rounds at the new St. James Hall, Newcastle.

Bill Rattray, 150½, Scottish welterweight champion, outpointed Billy Shaw, 141, Manchester, over eight rounds. Don McTaggart, 136¼, Glasgow, scored a six-rounds points win over Dennis Pratt, 134¾, Billingham. Ron Johnson, 150½, Liverpool, knocked out Joe White, 148½, Carlisle, in the first session.

Ronnie Clayton, British and Empire featherweight king, knocked out Louis de Santiago, Spain, in the second of a schedu'ed ten-rounds bout at Belle Vue, Manchester. Vic Herman, 114, Scotland, who shortly meets Terry Allen for the British flyweight title, scored a good win at the expense of Juan Christobal, 118½, Spain, who was knocked out in the second of a ten rounder. Bernard Marshall, 123, Manchester, outpointed Dennis Sayle, 120¼, Northwich, over eight rounds. Stan Skinkiss, Manchester, made a successful professional debut when he stopped Ronnie Howarth, Bolton, in the third session. Johnny Sullivan, 160, Preston, won over Bos Murphy, 163¾, New Zealand, the latter being disqualified in the third. Len Brown, 192, Harrow, knocked out Jonty Pilkington, 198, St. Helens, in the first round.

Peter Fallon, 142½, Birkenhead, and Laurie Buxton, 139, Watford, drew over eight rounds at Leyton Baths. Terry Riley, 129¾, Liverpool, and Gene Caffrey, 129, Glasgow, drew over eight rounds. Al Gunning, 137½, Jamaica, outpointed Jimmy Docherty, 141, Luton, over six rounds. Bernie Newcombe, 144¾, Leyton, outscored Terry Stannard, Chingford, over six rounds. Jimmy Brewer, 120¾, Islington, outpointed Paddy Hyland, 121, Northampton, over six.

Mickey O'Sullivan, 119½, Finsbury Park, and Sid Band, 121¼, Worcester, drew over eight rounds at the Manor Place Baths, London. Danny Hurley, 137¾, Hurfield, stopped Tony Penrase, 136¾, Plymouth, in the third stanza. Arthur Gould, 127, Woolwich, outpointed Bobby Dodoo, 130, Cold Coast, over six rounds. Rocco Long, 147, Gold Coast, won over Bob Foster, 148, Covent Garden, after six rounds. Jackie Daker, 133, Fulham, outpointed Alfie Gange, 127¼, Walworth, over six rounds.

Teddy Peckham, 126, Bournemouth, outpointed Mickey Forrester, 126, West Ham, over ten rounds at Oxford. Billy Seccull, 168, Nuneaton, won from Les Roberts, 177¾, Ashford, over six rounds. Dudley Cox, Bournemouth, stopped Les Clark, Slough, in the fourth. Peter Davis, 153, Slough, outpointed Steve Brimah, 149, British West Africa, over six rounds. Harry Legge, Bournemouth, outpointed Dennis Ford, Watford, over six rounds. Roy Paine, Notting Hill, won from Len Granger, Bristol, over six rounds.

Jackie Fairclough, 119½, Preston, outpointed Jimmy Cardew, 121¼, London, over eight rounds at Preston. Johnny Black, 112, Preston, scored a points win over Ogli Tettey, 116, West Africa, in six rounds. Ken Richardson, 163, Retford, stopped Billy Taylor, 158½, Preston, in seven rounds. Billy Ellaway, Liverpool, knocked out Jack Scott, Preston, in the first. Wally Barker, Bolton, knocked out Wilf Fletcher, Doncaster, in the third round.

British Middleweight Champion Randolph Turpin, Leamington, reversed a previous decision, when he stopped Jean Stock, France, in the fifth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Leicester. Turpin punched with his usual ferocity and floored the Frenchman for several counts before the referee wisely halted the one-sided bout.

Johnny Williams, 195, Rugby, made a return to winning form when he knocked out Reg Andrews, 186, Deal, in the second of a scheduled eight-rounder Albert Finch, Ex-Middleweight Champion, stopped Johnny McGowan, 173, Wakefield, in the ninth. Don Scott, Derby, stopped Jim Moran, Leeds, in the second. Dave Williams, 171½, Barry, outpointed Johnny Barton, 174¾, Lancaster, over eight rounds. Ron Pudney, 162, Croydon, and Gordon Hazell, 161½, Bristol, drew over eight rounds. Jackie Turpin, 128, Leamington, stopped Eddie Moran, 125¼, Leeds, in the third session.

Willie Whyte, 149½, Scotland, outpointed Piet Van Staden, 149½, South Africa, over ten rounds at Liverpool. Steve Walsh, 129, Liverpool, knocked out Joe King, 132, Belfast, in the fifth. Len Ashworth, 145, Burnley, outpointed Ronnie Doyle, 147, Liverpool, over six rounds.

Ron Crooks, 161, Sheffield, outpointed Dick Langley, 162, Peckham, over eight rounds at West Ham Baths. Harry Herbert, 131½, Bethnal Green, stopped Jackie Horseman, 130½, West Hartlepool, in the fifth. Ernie Fossey, 140½, Islington, won from Jack McCarthy, 140, West Ham, over six rounds. Billy Ambrose, 151½, Stepney, knocked out Eddie Parsons, 152, Sheffield, in the first.

Bert Middleton, 145, Kettering, outpointed Eddie Cardew, 146½, Holloway, over eight rounds at Hoxton Baths Bob Burniston, 154, Wales, scored a big surprise when he knocked out Teddy Lee, 152, Islington, in the third of an eight-rounder. Harry Simmons, 129½, Clapton, won from Alf Clarke, 136¾, Bow, the latter being disqualified in the fourth. Jackie Williams, West Ham, outpointed Alby Brown, Islington, over six rounds Ken Bebbington, 146½, West Ham, outpointed Ken Tisor, 148½, Kettering, over six rounds.

Peter Keenan, 119, Glasgow, chief contender for Danny O'Sullivan's bantamweight title, had an easy workout when he stopped Armand Deianna, 119, France, in the sixth of an eight-rounder at Empress Hall, Earls Court. Tommy McGovern, 137¾, Bermondsey, outpointed Frankie Parkes, 138, Nottingham, over eight rounds. Gwyn Williams, 144½, Wales, knocked out Willie Whyte, 149, Scotland, in the fourth. Norman Watts, Kennington, won from Johnny Edwards, Islington, over six rounds. Johnny Hudson, 138, Covent Garden, and Neilly Phillips, 133, Glasgow, drew over eight rounds. Billy Elliot, 132¾, Glasgow, stopped Teddy Lewis, 135½, Dagenham, in the sixth. Colin Booth, 136½, Manchester, stopped Billy Nicholls, 141½, London, in the second.

Jock Bonas, 128, Edinburgh, outpointed Hugh Mackie, 130¼, British Guiana, over eight rounds at Edinburgh. Billy Baker, 114, Birmingham, stopped Eric White, 114, Crewe, in the fourth. Dave Fisher, 150, Wishaw, outpointed Pat McKay, 146¼, Edinburgh, over six rounds. Nelson Blackburn, 127¼, Paisley, stopped Mick Day, 132¼, Glasgow, in the second.

Rees Moore, Luton, stopped Stan Hawthorne, North Shields, in the second of an eight-rounder at Watford. Peter Glen, 148, Tottenham, stopped Les Kirk, 148, Finchley, in the fifth. Jack Streek, 154, Sidcup, outpointed Ken Hogarth, 150¼, Luton, over six rounds. Jimmy Walsh, 150¼, Ireland, outpointed Ray Routledge, 154¼, Southampton, over six rounds.

Alby Hollister, 165½, Islington, outpointed Ollie Williams, 164¼, West Ham, over eight rounds at Islington. Alby Brown, Islington, outpointed Chris Charles, Covent Garden, over six rounds. Jackie Leonard, Islington, outpointed Billy Delmistro, Leicester, over six rounds. Tommy Venables, Bethnal Green, and Vic Price, Ipswich, drew over six rounds.

Terry Ratcliffe, Bristol, kept his unbeaten record clear, when he kayoed Terry Kelly, Manchester, in the first round at Bath. Freddie King, Wandsworth, outpointed Tommy Higgins, Hanley, over eight rounds. Bobby Beckett, London, outpointed Joe Baillie, Glasgow, over eight rounds. Johnny Burns, Bristol, outpointed Johnny Reeves, Rochdale, over six rounds. Charlie Howe, London, won over Sammy Milson, Radstock, over eight rounds.

Tommy Farr, Tonypandy, suffered his first kayo defeat, and also the end of his hopes of a comeback, when at Porth, Wales, Frank Bell, Barnoldswick, applied the coup-de-grace to Farr in the second of a scheduled ten-rounder. Farr won the first round with apparent ease, but in the second, soon ran into difficulties, and took the full count. Another example of the old adage, "They Never Come Back."

Ron Bruzas, 137½, Blackwood, drew with Al Browne, 137½, British Guiana, over eight rounds. Jackie Sutton, 118, Cardiff, won the Welsh bantamweight title when he stopped the holder, Roy Ball, 117, Pontypool, in the fourth. Vince Marshall, 137, Manchester, outpointed Dennis Sewell, 134, Treharris, over eight rounds.

Eddie Carson, 117¼, Scottish Bantamweight Champion, retained his title by outpointing Jim Dwyer, 118, Glasgow, over twelve rounds at Glasgow. Hugh Smyth, 120¼, Glasgow, knocked out Danny Robertson, 123, Glasgow, in the first. Billy Taylor, Stirling, stopped Mickey King, Belfast, in the fifth of a scheduled eight-rounder. George Lamont, 126, Glasgow, outpointed Billy Daniels, 126¾, Bow, over eight rounds. Jeff Tite, 149¼, Spratton, did well to outpoint Luigi Valentini, 149, Italy, over eight fierce rounds.

Henry Hall, Sheffield, outpointed Jackie Wilson, Northern Ireland Middles King, over ten rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool. Johnny Carrington, Nottingham, outpointed Owen Trainor, Manchester, over eight. Jimmy Roche, Chester, got the nod over Eddie Kay, Liverpool, after eight rounds. Tommy Mason, Liverpool, notched an eight-rounds points win over Ray Bennett, Salford. Cliff Spinks, Leigh, won from Jackie Clayton, Preston, over four rounds.

Ken Rowlands, Wales, won over Teddy Mason, Bournemouth, in the fourth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Reading, when Mason was disqualified. Jack MacVicar, Scotland, stopped Jack Longford, Croydon, in the fourth. Alfie Clark, Bow, won from Albert Sanderson, Northampton, over six rounds. Jeff Eagan, Maidstone, and Don Desborough, Hanwell, drew over six rounds. Billy Jones, Bow, outpointed Frankie Jackson, Hull, over six rounds. Doug Sherlock, Wales, drew with Cyril Evans, Welwyn Garden City, over six rounds.

Jimmy Davis, 161, Bethnal Green, scored an eight-rounds points win over Jimmy James, 161½, Jamaica, at West Ham. Michael Stack, Leamington, outpointed Ron Crogan, Paddington, over eight rounds. Harry Herbert, Bethnal Green, won from Willie Croke, Leamington, over eight rounds. Ken Bebbington, West Ham, knocked out Freddie Bird, Bow, in the third. Jackie Williams, West Ham, stopped Billy Barrett, Uxbridge, in the first.

Jackie Marshall, 174¼, Glasgow, and Rocco Long, 145¾, South Africa, drew over eight rounds at Edinburgh. Don McTaggert, 128¾, Paisley, outpointed Black Bond, 127¼, Jamaica, over six rounds. Jim Thompson, Glasgow, outpointed Eddie Fitzsimmons, Liverpool, over six rounds. John Kenny, Paisley, and Eddie Wright, Glasgow, drew over six rounds.

George "Ginger" Roberts, 143, Whitley Bay, outpointed Johnny Carrington, 139½, Nottingham, over eight rounds at the Town Hall, Wembley. Johnny Fish, 143, Harlow, stopped Ossie Wilson, Northampton, in the fourth. Ken Whitty, 162½, Brighton, outscored Eddie Webb, 167½, Jamaica, over six rounds. Alfie Gange, 126, Walworth, knocked out Teddy Mason, 130½, West Ham, in the fourth.

Making his first appearance since winning the British Heavyweight Championship, Jack Gardner, Market Harborough, won the European heavyweight title when he easily outpointed the holder, Jo Weidin, Austria, over fifteen rounds at Jack Solomons' Earls Court Promotion. Gardner won with ease against his Austrian oponent, but revealed to the crowded arena that he has yet a long way to go before he can challenge for world honors.

Don Cockell, 174¾, British Cruiserweight Champion, annexed the European cruiserweight title when he caused Albert Yvel, 174¾, Algeria, to call it quits in the sixth of a fifteen-rounds bout. Cockell boxed and punched superbly, punishing the gallant Algerian badly, before M. Simenon, the Belgian referee, wisely called a halt. It is this writer's opinion that Cockell, at 23 years of age, is worthy of a crack at world champion Joey Maxim's crown.

Johnny Williams, 193, Rugby, seems to have come back into top form, for he well outscored Aaron Wilson, 192, U.S.A., over eight rounds. Peter Fallon, 143¾, Birkenhead, outpointed Duggie de Preez, 143, South Africa, over eight rounds. Terry Ratcliffe, 147, Bristol, stopped Ernie Vickers, 143¾, Middleborough, in the sixth. Don Scott, 183¾, Derby, stopped Dennis Lockton, 185¾, Manchester, in the fourth.

Billy Taylor, 156, Preston, outpointed Reg Dixon, 158, Salford, over eight rounds at Morecambe. Roy Johnson, 154, Liverpool, outpointed Bobby Rhodes, 155½, Preston, over six rounds. Roy Evans, Lancaster, won from Peter Walmsley, Preston, over four rounds. Jackie Thomas, Liverpool, won from Billy Billington, Golbourne, over four rounds.

Peter Keenan, 118, Scotland, had another warm-up fight for his British bantamweight championship contest with Danny O'Sullivan, when he outpointed Almeto Falcinelli, 119, Italy, over ten hard-fought rounds at Paisley. The verdict in Keenan's favor must have been by the smallest of margins. Rees Moore, 149½, Luton, outpointed Danny McKay, 149, Edin-

burgh, over eight rounds, Nelson Blackburn, 127¼, Glasgow, outpointed Pat McCoy, 127, Galway, over six rounds.

Giel de Roode, 143, Holland, outpointed Ivor Germain, 135, Barbados, over ten rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool. Tommy Higgins, 128, Hanley, drew with Bobby Mason, 125, Liverpool, over eight rounds. Billy Ellaway, 160, Liverpool, knocked out Jackie Jones, 161, Bolton, in the second. George Armstrong, 145, Canada, kayoed Don Morris, 148, Leigh, in the second. Kit Pompey, 149, British Guiana, outpointed Eric Billington, 144, Golbourne, over eight rounds.

Davie McLaren, 148, Cumrie, outscored Herbie Smith, 154, Gloucester, over eight rounds at Kidderminster. Jimmy Simpson, 146, Tipton, knocked out Al Richardson, 148, Kidderminster, in the fifth. Frankie Guest, 136, Blackheath, knocked out Joe Eastwood, 134½, Birmingham, in the first. Teddy Fellows, 149, Worcester, outpointed Teddy Blackham, 152, Wednesbury, over four rounds.

Henry Carpenter, 115¾, Peckham, won from Glyn David, 118¾, Wales, in the third of an eight-rounder at Hoxton Baths, when the latter was disqualified. Ken Ryan, 131, Islington, won over Reuben Carl, 131, Gold Coast, on a disqualification in the fifth. Jackie Chappell, 127, Bethnal Green, outpointed Jimmy Butler, 124, Hickleton Main, over six rounds. Wally Curtis, 176, Islington, stopped Les Roberts, 177, Ashford, in the last of a six-rounder.

Henry Hall, 161, Sheffield, outpointed Ron Pudney, 160¼, Croydon, over eight rounds at Leyton Baths. Bobby Fish, 161¾, Harlow, won from Andy Oliver, 165¼, Fulham, over six rounds. Steve Brimah, 151, West Africa, outscored Jack Godfrey, 153, Sidcup, over six rounds. Jack Baker, 134½, Fulham, outpointed Jack Pomphrey, 135¾, Hornchurch, over six rounds.

Wally Diamond, 178¾, Nigeria, knocked out Donald Campbell, 175¾, Elgin, in the first of an eight-rounder at Carlisle. Harry Warner, 147¼, London, outpointed Eric Skidmore, 148¼, Wednesbury, over eight rounds. Don Scott, 126, Carlisle, knocked out Jim Bird, 127, Stretford, in the first. David Lloyd 109½, Rhyl, outpointed Billy Johnson, 109¾, Carlisle, over six rounds. Billy Geddes, Langholm, and Ray Anderson, Workington, drew over six rounds.

Maurice Mancini, Leamington, outpointed Emmett Kenny, St. Helens, over eight rounds at Cheltenham. Michael Stack, 160½, Leamington, outpointed Koffi Kiteman, 160½, Cardiff, over eight rounds. Stan Parkes, 136, Birmingham, and Len Grainger, 131, Bristol, drew over six rounds. Danny Doran, 138, Radford, outpointed Ken Salter, 133, Blackfriars, over six rounds.

Zeke Brown, 129, Jamaica, knocked out Freddie King, 127½, Walworth, in the seventh of an eight-rounder at Manor Place Baths. Johnny Lewis, 141½, Blackfriars, outpointed Billy Jones, 139¾, Bow, over six rounds. Len Shaw, 125½, Sheffield, outpointed Jackie Summerville, 132, Greenwich, over six rounds. Jimmy Tippett, 138, Greenwich, outpointed Cyril Evans, 135¼, Welwyn, over six rounds. Jack MacVicar, 212¼, Scotland, stopped Len Brown, 192½, Harrow, in the fifth.

Johnny Sullivan, 156¼, Preston, suffered his first professional defeat when he was easily outpointed by Johnny Nuttall, 161, India, over eight rounds at Preston. Ron Price, 150½, Bilston, and Phil Mellish, 150, Stalybridge, drew over eight rounds. Colin Clough, 126, Blackpool, outpointed Frankie Warburton, 123¾, Chorley, over six rounds. Ronnie Geldhill, Bacup, knocked out Harry Maddock, Preston, in the first. Freddie Dawson, Preston, outpointed Brian Rees, Clayton-le-Moors, over four rounds Peter Smith, Huddersfield, outpointed Wally Barkas, Bolton, over four rounds.

Teddy Gardner, 110¾, West Hartlepool, outpointed Kalla Persson, 112, South Africa, in a ten-rounds eliminator for the British Empire Flyweight Championship, at Newcastle. Tony McTigue, 137¾, Wigan, won on a disqualification from Hugh Smith, 142, Sunderland, in the fourth. Roy Johnson, 148½, Liverpool, outpointed Bob Conway, 152¾, Stockton, over six rounds. Alf O'Niell, 162½, Chopwell, outpointed Joe Elliott, 162½, Sunderland, over six rounds.

Billy Thompson, 146¼, British Lightweight Champion, notched a ten-rounds points win over Jackie Braddock, 147, Manchester, at Empress Hall, Earls Court. Roy Ankara, 124, Gold Coast, stopped Johnny Molloy, 127½, St. Helens, in the fourth. Tommy Barnham, 137½, Fulham, outpointed Bert Middleton, 138¼, Kettering, over eight rounds. Joe Plant, 173½, Stepney, knocked out Adrian Symons, 172¾, Wales, in the third. Bobby Boland, 120, Scotland, outpointed Ron Johnson, 118¾, Bethnal Green, over eight rounds. Dennis Hallett, 128¼, Islington, stoppped Harry Simmonds, 129, Clapton, in the fifth.

Allan Tanner, 136½, British Guiana, outpointed Mickey O'Niel, 137, Belfast, over ten rounds at Liverpool Stadium. Terry Riley, 128½, Liverpool, won from Steve Walsh, 128¾, Liverpool, who was disqualified in the eighth round. Eric Marsden, 118, St. Helens, knocked out Sammy Fisher, 119, Belfast, in the first. Stan Skinkiss, 131, Manchester, outpointed Billy Connolly, 129, Liverpool, over six rounds.

Rees Moore, 148, Luton, notched an eight-rounds points win over Dave Ward, 145½, Merthyr, at Cambridge. Pete Davis, 151¾, Slough, stopped Fred Jackson, 153½, Aldreth, in the fifth. Tom Finlay, Boyton, scored over George Goodsell, Cambridge, over six rounds. Hugh O'Donnell, Herne Bay, outpointed Maurice Murfitt, Little Downing, over six rounds. Simon Templar, Burton-on-Trent, knocked out Gordon Day, Wilburton, in the first. Cliff Giles, 125, Linton, drew with Jimmy Butler, 122¼, Hickleton Main, over six. John Burling, Burwell, knocked out Charlie Jacquest, Hardwick, in the second.

Jimmy Davis, 162¼, Bethnal Green, outpointed Wally Beckett, 161, Carshalton, over eight rounds at Seymour Hall. Kay Kalio, 149¼, Nigeria, won from Eddie Cardew, 149¾, Holloway, over eight rounds. Bert Sanders, 161¾, Kilburn, gained a points decision over Ron Crogan, 161½, Paddington, over eight rounds. Benny ("Kid") Chocolate, 126¾, Gold Coast, outpointed Teddy Peckham, 125½, Bournemouth, over eight. Charlie Howe, 160½, West Ham, and Eddie Webb, 160, Gold Coast, put up a sparkling fight for six rounds, the decision going to Howe.

Ollie Williams, 167, West Ham, stopped Alby Hollister, 167¾, Islington, in the third of an eight-rounder at the Baths, Hoxton. Mickey Forrester, 127¾, West Ham, stopped Tommy Jones, 127¼, Wales, in the fifth. Ronnie Gill, 140, Bethnal Green, knocked out Mel Watham, Wales, in the second. Jimmy McLachlan, Hackney, outpointed Mick Callahan, Borough, over six.

Danny O'Sullivan, 125, Finsbury Park, stopped Eddie Maggee, 125½, Belfast, in the seventh of an eight-rounder at Leyton Baths. O'Sullivan, who shortly defends his British bantamweight crown against Peter Keenan, Glasgow, showed good form.

Alf Clark, 129, Bow, knocked out Roy Groom, 130, Clapham, in the third. Jackie Williams, West Ham, knocked out Ken Salter, Birmingham, in the first. Bert Middleton, 145½, Kettering, knocked out Terry Stannard, 145½, Chingford, in the sixth. Jack Curran, Eire, knocked out Bill Ellis, West Ham, in the third.

Les Allen, 158¾, Bedworth, outpointed Dick Langley, 161¾, Peckham, over eight fast rounds at Coventry. Harry Peacock, 135¾, Bedworth, scored a win over Mickey Green, 137¾, Nuneaton, over six rounds, George Howe, 161, Wolverhampton, outpointed Bob Burniston, 155, Barry, over six rounds. Stan Parkes, 138¼, Birmingham, drew with Dennis Sewell, 136¼, Wales, over eight rounds. Alf Price, Worcester, knocked out Bill Secull, Nuneaton, in the first.

Freddie Smith, Sheffield, stopped Ronnie Latham, Hickleton Main, in the sixth, at Leeds. Johnny Hazel, Jamaica, outpointed Gordon Goodman, Christchurch, over eight rounds. Vic Herman, Glasgow, outpointed Theo Noulten, Holland, over eight rounds.

Dave Williams, 173½, Barry, outpointed Reg Spring, 172, Southall, over eight rounds at Walworth. Danny Hurley, 132, Morden, stopped George Parmenter, 135, Battersea, in the second. Les Kirk, 150, Finchley, knocked out Jack Alpress, 149¾, Bexleyheath, in the fifth. Johnny Jackson, 153½, Earlsfield, knocked out Steve Patrick, 159, Stratford, in the second. Alfie Gange, 125½, Walworth, stopped Ivor Ross, 127, Uxbridge, in the third.

Maurice Mancini, 140, Leamington, and Johnny Carrington, Nottingham, drew over eight rounds at Walsall. Roy Baird, Birmingham, stopped Jack Thomas, Liverpool, in the fifth. Roy Johnson, 147, Liverpool, knocked out Peter Morgan, 146, Belfast, in the first. George Richards, Tipton, outscored Danny Doran, Leamington, over four rounds. Roy Corbett, Birmingham, outpointed Fred Leek, Willenhall, over four rounds.

Gerald Dreyer, 138¼, South Africa, maintained his own unbeaten record, and made a blot on that of Joe Lucy, 134½, Mile End, when, in his British ring debut, Dreyer outpointed the Mile End lightweight, over ten rounds, at Jack Cappell's Royal Albert Hall Promotion.

George Angelo, 158½, South Africa, won a ten-rounds points decision from Georges Royer, 160¼, France. Billy Woods, South Africa, stopped Victor d'Haes, Belgium, in the fifth. Billy Ambrose, 151, Stepney, knocked out Johnny McLaren, 145¼, Glasgow, in the first. Denny Lawson, 129, Sheffield, outpointed Billy Daniels, 126, Bow, over eight rounds. Gene Szczap, 161, Brighton, knocked out Jackie Whitehouse, 161½, Birmingham, in the second. Johnny McLeavy, 185½, stopped Len Brown, 193¾, Harrow, in the first.

More than ever now, the world needs an International Boxing Commission that would decide once and for all World Boxing Titles.

"Sugar" Ray Robinson certainly started something, for after winning the world middleweight crown from Jake LaMotta, he defied both the NBA and the New York Commission by stating that as he was not defeated either in the ring or on the scales, he still holds the welterweight title. Regulations made by the various commissions must be upheld, and therefore as far as the NBA and the New York commission are concerned, the welterweight title is vacant. BUT, the British and European Commissions declare that their regulations do not permit the title to be declared vacant, and that consequently they will recognize the forthcoming bout between Robinson and Britain's Eddie Thomas for the former's 147 lb. crown.

The same position exists in the heavyweight ranks. Europe claims that Lee Savold is the heavyweight champ, while the NBA and New York Commissions hold that Ezzard Charles is King.

It seems pretty obvious that unless a world organization representing all the various commissions is formed, chaos will exist in the sport.

Former World Flyweight Champion Terry Allen, 114¼, Islington, who is shortly to meet Vic Herman, Scotland, for the British flyweight crown, had an easy journey when he outpointed Jimmy Pearce, 114¾, Northern Area Flyweight Champ, over eight rounds at Kentish Town. Allen was markedly superior, winning every round.

Terry Bullivant, 133½, Islington, stopped Cyril Evans, 136¼, Welwyn Garden City, in the second. Ken Whitty, 162¾, Brighton, stopped Billy Middleton, 168, Jamaica, in the fourth. Johnny Prince, 180, Islington, and Ron Raynor, 180½, Tottenham, drew over six rounds. Ron Lovell, 138, Stoke Newington, outpointed Alby Brown, 140½, Islington, over six rounds.

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EUROPEAN GOSSIP

By Charley Parrish

GIANNI ZUDDAS, the unbeaten Italian bantam star, turned in a convincing victory over Dante Bini in a return bout at Milan. Zuddas had previously drawn with the French youngster, but this time won over ten, whilst Alvaro Nuvoloni whipped Tino Cardinale in another bantam ten-rounder. The main bout featured Gino Campagna, the southpaw middles king, who outscored Widmer Milandri over ten, and finally Gianni Capobianchi trimmed Ennio Aroldi in eight, bantams.

On the Buonvino-Bentz card at Lucca, reported last month, Giuliano Pancani defeated Bernard Pacini in eight, light-heavies. At Crema, Carlo Mola outdistanced Antonio Brenci in eight, welters.

Peter Mueller, Germany's rising middles star, advanced by clearly outpointing the experienced French champion, Kid Marcel, over ten rounds in Cologne. Hugo Salfeld edged Scherbaum in six, heavies, and Norbert Nettekoven forced the once-brilliant Rudi Pepper to retire in the seventh, middles. Jupp Muennichhoff, a welter prospect, punished Leyton Lewis for six rounds, then halted the Negro in the sixth, and Franz Szuzina caused Chomutowski to surrender in the third heat of their middles fray.

In Eastern Germany, at Halle, Rudi Langer won clearly over Albert Fritsch, bantams, and Horst Garz likewise gained a top-heavy victory against Helmut Franke, welters.

At Melun, France, Julien Borzest (otherwise Borzestowski) scored another quick triumph when he flattened the Italian, Terzo Del Pin, in one round, heavies.

At St. Ouen, the Indo-China lightweight king, Robert DiMayo, fought brilliantly against Clement, whom he forced to retire in the third.

As stated last month, Livio Minelli clearly outdistanced the German, Hans Motzelt, at Brescia. On the same card the two good lighties, Giuseppe "Valdo" Fusaro and Val Gianluppi, fought a fast eight-round draw.

In Rome Luigi Coluzzi drew with Carlo Mola in eight, welters, and Nello Barbadoro and Dante Venturi achieved the same result in their feathers shindy. Third draw of the program featured two rugged lighties, Efisio Melis and Beppe Colasanti, in another eight.

At Modena, the unbeaten Diulio Loi outboxed France's Roland Guilbert in eight, lightweights, whilst Ferruccio Rustichelli outdistanced the Roumanian welter, Mario Falesky.

In Barcelona, Antonio Soldevilla outpointed the Puerto Rican middle, Wildcat Amato, over ten rounds, whilst Jesus Aguerri defeated Ray Lewis in eight, lighties. Galiano and Serrano, two feathers, fought the best duel on the card, with the nod going to the former after eight heats. Martinez stopped Novarro in two, flyweights.

Andre DeKeersgieter, the good Belgian middle, won convincingly over Georges Royer of France, at Bruges, and Louis Cabo stopped Michel Dicky in two, feathers.

At Cherbourg, Walter Momber decisioned Louis Gaudin in eight, welters, and at Roubaix, Serge Barthelemy made a reappearance in French rings, where he was held to a draw by Luc Van Daele of Lilie, in ten. In a featherweight scramble, Pierre Carrara was dropped for eight in the second round by Umberto Molinaro, who was later forced to retire with cut eyes in the sixth. Claude Bastin defeated Edouard Collet in six, middles.

Francis Bonnardel left little to chance in his title defense at Amiens, where he entertained Bernard Dodin in a hectic 15-round duel, won clearly by the French feathers king. A bare 800 attended the program.

At Rotterdam, Frits Van Kempen disappointed his supporters by losing his first main event bout against the clever Belgian welter, Kid Eugene, who gained the nod after ten rounds. Teun Brommer stopped Rik Denis, Belgium, in the opening round of another welter clash, and Piet Voorwinde whipped Ray Bertrand in six, feathers.

At The Hague, Nico Schoenmakers halted the Belgian middle, Jack Cappell, in the seventh. Harry Mino, Belgium, trimmed Wim Ludwig, welters, and Jan Oudtshoorn drew with Jo De Wilde, lighties.

Sylvano Locatelli forced Carlo Boccolini to retire in the fourth round of their welter affair at Pavia, and at Seregno, Ernesto Formenti dropped Jose Garcia so often that the referee was obliged to intervene in the third frame to prevent the Spanish feather suffering severe injury. Ballabio drew with Carmine Lutti in six, lighties.

Laurent Dauthuille made it clear that he stands in a class apart by the signal beating he inflicted on Claude Ritter, at the Paris Palais des Sports. Ritter, whose claim to fame was his victory over Mitri, had no chance, and was knocked out in the second stanza with a right to the jaw. Pierre Langlois punched out a convincing win against Roger Baour, welters, whilst Jean Sneyers was less impressive in winning a close verdict over Louis Skena, bantams. Jack Herman, heavyweight, stopped Ernest Chalono in the fourth, and Jacques Legendre trimmed Louis Meraint on points.

At Dusseldorf, Leo Starosch won the right to meet Walter Schneider for the latter's welter crown by gaining a close points verdict over Franz Szuzina in eight. Mathias Luyten defeated the clean-boxing American welter, Al Bishop, in six, and Albert Mueller battered Leyton Lewis into defeat in five rounds, feathers. Gustav Eder's lightweight find, Glaeser, knocked out Werner Abele in four rounds.

At the Paris Stadium, Andre Valignat continued his series of wins by whipping the North African bantam, Sedraoui, over eight rounds, whilst Serge Gazard licked Mohammed Bellatreche in another bantam bout. In the Paris suburbs, the bantam Jean Senhadj outscored Caffet in ten at Neuilly and Vandenmeulebroeck won over Alazard on points, middles. At Chateau-Thierry, the Italian, Paolo Melis, impressed by stopping Augustin Ussin in the sixth, welters.

Barcelona: At the Gran Price Stadium, the veteran heavy, Antonio Folgado, scored a big upset by knocking out the ex-amateur star, Gonzales, in two rounds. The crude but effective Monbiela outpointed Robert Astoin, the French lightie, and feather prospect Galiana drew with Antonio Gonzales. At San Sebastian, the Spanish cruiser champ, Ramon Martinez, knocked out a Portuguese named Neves.

Ivano Fontana became the official challenger for the Italian middles title when he outpointed Giovanni Manca over ten varied and interesting rounds, in Rome.

Two Belgian crowns were defended on the same program in Brussels. Jean Machterlinck retained the feathers title by outscoring Louis Van Hoeck and Albert Heyen held on to his middles laurels by edging Arthur Acha, both bouts over twelve rounds. Emile Delmine established himself as best welter in Belgium by defeating Kid Dussart over ten, non-title.

At Ghent, Arthur Acha made another appearance, halting Rene Knockhaert in the sixth, whilst Jo Verbrugh trimmed Jo Romain in another middles maul.

At Casablanca, Abdelkader ben Miloud triumphed over El Baz, who retired in the sixth round of their lightweight shindy, and Charlie Bohbot scored over Ben Maati in a bantam eight.

Two flyweight matches headlined the program at St. Ouen, semi-finals for the Parisian title. Jackie Boizel easily outpointed Roger Laine in eight, whilst Andre Jasse defeated his opponent Ali Graichi, but failed to qualify by coming in over the weight limit.

At the Paris Central, Louis Carrara had his work cut out to gain the nod over the Algerian lightweight, Said Belhout, and the new welter star, Andre Caucino, knocked out Cannonne in the fourth.

At Pont-Audemer, Emile Dicristo failed to repeat a previous victory over the local lightweight hero, Serge Ceustermans, with whom he was obliged to share the honors after ten very even rounds. Pierre Langlois proved himself much superior to Ali Amrane, but failed to halt the durable Parisian welter; Roger Beaumais gained the nod against Loris Saccavini, middles.

At Erfurt, Germany, Herbert Nuernberg outclassed his opponent, Helmut Werfel, to such an extent that the fight was halted in the sixth, and the veteran Hamburg welter was declared winner by K.O. Heinz Schreiber, a light-heavy newcomer, flattened Franz Schoepgens in 18 seconds of the first round.

The lightweight eliminator between Auguste Caulet and Hoacine Khalfi, at the Salle Wagram in Paris, did not come up to expectations. Caulet showed great aggressiveness early in the bout, which appeared to discourage his opponent. Caulet dominated the later rounds, and thus will meet Gustave Perrot for the crown left vacant by Pierre Montane. Morlay Kamara, lightweight from French Guiana, impressed by defeating Jean Archambault over ten, and Edouard Collet won an unpopular decision from Omar Dia, welters. Farid Zaidan, a lanky blond welter from Lebanon, debuted successfully by beating Andre Marty, disqualified for continuous low punches in the second round.

At Limoges, France, Gilbert Stock gained a cheap win at the expense of an obscure Spaniard, Gameiro, whom he whipped in ten, whilst Jacques Bro outscored Angel Moreno, another Spanish middle.

At the Paris Stadium, the local lightweight, Rene Bolivia, retained his unbeaten status by drawing with Maurice Maury; Mohamed Chickaoui halted Merle in the seventh heat of their feathers contest.

The Italian bantam, Nazzareno Gianelli, made one of his infrequent appearances when he neatly outpointed the French youngster, Bernard Celestini, in ten. Merialdo whipped Dallinges, feathers, whilst the Swiss middles arrival, Schuwey, won deservedly over Sansonnet of France, in six.

At Milan, Giorgio Milan successfully defended his Italian heavyweight title against his seasoned challenger, Gino Buonvino, by sharing the honors after ten fairly interesting rounds. Livio Minelli was advised to retire at the end of the fourth round of his middles clash with Gaston Chambraud, who had inflicted a fractured rib on the Italian. In another middles affair, Gino Campagna outpointed the clowning Nigerian, Sammy Wilde, over ten, and Diulio Loi decisively won over Leon Bourlet of Belgium, lightweights. Voltolini outfought Mario Minatelli in six, welters.

At Terni, Franco Sisalli stopped Matteo Tamalio in the fifth, feathers.

Roger Bruneau triumphed over Jacques Chartier at Montlucon, on points. Bruneau will now challenge the feathers champ, Bonnardel. Dauthuille boxed an exhibition with Roger Dubreuil. At Laon, Gilbert Lavoine won every round of his fight with Ali Amrane, who nevertheless lasted the limit. At the Paris Central, Claude Milazzo, the Tunisian middle, won a close verdict over Hubert Oberon in eight.

The open-air season at the Berlin Waldbuehne kicked off with a lively German-Italian card, with Dieter Hucks vs. Burl Charity as added attraction. The German cruiser thunderbolt had Charity on the verge of a kayo in the fifth round, but the bell saved the American, who came back to put Hucks in heavy weather, but the German managed to scrape home a narrow but deserved winner. Hans Stretz had his first outing since the Robinson fight last Christmas, and debuted by clearly outpointing Widmer Milandri, whilst Renato Tontini, the Italian cruiser king, won a close verdict over the slow German champion, Heinz Sachs. Gustav Scholz won over Franco Fratalia, welters. All bouts were eight-rounders. Finally, Richard Vogt forced Rudi Oremek to retire in the fourth round of their cruiser melee, which was quite an eye-opener.

At the Cirque Royale, Brussels, Jean Sneyers made his poorest showing to date when he narrowly outpointed the Swiss bantam, hairy Caliostro Etter. Etter would doubtless have won the fight had he not suffered with a cramp in his legs during the latter stages. Sneyers is sorely in need of a layoff after his recent strenuous contests. On the same program, the Belgian lightie, Roger Delabassee, was most unfortunate not to receive the decision against Jacques Dehaye of France, who was unaccountably declared the victor after ten rounds.

Luc Van Dam made an unimpressive performance against the Australian cruiser, Jackie Marr, at Rotterdam. It should be stated that Marr made little effort to attack, but Van Dam appeared very indecisive although he gained a comfortable win on points. Job Roos knocked out the much heavier Spaniard, Luis Sierra, in the seventh round, middles.

At Naples, Michele Palermo returned to action with a six-round knockout of Ernst Walter of Austria.

At Ferrara, Dante Venturi won over Antonio D'Angelo in eight, feathers, whilst Uber Bacilieri decisioned Giovanni Martin also in eight, heavies. Lightweight Vittorio Costa won over Siro Florenzani.

At Barcelona, the Spanish welter champion, Antonio Monzon won a rather colorless victory against the Frenchman, Serge Van Zandt, in ten. Tony Lopez came in as a lightweight against Jim Martinez, whom he stopped at the end of the seventh. Pedro Segura and Garcia drew in a fast lightweight six and Alonso drew with Barba, flyweights.

Jacques Royer-Crecy made a very poor effort against Lucien Corenthin when he defeated the Guadaloupean at the Salle Wagram. Clumsy and inefficient, Royer-Crecy still fails to live up to his early promise. Robert Vallet was more impressive in halting Guy Dupuis in the fourth round, whilst Claude Burger, a blond Swiss, likewise pleased with a neat points victory over Lemoine in what was the third middleweight bout of the bill. Paolo Melis, the young Italian welter now guesting in France, fought his way out of trouble to catch up Louis Jasko, whom he stopped in the eighth.

At St. Denis, near Paris, Maurice Forni handed out a shellacking to Girard Denis, whom he halted in the ninth round, thus preserving his Parisian feathers title. Michel Aubignat whipped Jacques Guilbert over ten, middles.

At Argenteuil, the brothers Carrara once more brought home the bacon; Pierre, a feather, halted Maurice Fernandez in the fifth, whilst Louis,

CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

By CHARLIE PARISH

Dauthuille Best French Middleweight — De Keersgieter New Belgian Champion—Omar le Noir Retires—Karel Sys To Return?—German Cruiserweights To The Fore—Leo Starosch In Vienna And Essen—Jean Mougin Retires.

LAURENT DAUTHUILLE, the uncrowned leader of France's middleweights, achieved a new esteem in the eyes of the Parisian public when he halted the coloured American, Bobby Dawson. After his return from America, the stocky, curly-haired Laurent has swept through the opposition like a tornado, but it still remains doubtful whether Dauthuille possesses the equipment necessary to dislodge Ray Robinson from his throne. French scribes, who have seen both men in action, are reluctant to give an opinion, but for the man in the street, Dauthuille is the man of the hour, and has almost achieved the exalted position of national idol.

Your writer attended the Dawson-Dauthuille affair, in the expectation of watching an interesting contrast of styles. Indeed, the coloured boy started off rather impressively, snaking out an accurate left which appeared to disconcert Dauthuille. Suddenly the latter got inside Dawson's left and crashed a succession of heavy rights to the head. Dawson staggered, caught another right, and went out like a light. The fight had taken 98 seconds, including the count, and had brought the fans to their feet by the sudden turn of events. Jean Renaud, the manager, declared to me that the victory didn't mean a thing, but this view was not shared by the frenzied crowd, shouting animatedly for ten minutes after the fight was over. As a matter of interest, Dawson's measuments coincide more or less with those of Robinson, but there the resemblance ends. One of the Sugar's rights might well have discouraged Dauthuille from closing in, but with Dawson such liberties are permissible. He is not a puncher of merit, and relies chiefly on footwork and his long left.

* * * * *

One Frenchman who does not jump for joy when he hears Dauthuille's name is Pierre Montane, who got off to such a poor start in Canada. Pity the unfortunate Pierre, who expected to receive a first-class welcome in the French-speaking districts; everywhere is the ghost of the departed Laurent. His every move in training was accompanied by the remark, "Ah, Laurent used to do it this way." Although Maurice Chevalier staunchly boosted the merits of the new arrival, perhaps because Montane is more a night-club entertainer than was Dauthuille, and although Eugene Huat expressed the greatest confidence in his charge, the atmosphere in Montreal was maybe too much for Montane. His debut in Canada, against Armand Savoie, was something of a flop, and was halted in the second round owing to a bad cut over the Frenchman's eye.

* * * * *

A couple of years ago a proposed boxing programme fell through in Sweden due to ridicule from the press, who took exception to the importation of fighters from places like the Canary Isles and Corsica, as proposed by the promoter. Well, race, religion or politics have nothing to do with a fighter's proficiency, and right now there is a handy lightweight doing very well, thank you, fighting in Belgium, England and anywhere else where the pickings are good. His name is Young Cyclone, and he hails from the Canary Isles. Don't get this gent confused with a previous battler of the same name, who fought Al Brown way back in the twenties; this Cyclone was christened Nicolas Santana and was born some twenty-nine years ago.

After holding the Spanish feathers title for a while, Cyclone packed his bag and hit the open road for Belgium, which appears to be something of a rendezvous for exiled Spanish battlers. He fought there with considerable frequency, and no little success. In one of his recent bouts he held Kid Dussart to a draw. Later he returned to his native country and whipped Antonio Ruiz, who by the way is the son of a former European champion of the same name. Although everything seems straight for a shot at the Spanish lightweight crown, held by Bartolome Marti, Cyclone intends to continue fighting in Belgium, if possible.

* * * * *

In Belgium, as in France, it is popular opinion that the best middleweight does not hold the title. Cyrille Delannoit renounced the crown some two years back, his successor was Albert Heyen, considered at that time as an excellent prospect. Heyen failed to uphold Belgium's colours in international matches, and it is with some relief that the Belgians greet their new champion, Andre De Keersgieter, who possesses a more robust fighting style than does Heyen. Prior to his points win against Heyen, De Keersgieter has not featured in many international contests, nevertheless he has accumulated a fairly impressive number of victories during the past few years. The new champion is a game-keeper by profession, employed on a large estate on the Belgian coast, adjoining the Dutch frontier. In fact, De Keersgieter's house in the last house in Belgium, just a few yards from Holland. This open air life is ideal for a boxer, and Andre finds it only necessary to pay visits to his trainer for instruction in the art of boxing. Quite a newcomer to the big-time, De Keersgieter's present ambition is to fight again in Brussels, against Delannoit if possible. On his sole previous appearance in the Belgian capital De Keersgieter halted Hennebo.

Albert Heyen, incidentally, is following the usual course of dethroned champions—moving into the next category. This appears to be a kind of face-saving ritual, the inference being that the defeated champ had long been troubled with making the weight. These complaints emanate from the manager only after defeat. As a cruiserweight, Heyen will probably find his path less thorny, as the competition is not so keen, particularly in Belgium.

* * * * *

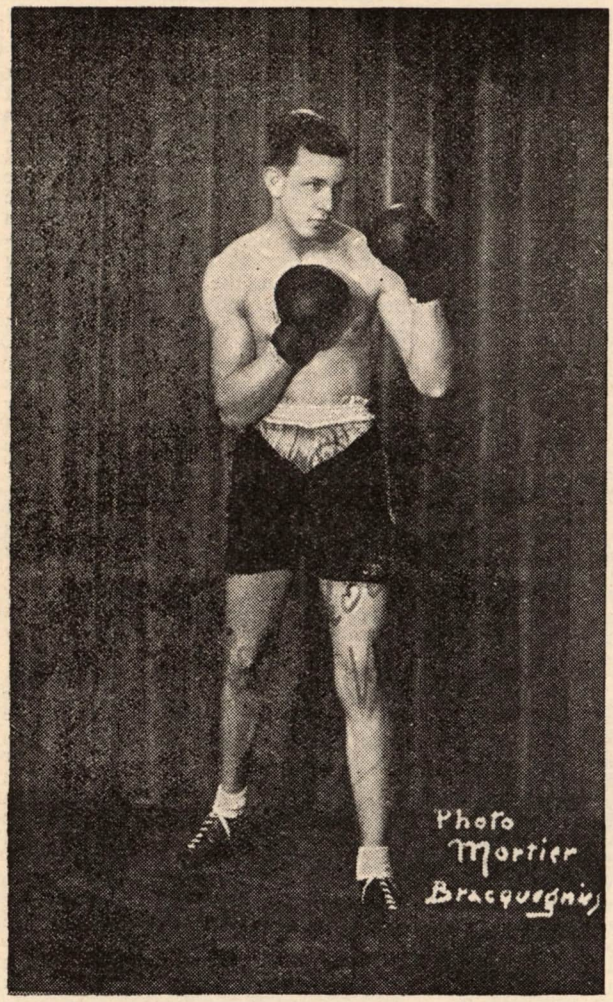
With the recent retirement of Omar le Noir disappears one of the last ties with pre-war boxing in active fight circles. He made his debut in Algeria as a paid fighter way back in 1936, first appeared in Paris three years later. Originally a painter by trade, the lanky Algerian negro became interested in boxing more or less by chance, took to it like a duck to water. He soon became highly popular in Parisian rings for the elegant style with which he defeated rugged battlers like Frank Harsen and Mak Perez, and in August, 1939, he captured the French lightweight title from Paul Dogniaux. He lost the crown in 1941, regained it the following year, and continued to win and lose the title until just after the war, when he moved up into the welter division. Born in 1918, the Algerian figured as something of a veteran by this time, but still succeeded in posing too many problems for the greater part of his opponents. In 1948 the tide began to turn, and Omar dropped verdicts to Titi Clavel, Kid Marcel, Hecquart and Jean Wanes. After losing to Humetz and Piitulainen early the following year, the Algerian was selected as an ideal opponent for the Dutchman, Giel De Roode, who needed a warm-up for his forthcoming bout with Livio Minelli for the vacant European title. The wily Omar had one trick too many for the Hollander, however, and upset De Roode's applecart by gaining a unanimous decision over him at The Hague. The surprise win brought Omar le Noir many more lucrative bouts, but no offers for a crack at the French title, and once more he began to lose interest in the game. His chance finally came last December, when he was allowed to tackle Gilbert Lavoine, with the French welter title at stake. In view of the coloured boy's latest performances, he was not given much chance against the rugged railwayman from Laon. It was chiefly a question of whether the Algerian could manage to last the distance by reason of his craftiness. The challenger did not choose to mount the proverbial bicycle, but went right out to outbox Lavoine, in accordance with the best principles of the Noble Art. Although the champion had more power in his blows, it was chiefly Omar who dictated the course of the fight, tieing his man up and repeatedly ramming home that disconcerting left.

The champion was declared winner after fifteen hectic rounds, but Lavoine lost considerable prestige through this battle with the veteran Algerian.

Omar has considered that his time has come, however, and is now seeking a position as trainer for a French fight club. A remarkable ring strategist, he would doubtless have gone much further if he could have developed a telling punch. He would have been a second Al Brown.

* * * * *

Karel Sys, the exiled Belgian heavyweight who is at present campaigning in Argentina, may shortly make the journey back to his mother country, according to report. As is generally known, Sys was imprisoned after the war by the Belgian authorities for war-time collaboration, later he was refused a licence to box. As a boxer, Sys was a grand prospect before the war, and during the war he reached his peak, but unfortunately the field was extremely limited. He won the Belgian heavy title from Gustave Roth in 1941, toured Germany with success, lost to Olle Tandberg for the vacant European title two years later, but gained his revenge over the Swede when they clashed in



Albert Heyen of Belgium, who has elected to move into the cruiser ranks after losing his middle title to Andre De Keersgieter.

Brussels in November, 1943. On the short side for a heavyweight, Sys is a good technical boxer and also carries a respectable punch. His return to Belgium is eagerly awaited by his compatriots, who may get the opportunity to see him in action against the current champion, Piet Wilde, and also against Gino Buonvino.

* * * * *

German cruiserweights stand at present in a very favourable position among their Continental colleagues. Out of the best ten Continentals in this category, at least five are Germans, which is a healthy sign that interest in the light-heavy division will once more awaken. Since the war the cruiserweight class was decidedly on the downgrade. The superiority of Freddie Mills over his European challengers killed public interest, and it is only since Freddie's retirement and the admission of Germany to international competition that the cruisers have once more begun to come into their own.

* * * * *

Albert Yvel was long regarded as the best Continental by most scribes, and his decisive defeat at the hands of Gerhard Hecht in Germany proves that German representation is not limited to Conny Rux and Willi Hoepner. Many attempts were made to lure Yvel into the Fatherland for a European title match but the Algerian declined the tempting offers; after losing the European crown he could not afford to refuse, however, and judging by Hecht's performance, a German would at present be the European champion if Yvel had gone to Germany earlier. As things stand, Germany is in rather a paradoxical situation with regard to the European cruiser title. The E.B.U. has ruled that there is at present no worthy contender for Don Cockell. If a German were to be considered as challenger, Heinz Sachs, the German title-holder, has the legitimate right to be nominated, although he is in fact rated about fourth or fifth in his own country. Sachs had considerable difficulty in retaining his crown against Richard Vogt and Hans Strelecki, being held to a draw by both men. He was also defeated by Renato Tontini, the Italian champion. Conny Rux, Hoepner, Hecht and Dieter Hucks would all be favoured to whip Sachs if they were given the opportunity. Meanwhile, the German champ retains his title by indulging in voluntary title-defence against less difficult opposition, such as Vogt and Strelecki.

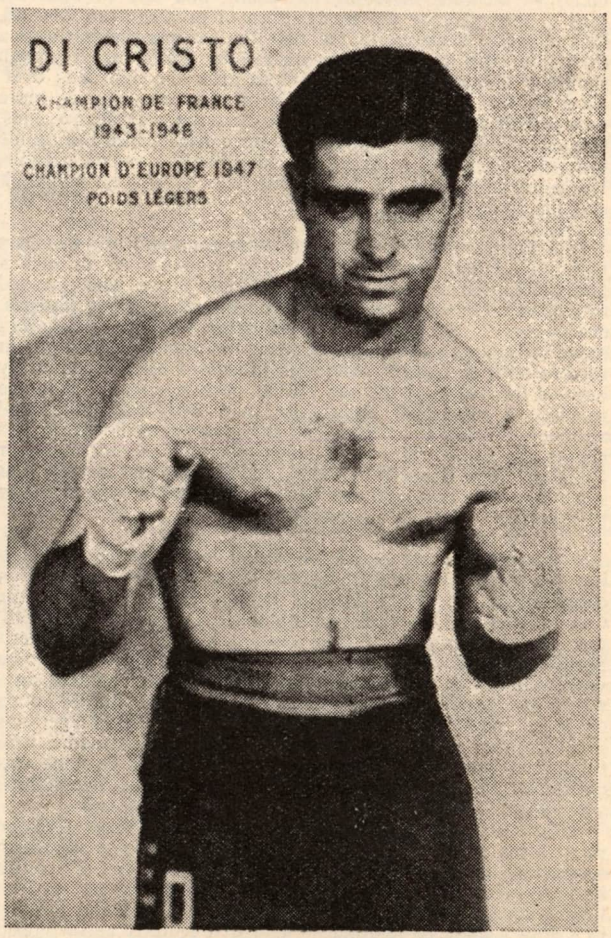
Outside of the German quintet mentioned above, there are few Continentals who could possibly shape as threats to Don Cockell. Most of the remainder are either lacking punch, style or experience, many of them lack all three qualifications. Albert Yvel and Tontini having had their run of title matches during recent years, there is maybe something to be said for the Dutchman, Willy Schagen, who has had considerable success in Britain, and for the French-Armenian, Hairabedian. Apart from this handful, the cupboard is bare. The Scandinavians, Jensen, Nilsson and the rest, whilst being solid battlers, are also stolid; on the other hand, Italy and Spain possess some fairly colourful fighters in this division, but they lack durability. The young Belgian champion, Victor D'Haes, is being brought along carefully, and may make a presentable challenger after he has gained more experience, whilst the Austrian, Hein Wiesner, can be accounted too ancient for anything as robust as a title bout with the redoubtable Don from Battersea.

In short, if Cockell claims to have run out of opposition in Europe, he should first consider a trip to Germany, where cruisers and heavies grow on trees. Most of the leading Germans have proved their worth against imported Americans and Continentals. Rux campaigned with success as a heavy during 1950, Hecht disposed of Yvel quicker than did Cockell, Hoepner and Hucks have demonstrated their tremendous punching power against good foreign talent—and against each other.

* * * * *

After a couple of years immobility, professional boxing got once more under way in Austria, where two programmes were arranged within a week of each other at the open-air skating rink in Vienna.

Needless to remark, fighters in the paid ranks have suffered very lean times during this period of inactivity, some of them were lucky if they got two or three engagements in twelve months. Lately, an arrangement was reached by representatives of the professional and amateur boxing authorities, and it is now hoped that the open-air season will prove a fruitful one for all concerned. It is remarkable that the first programme of the season did not feature one of Austria's good heavies, either



Emile Dicristo, who once held the French and European lightweight titles, is attempting to regain his old position after two years absence from the ring.

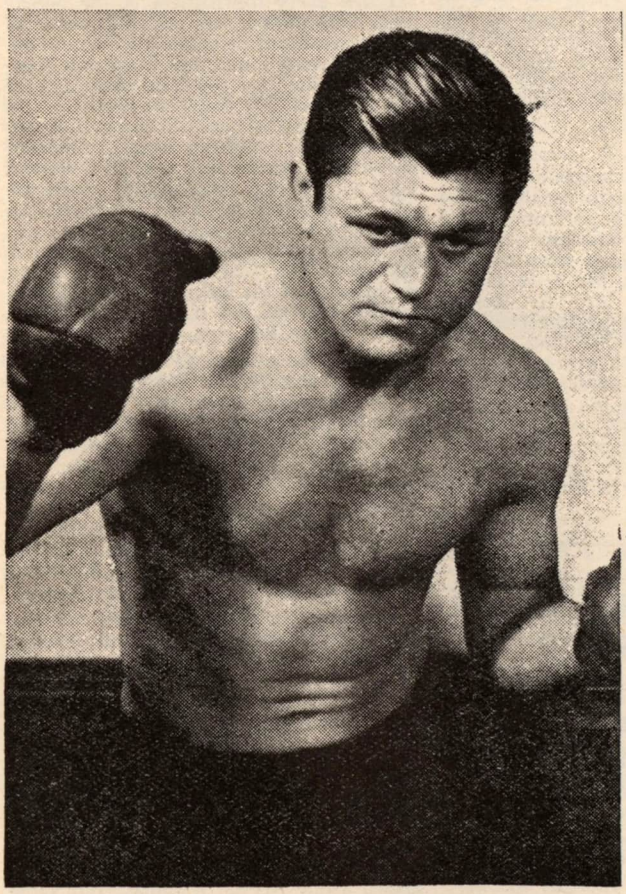
Jo Weidin or Kurt Schiegl. Instead, it was Hein Wiesner who was featured as the major attraction, in a ten-round contest against the Italian heavy, Uber Bacilieri. Wiesner was considered something of a veteran ten years ago, but he retains considerable vigour and uses his experience well. As a drawing card, however, he does not rate, and the attendance did not come up to expectations. A week later, it was the German welter, Leo Starosch, who headed the bill, and public interest was stirred.

Starosch is quite a character, equally at home in Vienna or in Essen. In fact, he was official challenger for both the German welter crown and the Austrian middles title at the same time. During 1949 he featured on many programmes in Vienna, where he first discovered he possessed a knockout punch. For his first Vienna appearance in two years he was given a very soft touch, the Luxembourg welter novice, Ettore Santella. Here and now it should be stated that this matter of poor matchmaking has caused big scandals in Vienna before now, and it is chiefly due to this that the fight game has been dead there for so long.

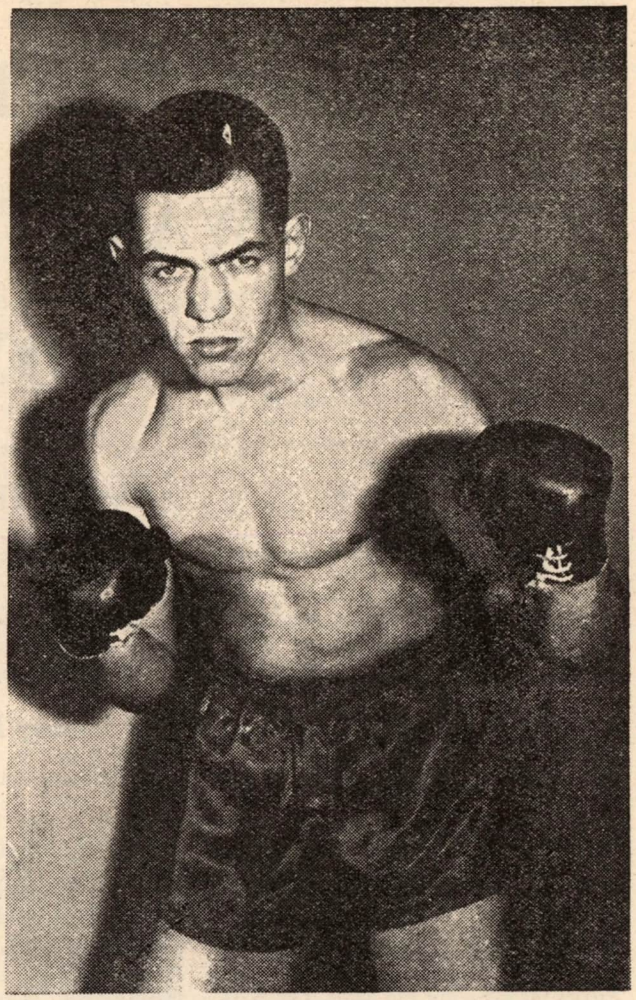
Santella was no match for the seasoned German, but lasted seven rounds, during which time he took several trips to the canvas. Four days previous, Starosch had boxed a draw with the ex-champion of Germany, Karl Schmidt, and two days after flattening Santella, Starosch went on to Essen and creased the coloured American, Tommy Bell. A fighter who runs his own affairs, Starosch never misses the opportunity of earning cash or publicity, although Alfred Pauser acts as his representative in Austria. In his search for both money and plaudits, Starosch refuses nobody—even cruiserweights are not barred! The humble Santella had little to offer the Viennese crowd, who were treated to the spectacle of watching their favourite in action against a plucky chopping-block. Starosch so impressed the crowd of 7,000 who turned up that it was suggested that the German should meet Ray Robinson in Vienna. I fear that such a match would again be a typical piece of Viennese stunting, sufficient to turn a disappointed audience against the fight game. Let the Viennese promoters be satisfied with reasonable returns for this season, to give the younger talent some experience. In a year or two, it might then be possible to put on grandiose programmes on the Jack Solomons style.

* * * * *

The news that Emile Delmine, the Belgian welter champion, has gone over to the colours of Felix Dekoninck caused some eyebrow-lifting in Belgian fight circles. The young, vigorous, fight manager took over the Premont boxing team some time ago, which included Cyrille and Edgard Delannoit and Jean Sneyers. As he was already the manager of Piet Wilde, Mr. Dekoninck thus obtained almost a monopoly of the few top-line Belgian fighters. By snapping up Delmine, the Brussels fight-pilot has increased his status, and is virtually independent of other managers when he wishes to promote a first-rate programme. Delmine will also profit by joining the Dekoninck stable. He was given too many fights against opponents of class, and has recently been fighting far below the form he was showing a year ago. A short layoff, followed by more imaginative matchmaking could bring the Belgian champion right in front again.



Major attraction of Austrian rings is Leo Starosch, who is also contender for the German welter title. Starosch is one of the busiest fighters in Europe, but manages himself.



The Danish powerhouse puncher, welter Chris Christensen, has forced his way into the first ten after a mere dozen pro. bouts.

* * * * *

Jean Mougin, who held the French lightweight crown some three or four years ago, has decided to retire owing to imperfect eyesight. The blond, youthful Mougin was quite a popular figure in British rings, fought a good bout here with Al Phillips. He engaged in a number of bouts in the States during 1948 and 1949, returned to France for a short while and then migrated to Australia, where he won a couple of decisions before being clouted out by America's Freddie Dawson. Since his return to Paris last year he showed little of his old form, losing to Omar le Noir and Gilbert Lavoine.

* * * * *

Maurice Smith, who runs a sports column in "The People," took Nat Fleischer to task whilst the latter was making his tour of Europe. Mr. Smith elected to make the "Ring" Editor a target for the general British dissatisfaction regarding American treatment of our star fighters. The fact of the matter is that this paper has always given British boxers more consideration than any other American fight magazine, and all our stars—Gardner, Cockell, Turpin and Thomas—are rated high in the monthly classifications. Articles on British and European boxing appear regularly in "The Ring", thus serving to bring the performances of our fighters to the attention of American and Overseas readers. More than this it is impossible to do

THE OLD NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB WAS THE MECCA OF BOXING

By **JAMES BUTLER**

Turpin gets off floor to knockout Dutchman—Danny O'Sullivan latest champion to learn the scales cannot be beaten—Sugar Ray Robinson plays cat-and-mouse game with French champion—Bob Fitzsimmons and Stanley Ketchell were hardest punching middleweights.

THE re-launching of the National Sporting Club with its swagger headquarters at the West End's Empress Club will make old-timers think back on the good old days of the fight game. The new National Sporting Club bears little similarity to the old one, apart from the fact that it carries the same fine old name. The N.S.C. was revised a few years before the war with its headquarters at the Hotel Splendide in Piccadilly. Until it went into voluntary liquidation regular tournaments were held at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, and there were plenty of good boxing nights.

This time the N.S.C. organisers do not intend staging regular tournaments at any of the well-known stadiums, but there will be Monday night shows on the club premises for members only. These will be small tournaments between lesser known boxers, run on the lines of the old Stadium Club in Holborn.

In spite of the sophisticated glamour of the present premises, there will never be another club-house like the original National Sporting Club which stood in King Street, Covent Garden. It was an historic building; erected during 1636 and occupied by famous tenants The Entrance Hall, decorated by a fine staircase, was part of the Britannia, flagship of Admiral Russell at the Battle of La Hogue in 1692; the Silver Grill, large lounge rooms adorned with priceless trophies including Tom Cribb's Cup, the noble painting of Gentleman Jackson, bronze sculpture, one showing Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett in combat, and hundreds of other treasures associated with the Prize Ring and modern boxing.

The N.S.C. had an exclusive membership representing the Turf, Stage, Parliament, the Law, and the Arts. Its history dated from March 1891, and until the decline through illness of its notable manager, Mr. A. F. "Peggy" Bettinson—the shrewdest matchmaker I've known—staged all the championships held in Britain. No woman was allowed in the theatre while fights were held in a cathedral calm on Monday nights. The Press seats, limited to about eighteen, were on the front of the stage. It was in the historic ring that Peter Jackson and Frank Paddy Slavin fought their memorable heavyweight contest—for many years considered to have been the greatest fight seen between big fellows.

IT was at the turn of the century that I began to report contests at the Club. In those far-off days all important matches were scheduled for twenty rounds. Members and their friends wore evening dress, while the referee, Mr. J. H. Douglas and timekeeper Mr. E. Zerega occupied a rostrum outside the ring and sported immaculate top-hats and smoked cigars. It was Eugene Corri who broke tradition when he threw off his dinner jacket to officiate inside the ropes on the night in December, 1907, when Tommy Burns knocked out Gunner Jim Moir in the 10th round. In the jacket pocket reposed £1,000 in Bank of England notes, which Burns had demanded should be handed to the referee and paid to the boxer when the contest was over.

I saw every tournament at the N.S.C. from 1902 until it was closed down. And what a wealth of fistic talent we witnessed. Pedlar Palmer's uncanny head and footwork nullified by the hard punching of Ben Jordan! Joe Bowker's brilliant rise from winning a novice's competition to the world bamtam title; incomparable Jim Driscoll's amazing skill; Freddie Welsh's fight with Packey McFarland, which the referee declared a draw although the American had won well. Then there was the appearance earlier of Sam Langford, known as the "Tar Baby" who showed us, in spite of his lack of inches, he was, indeed, one of the most terrific hitters seen in the Club ring.

One of the greatest favourites with the members was Jimmy Wilde. The little Welshman, scaling under 7 stone, had been given a trial after his first fight in London and when he entered the ring just before the interval, members took a look at him and decided to adjourn to the various bars. In later months they remained in their seats, held spellbound by the "Mighty Atom's" uncanny hitting powers. Wilde's fights with Joe Symonds, Tancy Lee and Joe Lynch were classics.

I recall, too, Bombardier Billy Wells' fights with Iron Hague and Packey Mahony; Dick Smith's battles for the light-heavyweight titles against Denis Haugh and Joe Beckett; the defeat of Tom Thomas for the middleweight championship by Jim Sullivan from Bermondsey, when drum and fife bands marched from the Surrey dockside and crowded Covent Garden; Pat O'Keeffe's title fight with Bandsman Blake while Zeppelins dropped bombs close to the Club; Johnny Summers winning the welter crown from Arthur Everden; Jim Driscoll's remarkable wins over Seaman Hayes and his two eventful victories over Spike Robson, one of which he might have lost

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if a second in Driscoll's corner had pulled the steel out of the ring corner just before the bell sounded for a round to begin. Instead, Robson, making a rush across the ring to catch Driscoll, missed when the Welshman sidestepped him and Robson's head crashed on to the steel, and received a severe gash on the forehead.

No bantam champion showed greater ringcraft than Digger Stanley, or better boxing ability than Joe Fox. Although Sid Smith won the first flyweight belt contest against Joe Wilson, it was Wilde who was the supreme star of this division. How many boxers of the present can be compared with the champions of the halcyon nights of the old National Sporting Club? Very few, I regret to confess.

The new National Sporting Club has something to live up to, and cannot possibly recapture the greatness of the old, but let us hope that youngsters will get their chance, and that it will achieve something really worthwhile in the interest of a sport we all love.

A GREAT deal of fuss was made when Jan de Bruin of Holland put Randolph Turpin down for a short count in their fight at Coventry. But why all the alarm? Turpin was up almost before a count was made, and went on to slam the Dutchman out in workmanlike fashion. The good news is that Turpin got up from a fairly good punch. Remember this same de Bruin twice dropped Dave Sands, the Empire champion, and then defied the Australian to knock him out.

Also there is nothing degrading in a fighter being floored—provided he gets up and also that it doesn't occur too often. Wasn't Jack Dempsey knocked right out of the ring by Luis Firpo? Didn't Joe Louis take a surprising number of counts from Schmeling, Braddock, Galento and Jersey Joe Walcott? For my money, the great champion is often the fighter who gets off the floor to win.

Readers of this column were not surprised with Peter Keenan's easy victory over Danny O'Sullivan to win the British bantamweight title at Firhill Park, Glasgow. I stated that Danny could not possibly be strong at 8st. 6lbs. and I am shocked at the number of fighters and their managers who insist of trying to beat nature. They should, in fairness to themselves and the public, pull out of any fight when they realise they are going to have great trouble in making the weight. O'Sullivan was but a shell of the fighter we knew him to be a year ago.

RAY ROBINSON'S pantomime fight in Paris against Kid Marcel, the French middleweight champion, reduced boxing to a farce. Although Marcel holds the 11st. 6lbs. title of his country, he is not the best middle in France, coming well after Laurent Dauthuille and Robert Villemain.

The great coloured champion just toyed with his opponent, who didn't have even an outside chance of pulling off a victory. Robinson could have won in any round he liked after the opening gong.

So we know nothing more about Robinson—except that he is so far ahead of the rest of the middleweights that he will have to start looking for opposition among the light-heavyweights soon.

Without question, Robinson is the greatest middleweight since Mickey Walker. The only men of the past that I would place ahead of him would be Stanley Ketchell, Billy Papke, Frank Klaus, Harry Greb and Kid Lewis. And even with these giants of the past there is not any certainty that Sugar, with his all-round fighting ability, would be mastered.

I am often asked who was the greatest middleweight puncher of all time.—Well, Bob Fitzsimmons must come into this reckoning because Old Bob held the world middleweight crown from 1891 until he relinquished it in 1896. Fitzsimmons was one of the hardest punchers at his weight in the world. Stanley Ketchell, also, was a terrible puncher and would be close on Fitzsimmons. As hard as Robinson hits, I do not think he punches quite as heavily as Randolph Turpin, the British middleweight champion, who I rank as third hardest hitter after Fitzsimmons and Ketchell.

Do not confuse this with any suggestion that I fancy Turpin's chances against Robinson. In spite of Randolph's tremendous hitting powers, I would pick the American to win because he is a much better equipped fighter.

THE surprising defeat of Ike Williams, the world's lightweight champion, by the little known Bronx negro, James Carter, was yet another case of the folly of a champion trying to beat nature and his opponent. For eighteen months Williams has been fighting around 10 st. 5 lbs. He found the battle to get down to 9 st. 9 lbs. too much for him, and in the ninety minutes between the two weigh-ins he had to run round the block, shadow-box in heavy sweaters, and be rubbed down by a coarse towel. How can any athlete hope to go in the ring fit after such an ordeal?

I remember Ike had weight trouble when he defended his world crown against Ronnie James, the British champion, at Cardiff in 1946. He had to skip hard, and was rubbed down with towels at the weigh-in. Jack Solomons, who was promoting, was himself in a sweat fearing his world title fight would fall through if Ike came in overweight. Williams was then 22. If he had trouble making 9 st. 9 lbs. in 1946, obviously he would have more difficulty in making the weight at 27. The blame for losing this title must fall on Ike and his advisers.

The fact that James Carter, the 27 year old new lightweight champion of the world, was beaten in two of his three previous fights this year makes the selection of world championship contenders appear stupid. America's N.B.A. rated Carter as 17th best lightweight, and refused to recognise a Williams-Carter bout as being for the championship. The New York State Athletic Commission gave the fight its blessing as being for the title, and so the whole boxing world is stunned by the fact that "unknown" James Carter is now world champion.

On this basis, it seems that the Americans have been a little harsh in sidestepping the claims of the British welterweight champion, Eddie Thomas, for the eliminating series for the world crown left vacant by Sugar Ray Robinson.

The Americans now recognise Kid Gavilan as champion following his win over Johnny Bratton. Certainly, Thomas should have been given a crack at this title. His claims as European, Empire and British champion were stronger than the world title claims of James Carter.

Everybody in the fight game will wish good luck to Freddie Mills in his new venture as a promoter. Freddie put on a first-class show when Terry Ratcliffe outpointed Gilbert Ussin of Belgium over 8 rounds on the Bristol City F.C. ground. But for heavy rain, this outdoor promotion — No. 1 on Freddie's list — would have been a sell-out. Ratcliffe boxed extremely well, and Mills intends to use the local welterweight in future shows. This win over Ussin gave Terry his seventeenth win in an unbeaten professional career.

The other Bristol up-and-coming middleweight, Gordon Hazell, brought off another victory for the Mills promotion by outpointing Bos Murphy, former British Empire champion, over 8 rounds.

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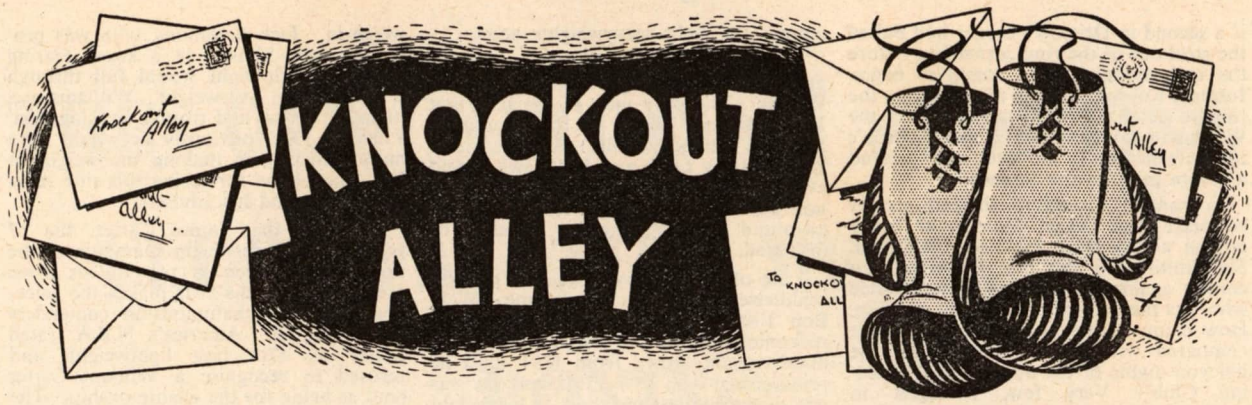

YOUR NEW COLUMN REFEREED by CHARLES COURAGE

F. MURRAY (Priory Street, New Ross, Co. Wexford, Eire).

Q.—Is Roy Ankarah good enough to become a world champion? Also who would you pick in the following fights? (a) Rocky Graziano v. Randolph Turpin; (b) Ezzard Charles v. Billy Conn; (c) James J. Corbett v. Gene Tunney.

A—(1) *Ankarah is good enough to become a world champion, although I would not tip him to beat the present featherweight champion of the world, Sandy Saddler. Neither is he in the class of Henry Armstrong. Like all non-stop punchers he does not hit with his full weight.*

(2) *My winners would be (a) Turpin, (b) Conn and (c) Corbett.*

J. McDONALD (George Street, Bishop Auckland).

Q.—Will you please confirm that Joe Louis won the world heavyweight title from Jimmy Braddock, and that Schmeling won the championship from Sharkey on a foul. My friend disagrees.

A.—You are quite correct. Louis won the title when he knocked out Braddock in eight rounds at Chicago, June 22, 1937. *Schmeling became champion when he beat Sharkey on a four-round disqualification, New York, July* 12, 1930.

B. JONES (Thatchers Farm, Roxwell, Essex).

Q.—Who would you name as the best heavyweight who never won the world title?

A.—Sam Langford.

DANIEL GRIFFIN (Great Western Square, Philsboro, Dublin).

Q.—(1) Have Lee Savold and Joey Maxim fought? If so with what result or results? (2) What was the official decision of the second Woodcock-Mills fight?

A.—(1) *Savold and Maxim have not met in the ring.* (2) *Woodcock won by knock-out in fourteenth round.*

W. MERRETT (King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames).

Q.—I know Bob Fitzsimmons was born at Helston in Cornwall and was taken to New Zealand in 1871 at the age of nine, but I would like to know if he ever became an American, and if so, before or after he won the world heavyweight championship?

A.—He became an American citizen before he won the heavyweight title.

A. DEAKINS (Wesley Terrace, Catchgate, Durham).

Q.—Did Jack London fight Freddie Mills for the vacant heavyweight championship? How many professional fights did Woodcock have before he knocked out Jack London for the title?

A.—London outpointed Mills for the vacant British and British Empire heavyweight titles over 15 *rounds at Manchester on September* 15, 1944. *Woodcock had* 20 *professional fights before beating London.*

KNOCKOUT ALLEY

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G. WOOD (Ham Green Cottages, Wittersham, Kent).

Q.—Did the fight between Battling Nelson and William Rossler end in a knockout or technical knockout? How many seconds did it last? How many points was Laurent Dauthuille ahead of Jake La Motta when La Motta knocked him out?

A.—Nelson knocked out Rossler in 12 *seconds including the count on April* 5, 1902. *I don't know the number of points Dauthuille led La Motta by when he was knocked out in the last round, but I do know the Frenchman could not possibly have lost on points had he survived the last round.*

B. SOWNEY (New Wortley, Leeds 12).

Q.—(1) Did Al Robinson take part in Jack Solomons' novice heavyweight competition? (2) What do you think of Ray Wilding as the next champion of Great Britain?

A.—Al Robinson (Leeds) did not fight in Jack Solomons' novices competition. He did, however, have his first fight in London for Mr. Solomons at the Devonshire Club, and fought Tommy Brown. You must be getting confused with Alf Robinson (Manchester) who fought in a heavyweight competition at Wembley, but not for Jack Solomons. (2) *I consider Wilding a good prospect, but these are early days. His American schooling will be a big advantage to him when he comes home again.*

R. A. PEARS, (Nightingale Road, London, E.5).

Q.—Who would you pick in fights between Stanley Ketchell v. Randolph Turpin; Terry McGovern v. Jim Driscoll and Jack Johnson v. Ezzard Charles?

A.—Ketchell, McGovern and Johnson.

W. G. WAINWRIGHT (Arthur Street, Knutton, Stoke-on-Trent).

Q.—I have an idea a boxer beat Tommy Farr two or three times. Would you let me know who it is, and how many times? I believe they were points decisions.

A.—Eddie Phillips beat Farr three times. Results were 1934, *February* 1. *Phillips won points* 12 *rounds, Holborn Stadium Club, June* 13, *Phillips won* 3 *rounds foul, Wandsworth.* 1935, *February* 4, *Phillips won points* 15 *rounds, Mountain Ash. This last fight was for the vacant British light-heavyweight title.*

R. BEESON (Conway Road, Paignton, Devon).

Q.—Who do you think would win the following fights—Henry Armstrong v. Ray Robinson; Joey Maxim v. Billy Conn; Dado Marino v. Jimmy Wilde; Maxie Rosenbloom v. Freddie Mills; Lou Ambers v. Ike Williams and Jack Johnson v. Ezzard Charles?

A.—Robinson, Conn, Wilde, Rosenbloom, Williams and Johnson.

E. LANE (Brownlow Road, Forest Gate, E.7)

Q.—Did Al Roth ever claim world title, and if so at what weight? I would also like to know if he ever fought in this country?

A.—No, Roth had no claim to a world title, but he did fight for the world's lightweight championship, and was beaten on points over 15 *rounds by Tony Canzoneri, in* 1935. *He had two fights in England in* 1937 *beating Jackie Lyden in four rounds, and losing to Harry Mizler on points over* 10 *rounds.*

R. PHILPOTT (Stockingford, Nuneaton).

Q.—What weight did Neusel fight at against Petersen and Farr? Also can you tell me age of Sugar Ray Robinson. And did Packey McFarland ever lose a contest in his career?

A.—Neusel was around 14 *stone. Robinson was born on May* 3, 1920. *McFarland lost one fight in his first year as a boxer. He was only sixteen when he was beaten in* 5 *rounds by Dusty Miller.*

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